





Engraved according to Act of Congress A. D. 1867 by F. A. Howe, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the U. S. for the Southern District of Iowa

THE WAR IS ENDED, AND OUR BOYS COME HOME.

"THE WAR IS OVER AND NOW WE ARE MARCHING HOME,
OUR NOBLE GIRLS BEJOICING TO SEE US SOLDIERS COME."

THEY LOVE TO HEAR THE DRUM BEAT, THE SHRILL NOTES OF THE FIFE,
THEY LOVE OUR DEAR OLD FLAG, ARE UNION TOO FOR 'LIFE.'

THE TIMES OF THE REBELLION IN THE WEST:

A COLLECTION OF MISCELLANIES,

Showing the part taken in the War by each Western State—
Notices of Eminent Officers—Descriptions of Prominent
Battles—Conspiracies in the West to aid the Rebel-
lion—Incidents of Guerrilla and Border War-
fare—Individual Adventures—Anecdotes
Illustrating the Heroism of West-
ern Soldiers, Etc., Etc., Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY LARGE BOLD ENGRAVINGS.

By HENRY [✓]HOWE.

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Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1867

BY F. A. HOWE,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern
District of Ohio.

INTRODUCTION.

A few words only are necessary to introduce this collection to the reader, for the title page gives a general idea of its intent and scope.

The literature of the Rebellion already large, will for many years continue to receive important accessions. This collection contains many of the minor matters which we all like to see preserved, and which will not find a place in general history. Yet they are important in refreshing our memories of those troublous times which entered so widely and thrillingly into our general experience.

The heroic part borne by the people of the West, in extinguishing the gigantic rebellion entered into to destroy our Union, requires no encomium here. It is partly illustrated in these pages. To do so fully would require volumes.

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THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

OHIO.

No state has more cause to be gratified with her record during the life and death struggle of the nation than Ohio. Her sons have been among the bravest in the field, and the wisest in the council. Her patriotic governors, who have ever given such a warm support to all measures affecting the public good, and the cabinet officer, who so wisely devised means for furnishing the sinews of war, have rendered service not less efficient than that of her generals, who have marshaled vast armies, and achieved great victories.

But not less honor is due to those who, with their bayonets in the field, and their ballots at home, have done so much for the union and perpetuity of our government.

How freely she contributed blood and treasure is manifest from the following facts. At the beginning of 1865, she had 100,000 men enlisted in the military service of the general government; and the grand total furnished, from the beginning of the war, then amounted to 346,326. The total loss of Ohio soldiers to January, 1865, was estimated at 30,000.

The state pays one tenth of the internal revenue tax. For the year ending November 1, 1865, this was placed at \$24,000,000. The total landed property in the state was, in value, exclusive of town lots, \$500,000,000, divided among 277,000 owners.

The early days of the rebellion were marked, in Ohio, by the same features of enthusiastic uprising of the people as in the other loyal states: but it was not until the last days of the summer of 1862, that the sensation of danger from the presence of the enemy on her soil was experienced. This was the threatened invasion of Cincinnati by Kirby Smith.

THE SIEGE OF CINCINNATI.—After the unfortunate battle of Richmond, on the 29th of August, Kirby Smith, with his 15,000 rebel veterans, advanced into the heart of Kentucky, took possession of Lexington, Frankfort, and Maysville. Bragg, with his large army, was then crossing the Kentucky line; while Morgan, with his guerrilla cavalry, was already joined to Smith. Pondrous-proportioned Humphrey Marshall was also busy swelling the rebel ranks with recruits from the fiery young Kentuckians. Affairs looked threateningly on the border.

General Lewis Wallace was at once placed in command at Cincinnati, by order of Major-General Wright. Soon as he arrived in the city, on Thursday, the 4th of September, he put Cincinnati, and the two cities on the Kentucky side of the Ohio, Newport and Covington, under marshal law, and, within half an hour of his arrival, he issued a proclamation suspending all business, stopping the ferry-boats from plying the river, and summoning all citizens to enrol themselves for defense. It was most effective. It totally closed business, and sent every citizen, without distinction, to the ranks or into the trenches. Nor was it needless, for the enemy, within a few days thereafter, advanced to within five miles of the city, on the Kentucky side, and skirmished with our outposts. A painter, of the time, draws this picture of the events.

The ten days ensuing will be forever memorable in the annals of the city of Cincinnati. The cheerful alacrity with which the people rose *en masse* to swell the ranks and crowd into the trenches was a sight worth seeing. Of course, there were a few timid creatures who feared to obey the summons. Sudden illness overtook some. Others were hunted up by armed men with fixed bayonets; ferreted from back kitchens, garrets and cellars where they were hiding. One peacefully excited individual was found in his wife's clothes, scrubbing at the wash-tub. He was put in one of the German working parties, who received him with shouts of laughter.

The citizens thus collected were the representatives of all classes and many nationalities. The man of money, the man of law, the merchant, the artist, and the artisan swelled the lines, hastening to the scene of action, armed either with musket, pick or spade.

But the pleasantest and most picturesque sight of those remarkable days was the almost endless stream of sturdy men who rushed to the rescue from the rural districts of the state. These were known as the "*squirrel-hunters*." They came in files, numbering thousands upon thousands, in all kinds of costumes, and armed with all kinds of fire-arms, but chiefly the deadly rifle, which they knew so well how to use.

Old men, middle-aged men, and often mere boys, like the "minute men" of the old Revolution, they dropped all their peculiar avocations, and with their leathern pouches full of bullets, and their ox-horns full of powder, by every railroad and by-way, in such numbers that it seemed as if the whole State of Ohio were peopled only with hunters, and that the spirit of Daniel Boone stood upon the hills opposite the town beckoning them into Kentucky.

The pontoon bridge over the Ohio, which had been begun and completed between sundown and sundown, groaned day and night with the perpetual stream of life, all setting southward. In three days, there were ten miles of intrenchments lining the Kentucky hills, making a semi-circle from the river above the city to the banks of the river below; and these were thickly manned, from end to end, and made terrible to the astonished enemy by black and frowning cannon.

General Heth, with his 15,000 veterans, flushed with their late success at Richmond, drew up before these formidable preparations, and deemed it prudent to take the matter into serious consideration, before making the attack.

Our men were eagerly awaiting their approach, thousands in rifle-pits and tens of thousands along the whole line of fortifications, while our scouts and pickets were skirmishing with their outposts in the plains in front. Should the foe make a sudden dash and carry any point of our lines, it was thought by some that nothing would prevent them from entering Cincinnati.

But for this, provision was also made. The city, above and below, was well-protected by a flotilla of gun-boats, improvised from the swarm of steamers which lay at the wharves. The shrewd leaders of the rebel army were probably kept well-posted, by traitors within our own lines, in regard to the reception prepared for them, and taking advantage of the darkness of night and the violence of a

thunder storm, made a hasty and ruinous retreat. Wallace was anxious to follow, and was confident of success, but was overruled by those higher in authority.

To the above general view of the siege, we contribute our individual experience. Such an experience of the entire war in a diary by a citizen, of the genius of Defoe, would outlive a hundred common histories; centuries hence be preserved among the choice collections of American historic literature. It would illustrate, as nothing else could, the inner life of our people in this momentous period—their varying emotions and sentiments; their surprise and indignation at the treason to the beautiful country of their love; their never-equalled patriotism and generosity; their unquenchable hope; the almost despair that, at times, settled upon them, when all seemed but lost, through the timidity and irresolution of weak generals in the field; the intrigues and intended treachery of demagogues at home. Then the groping forward, like children in the dark, of millions of loyal hearts for some mighty arm to guide; some mighty intellect to reveal and thus relieve the awful suspense as to the future; as though any mere man had an attribute that alone is of God. Finally, through the agony of sore adversities came the looking upward to the only power that could help. Thus the religious instincts became deepened. Visions of the higher life, dwarfed the large things of this: and through faith came greater blessings, than the wisest among the good had hoped.

On the morning the city was put under martial law, I found the streets full of armed police in army blue, and all, without respect to age, compelled to report at the headquarters of their respective districts for enrolment. An unwilling citizen, seeing the bayonet leveled at him, could but yield to the inexorable logic of military despotism. It was perilous to walk the streets without a pass. At every corner stood a sentinel.

The colored men were roughly handled by the Irish police. From hotels and barber shops, in the midst of their labors, these helpless people were pounced upon and often bareheaded and in shirtsleeves, just as seized, driven in squads, at the point of the bayonet, and gathered in vacant yards and guarded. What rendered this act more than ordinarily atrocious was, that they, through their head men, had, at the first alarm, been the earliest to volunteer their services to our mayor, for the defense of our common homes. It was a sad sight to see human beings treated like reptiles. The undying hate of a low Irishman to an oppressed race is but a measure of his own degradation and vileness.

Enrolled in companies, we were daily drilled. One of these, in our ward, was composed of old men, termed "Silver Grays." Among its members were the venerable Judge Leavitt of the United States Supreme Court, and other eminent citizens. Grandfathers were seen practicing the manual, and lifting alternate feet to the cadence of mark-time.

At this stage of affairs, the idea that our colored citizens possessed warlike qualities was a subject for scoffing; the scoffers forgetting that the race in ancestral Africa including even the women had been in war since the days of Ham; strangely oblivious also to the fact that our foreign born city police could only by furious onslaughts, made with Hibernian love of the thing, quell the frequent pugnacious outbreaks of the crispy-haired denisons of our own Bucktown. From this view, or more probably a delicate sentiment of tenderness, instead of being armed and sent forth to the dangers of the battle, they were consolidated into a peaceful brigade of workers in the trenches back of Newport, under the philanthropic guidance of the Hon. Wm. M. Dickson.

The daily morning march of the corps down Broadway to labor was a species of the mottled picturesque. At their head was the stalwart, manly form of the land-

lord of the Dumas house. Starting back on the honest, substantial, coal-black foundation, all shades of color were exhibited, degenerating out through successive gradations to an ashy white; the index of Anglo-saxon fatherhood of the chivalrous American type. Arrayed for dirt-work in their oldest clothes; apparently the fags of every conceivable kind of cast-off, kicked about and faded out garments; crownless and lop-eared hats, diverse boots; with shouldered pick, shovel and hoe; this merry, chattering, piebald, grotesque body, shuffled along amid grins and jeers, reminding us of the ancient nursery distich:

"Hark! hark! hear the dogs bark,
The beggars are coming to town,
Some in rags, some in tags,
And some in velvet gowns."

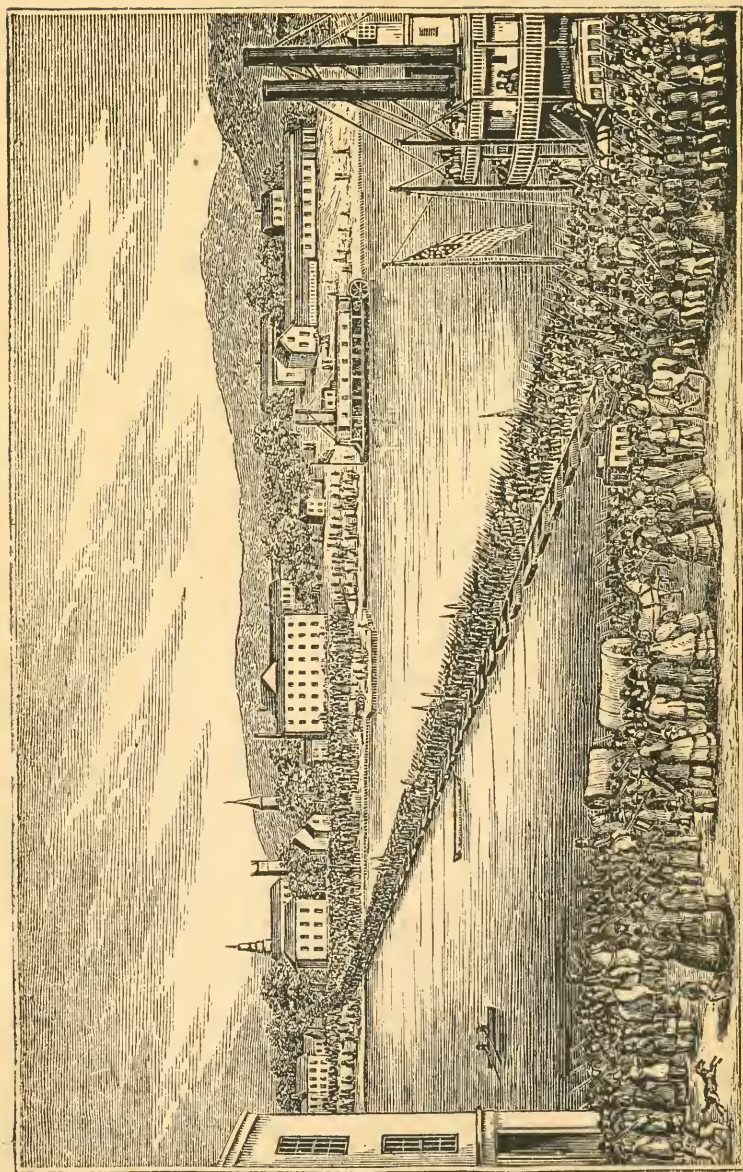
Tuesday night, September 9th, 1862, was starlight; the air soft and balmy. With others, I was on guard at an improvised armory,—the old American Express buildings, on Third-street near Broadway. Three hours past midnight, from a signal-tower three blocks east of us, a rocket suddenly shot high in the air; then the fire-bell pealed an alarm. All was again quiet. Half an hour passed. Hurrying footsteps neared us. They were those of the indefatigable, public-spirited John D. C. "Kirby Smith," said he, quickly, "is advancing on the city. The military are to muster on the landing and cross the river at sunrise."

Six o'clock struck as I entered my own door. The good woman was up. The four little innocents—two of a kind—were asleep; in the bliss of ignorance, happy in quiet slumber. A few moments of hurried preparation, and I was ready for the campaign. The provisions these: a heavy blanket-shawl; a few good cigars; a haversack loaded with eatables, and a black bottle of medicinal liquid—cherry bounce, very choice.

As I stepped out on the pavement, my neighbor did the same. He, too, was off for the war. At each of our adjoining chamber-windows, stood a solitary female. Neither could see the other though not ten feet apart: a wall intervening. Sadness and merriment were personified. Tears bedewed and apprehension elongated the face of the one. Laughter dimpled and shortened the face of the other. The one thought of her protector as going forth to encounter the terrors of battle: visions of wounds and death were before her. The other thought of hers with only a prospect of a little season of rural refreshment on the Kentucky hills, to return in safety with an appetite ravenous as a wolf's for freshly-dug pink-eyes, and Beresford's choice cuts.

We joined our regiment at the landing. This expanse of acres was crowded with armed citizens, in companies and regiments. Two or three of our frail, egg-shell river steamers, converted into gun-boats, were receiving from drays bales of hay for bulworks. The pontoon was a moving panorama of newly made warriors, and wagons of munitions hastening southward. Back of the plain of Covington and Newport, rose the softly-rounded hills: beyond these were our blood thirsty foe. Our officers tried to maneuver our regiment. They were too ignorant to maneuver themselves: it was like handling a rope of sand. Drums beat; fifes squeaked, and we crossed the pontoon. The people of Covington filled their doorways and windows to gaze at the passing pageant. To my fancy, they looked scowlingly. No cheers, no smiles greeted us. It was a staring silence. The rebel army had been largely recruited from the town.

March! march! march! We struck the hills. The way up seemed interminable. The broiling September sun poured upon us like a furnace. The road was an ash heap. Clouds of limestone dust whitened us like millers, filling our nostrils and throats with impalpable powder. The cry went up, water! water! Little or none was to be had. The unusual excitement and exertion told upon me. Years before, I had, bearing my knapsack, performed pedestrian tours of thousands of miles. Had twice walked across New York; once from the Hudson to the lake: in the hottest of summer had footed it from Richmond to Lynchburg. No forty or fifty miles a day had ever wilted me like this march of only four. But my muscles had been relaxed by years of continuous office labor. I had been on my feet on guard duty all night. Everything unaccustomed I had



The Squirrel Hunters of Ohio and Indiana, many thousand strong, having poured into Cincinnati to defend it from Invasion, are crossing the Ohio on the pontoons to meet the enemy, only five miles distant, September, 1862.

about me felt heavy; my musket, my blanket-shawl, my haversack; all but my black bottle. Reluctantly I drew on my reserve, making the bottle still lighter. The reminiscence to this hour is to me, a bronchial benefit.

Near the top of the hills, some 500 feet above the Ohio level, our regiment halted, when our officers galloped ahead. We broke ranks and laid down under the wayside fence. Five minutes elapsed. Back cantered the cortege. "Fall into line! Fall into line! *Quick, men!*" was the cry. They rode among us. Our colonel exclaimed—"you are now going into battle! The enemy are advancing! You will receive sixty rounds of cartridges! Do your duty, men! do your duty!" I fancied it a ruse to test our courage: and so experienced a sense of shame. I looked upon the men around me. Not a word was spoken: not one smiled. No visible emotion of any kind appeared, only weary faces, dirty, sweaty and blowsy with the burning heat.

I dropped my cartridges into my haversack along with my bread and butter. Our captain, in his musical, pleasant voice, gave us instructions, though he had never studied Vauban. *Gentlemen!* these cartridges are *peculiar*; you put the ball in first, and the powder on top!" Some one whispered in his ear. "*Gentlemen,*" he again exclaimed, with a significant scowl and a shake of the head, "I was mistaken: you must put the powder in first and the ball on top." We did so. We had elected Billy captain for he was genial and of a good family.

We again shuffled upward. Suddenly as the drawing up of a curtain, a fine, open, rolling country with undulating ravines burst upon us. Two or three farm mansions, with half-concealing foliage and corn-fields appeared in the distance; beyond, a mile away, the fringed line of a forest; above, a cloudless sky and a noonday sun. The road we were on penetrated these woods. In these were concealed the unknown thousands of our war-hardened, desperate foe.

On the summit of the hills we had so laboriously gained, defending the approach by the road, ran our line of earthworks. On our right a few rods, was Fort Mitchell; to our left, for hundreds of yards, rifle-pits. The fort and pits were filled with armed citizens; and a regiment or two of green soldiers in their new suits. Vociferous cheers greeted our appearing. "How are you, H.?" struck my attention. It was the cheerful voice of a tall, slender gentleman in glasses who does my legal business.

Turning off to the left into the fields in front of these, and away beyond, we halted an hour or so in line of battle, the nearest regiment to the enemy. We waited in expectation of an attack, too exhausted to fight, or, perhaps, even to run. Thence we moved back into an orchard, behind a rail fence, on rather low ground; our left, and the extreme left of all our forces, resting on a farm-house. Our pioneers went to work strengthening our permanent position, cutting down brush and small trees, and piling them against the fence. Here, we were in plain view, a mile in front, of the ominous forest. When night came on, in caution, our camp-fires were extinguished. We slept on hay in the open air, with our loaded muskets by our sides, and our guards and pickets doubled.

At 4 o'clock reveille sounded, and we were up in line. I then enjoyed what I had not before seen in years—the first coming on of morning in the country. Most of the day we were in line of battle, behind the fence. Regiments to the right of us; and more in the rifle-pits farther on, and beyond, it seemed a mile to the right, the artillerists in Fort Mitchell—all those on hills above us, also stood waiting for the enemy. Constant picket-firing was going on in front. The rebels were feeling our lines. Pop! pop! pop! one—two—three, then half a dozen in quick succession: followed by a lull with intervals of three or four minutes, broken perhaps by a solitary pop. Again continuous pops, like a *feu-de-joie*, with another lull: and so on through the long hours. Some of our men were wounded, and others, it was reported, killed. With the naked eye we caught occasional glimpses of the skirmishers, in a corn-field near the woods. With a glass a man by my side said he saw the butternut-colored garments of the foe.

Toward evening a furious thunder storm drove us to our tents of blankets, and brushwood bowers. It wet us through, and destroyed the cartridges in our cotton haversacks. Just as the storm was closing, a tremendous fusilade on our right, and the cries of our officers, "*the enemy are upon us; turn out! turn out!*"

brought us to the fence again. The rebels, we thought, had surprised us and would be dashing down in a moment with their cavalry through the orchard in our rear. Several of our companies fired off their muskets in that direction, and to the manifest danger of a line of our own sentinels. Ours held fast. It was a false alarm, and arose in the 110th Ohio, camped on the hill to our right.

You may ask what my sensations as I thus stood, back to the fence, with uplifted musket in expectant attitude? To be honest—my teeth chattered uncontrollably. I never boasted of courage. Drenched to the marrow by the cold rain, I was shivering before the alarm. I reasoned in this way: "Our men are all raw; our officers in the doughy condition. We are armed with the old, condemned Austrian rifle. Not one in ten can be discharged. All my reading in history has ground the fact into me, that militia, situated like us, are worthless when attacked by veterans. An hundred experienced cavalymen, dashing down with drawn sabers, revolvers and secesh yells will scatter us in a twinkling. When the others run,—and I know they will, I won't. I'll drop beside this fence, simulate death, and open an eye to the culminating circumstances." I was not aching for a fight. Ambitious youths going in on their muscels, alas!—are apt to come out on their backs.

Unlike Norval, I could not say:

"I had heard of battles and longed
To follow to the field some warlike *chap*."

When at school, I never fought excepting when my pugnacity was aroused on seeing large boys tyrannize over small ones. I never slew anything larger than a cat, which had scratched me; and at this, as soon as done, I child like, as child I was, repenting, sat down and cried. I am soft-hearted as my uncle Toby with the fly—"Go, poor devil! the world is large enough for both you and I." To pit my valuable life against one of these low southern whites; half animals, fierce as hyenas, degraded as Serbs, appeared a manifest incongruity. It never seemed so plain before. It was tackling the beast in the only point where he was strong, and in one where I was weak.

Some things were revealed to me by this soldier-life. The alarming rumors current. The restraints upon one's liberty; imprisoned within the lines of the regiment. The sensation of being ordered around by small men in high places; and despicable in any. The waste of war; piles of bread, water-soaked by rain into worthless pulp. The vacuity of mind from the want of business for continuous thought. The picturesque attitudes of scores of men sleeping on heaps of straw, seen by the uncertain light of night. The importance of an officer's horse beyond that of a common soldier, shown by the refusal of hay on which to sleep on the night of our arrival, because the colonel's beast wanted it. Didn't our good mother earth furnish a bed?

In our company were three of us,—W. J. F., S. D., and H. H.—not relatives in any way, who, in a New England city, distant nearly a thousand miles, had, over thirty years before been school-mates. It illustrated a peculiar phase of American habits. We had some odd characters. Among us Gentiles, was a large shoal of Jews caught at last by the remorseless net of universal conscription. Feeding and fattening in the disturbed currents of the times, all their wriggling to escape excited no sympathy. Our fifer, a short, square-built, warm-faced man, had been in the British Army—had seen service in Afghanistan, the other side of the globe. Another, a German lieutenant, had experience of war in our country—was at Shiloh. He was imaginative. I talked with him in the night. To my query of the probability of a night attack, he replied, "yes! the *secesh* always attack in that way." Past midnight, as he was going the rounds of the pickets as officer of the guard, he saw crouching in the shadow of a ravine a large body of rebels. He ran to headquarters and aroused our colonel and staff; but when they arrived at the seeing point, lo! the foe had vanished. A fat, gray-headed captain with protuberant abdomen, came to me soon after our arrival and with an impressive countenance discoursed of the perils of our position. In this, I quite agreed with him. Then putting his hand to his stomach and giving his head a turn to one side, after the usual manner of invalids in detailing their woes,

he uttered in lugubrious tones—"I am very sick: the march over has been too much for me: I feel a severe attack of my old complaint, *cholera morbus* coming on." After this, I missed him. He had got a permit from the surgeon and returned home to be nursed. Our medical man, Dr. D., was old Virginia born; and I had, notwithstanding his generous qualities, suspected him of scesch sympathies. I wish to be charitable, but I must say this confirmed my suspicion: it was evident he wished to get the fighting men out of the way!

Saturday noon, the 13th, we began our return march. The militia were no longer needed; for the rebels had fallen back, and thousands of regular soldiers had been pouring into the city and spreading over the hills. Our return was an ovation. The landing was black with men, women and children. We re-crossed the pontoon amid cheers and the boom of cannon. Here, on the safe side of the river, the sick captain, now recovered, joined his regiment. With freshly-shaven face, spotless collar and bright uniform he appeared, like a bandbox soldier among dust-covered warriors. Escaping our perils, he shared our glories as, with drawn sword, he strutted through street after street amid cheers of the multitude, smiles of admiring women, and waving of kerchiefs. Weary and dirt-begrimmed, we were, in a tedious, circuitous march, duly shown off by our officers to all their lady acquaintances, until night came to our relief, kindly covered us with her mantle, and stopped the tom-foolery. The lambs led forth to slaughter, thus returned safely to their folds, because the butchers hadn't come.

MORGAN'S RAID INTO OHIO.

In the year following, 1863, Ohio was invaded by the guerrilla chief, John Morgan. He crossed from Kentucky into Indiana with a cavalry force of about 4000, and moved nearly parallel with the Ohio river. He approached within a few miles of Cincinnati, and caused some little stir there, but thought it not prudent to visit the city. He was closely pursued by the federal forces. The following are some of the particulars of his march and capture.

The only battle worthy of the name took place near Buffington Island, where the raiders made an attempt to cross into Virginia, but were prevented by the gun-boats. We present the particulars as published at the time:

Buffington Island lies in the Ohio river, close to the Ohio shore, about thirty miles above Pomeroy, and was chosen by the rebels as a place of crossing into Virginia, on account of the shoals between it and Blannerhasset's Island, twenty miles above.

Our gun-boats, viz: Moose (flag-boat), Reindeer, Springfield, Naumbeag and Victory, in command of Lieutenant-Commander Le Roy Fitch, were patrolling the river from an accessible point below Ripley to Portsmouth; but as soon as it was definitely ascertained that Morgan was pushing eastward, the Moose, towed by the Imperial, started up stream, followed at proper distances by the other boats. The Moose made the foot of Buffington Island on Saturday night, and remained until next morning, without changing position, on account of a dense fog.

The rebel force made the shore opposite, and above the island, as before stated, at two o'clock, and took position, under cover of artillery, in an extensive corn and wheat field, skirted by hills and woods on its north and east sides. The position was a good one, and might have been held to advantage for a much longer time than it was, but for the co-operation of the gun-boat Moose, the only one of the fleet which arrived in time to participate.

The Fight.—The rebels had their artillery placed on the highest elevation on the east and completely commanded the Pomeroy road, over which Gen. Judah's force came filing along, unaware of the close proximity of the enemy. It should be noted here, that the old stage road to Pomeroy, over which Morgan came, and the lower road traveled by Judah met in an acute angle three quarters of a mile

from the battle-field. Our column came along the lower road within range at six o'clock, having marched all night, having started from Pomeroy, and was not as fresh by five or six hours' rest as the enemy.

The rebels met us in solid column, and moved in battalions, and at the first fire repulsed our advance, which was too far ahead to be assisted by our artillery. This was the best opportunity they had to make a successful fight, but we fell back to bring forward our artillery, and the enemy did not seem to care to follow up the advantage. During this encounter, Capt. Jno. J. Grafton, of Gen. Judah's staff, became separated from the advance and narrowly escaped capture, by shooting the rebel cavalryman who seized him. He was dismounted, and being left on the ground, made his way with considerable difficulty to the river, where he hailed the Moose and got aboard. Meantime the fight progressed, but in a desultory manner, until our artillery got into position, and our lines were drawn closely around the enemy. A furious onset was made on our side, and the enemy was driven over the field eastward, and sought the shelter of the woods beyond.

Co-operation of the Gun-boat.—No more fortunate circumstance could have transpired for the union force than the escape of Captain Grafton to the gun-boat Moose, for he pointed out to Lieutenant-Commander Fitch the exact position of the rebels, and enabled that officer to so direct his guns as to throw shell in their very midst. The Moose is armed with twenty-four pounder Dahlgren guns—the most accurate and effective gun in the service for operation against exposed bodies of men—and on this occasion the weapon did not belie its character. A dense fog, however, prevailed, which prevented Lieut. Fitch doing as great execution in the rebel works as he desired; but his shots from the larboard and forward guns told, and an extensive scattering took place. The Moose opened at seven o'clock, and as the rebels were driven she kept steadily moving up stream, throwing shell and shrapnel over the heads of our lads into the ranks of the enemy.

It now became evident that the rebels were being pressed in all directions, and that hard fighting would not save them from destruction.

A simultaneous rush was then made for the river, and throwing away arms and even clothing, a large body ran down to the shore, some with horses and some without, and plunged into the stream. The point chosen to effect the crossing was one mile and a half above the head of Buffington Island, and the movement would undoubtedly have been attended with considerable success but for the presence and performance of the gun-boat. The crossing was covered by a twenty-pounder Parrott and a twelve-pound howitzer dragged into position by the rebels in their hasty retreat, but before the guns could be loaded and sighted the bow guns of the Moose opened on the rebel guns and drove the gunners away, after which the pieces were captured. Some twenty or thirty men only succeeded in crossing into Virginia at this point. Several were killed in the water, and many returned to the shore. While this was transpiring on the river, the roar of battle was still raging on the shore and back into the country. Basil Duke, under whose generalship the fight was conducted, was evidently getting the worst of it, and his wearied gang of horse-thieves, cut-throats and nondescripts began to bethink them only of escape. Many threw down their arms, were taken prisoners and sent to the rear. Others sought the shelter of trees, or ran wildly from one point to another, and thus exposed themselves far more to the deadly chances of the field than if they had displayed courage and stood up to the fight.

The scene of the battle was one of the most composite, perhaps, in the panorama of the war. The rebels were dressed in every possible manner peculiar to civilized man, but generally speaking their attire was very good. They wore in many instances large slouch hats peculiar to the slave states, and had their pantaloons stuck in their boots. A dirty, gray-colored coat was the most prevalent, although white "dusters" were to be seen.

They were armed with carbines, Enfield rifles, sabers and revolvers, were well-mounted and looked in good health, although jaded and tired. The battle-field and the roads surrounding it, were strewn with a thousand articles never seen, perhaps, on a battle-field before. One is accustomed to see broken swords, muskets and bayonets, haversacks, cartridge-boxes, belts, pistols, gun-carriages, cais-

sons, cannon, wagons upset, wounded, dead and dying on a battle-field, but beside all these on the battle-field of Buffington Island, one could pick up almost any article in the dry goods, hardware, house-furnishing, or ladies' or gentlemen's furnishing line. Hats, boots, gloves, knives, forks, spoons, calico, ribbons, drinking-cups, buggies, carriages, market-wagons, circus-wagons, and an almost endless variety of articles useful, and more or less valuable. An inventory of Morgan's plunder would tax the patience of an auctioneer's clerk, and I question if one man's life would be long enough to minutely catalogue the articles picked up during his raid.

The carnage of the field was not remarkable, although little groups of rebels were found, slain by the deadly fragments of shell.

Nearly 1,700 prisoners are now in our hands, under guard of the 8th Michigan cavalry, and others are constantly arriving by our scouts and pursuing parties.

Prisoners admit a loss of 200 killed and wounded on the field, while our loss will not exceed a fourth of that number. The saddest incident of the fight is the mortally wounding of Major McCook, father of the lamented Brigadier-General McCook, murdered in the summer of 1862, by guerrillas, in Kentucky.

Another writer gives some characteristic incidents of this raid, which he derived from Major Raney, the chief of the party of scouts. Raney was the well-known Cincinnati detective, and, therefore, in the direct line of his profession, though on a somewhat expanded field.

At Miamitown, Raney's scouts first came in direct contact with Morgan's men, forming a portion of his advance guard then heading for Cincinnati. Raney had but 23 men, but these were well armed and posted behind trees and fences, so as to command the road for some distance, without being exposed themselves. As soon as the extreme advance came in sight, 23 rifle balls whistled around its head, and stretched 2 men dead, and wounded 3. These were abandoned; but the return volley killed one of Raney's most valuable men, a member of Collins' battalion, 11th Ohio, recruited for Indian service. While the skirmish was going on, a portion of the rebel force was engaged in pillaging the neighborhood, where they got several hundred dollars in small sums, and a quantity of jewelry and silver spoons. It was not the object nor the business of Raney to fight the rebels, although his ambush certainly turned them from Cincinnati, and as soon as the advance headed off, which it did when fired upon, the scouts mounted and rode forward to pick up stragglers. Three prisoners were taken, among them Lieutenant Kirby of the 10th Kentucky, (rebel.) This chivalrous (?) officer, when taken, swaggered in true Kentucky blackguard style and riding up to Major Raney, demanded to be treated as a prisoner of war, for he was an officer and a gentleman, and from Kentucky, and was, therefore, entitled to respect, etc., etc. Raney replied that he always treated a man as a gentleman until he found him to be otherwise, and always treated a man as honest until he found him to be a thief; and by way of illustrating his principle, he thrust his hand into Kirby's shirtbosom, and drew out half a dozen pairs of ladies' kid gloves, some ribbon, ladies' silk hose, and some other articles of finery stolen from a store or the wardrobe of a lady of means.

The next object of interest encountered by the scouts was an old, feeble man, evidently a discharged soldier, leaning on the arm of a sturdy, sunburned countryman, who, to all appearances, had humanely offered assistance to the returned veteran. This sham would have succeeded had not the sunburned countryman looked a trifle too sharp out of the corners of his eyes as he passed. Raney thought he spied the twinkle of a rogue's eye, and he ordered the fellow to be taken in custody, when, upon examination, he proved to be Ike Snow, one of Morgan's most valuable and efficient scouts.

At Harrison, the rebels were about to set fire to three mills and a distillery, but upon entreaty decided to spare them upon the payment of \$1,000 for each building, which was immediately handed over and pocketed by the ubiquitous John.

At Sharon, the main body, with which Morgan was riding, stopped and honored a butter-nut tavern-keeper by the name of Myers with a visit. Morgan or-

dered dinner for himself and staff, but Myers demurred, on the ground that he could not make a fire and cook food for so many in a short time. Morgan replied that he could — soon make a fire, and he would see that the cooks were expeditious. At this suggestive intimation the host set about dinner with a will, and by way of showing his devotion to his guests, descended to the cellar and brought forth a bottle of old Otard, and pouring out a liberal "smile," asked Morgan to "take a little trink of pranty py way of pitters before tinner." Morgan, not accustomed to be gotten ahead of, said, "Yes, *sir*, but after you." Myers swallowed half the liquor, when Morgan also "smiled." Myers continued to make himself agreeable to his guests, and furnished them with all the information they required, together with a fine horse, and upon their departure received two hundred dollars in "greenbacks," as a cataplasm for his wounded honor and patriotism, for, be it known, that no one so heartily abused Morgan—after he was gone—as Myers.

The most wanton murder, perhaps, perpetrated by Morgan, was that of McDougal, at Piketon. He with two or three others, were taken prisoners, and as he was the best informed of the party, Morgan ordered him to act as scout, or pilot, for a body of the rebels. McDougal refused and expostulated with the ruffians, but they refused to parley, and pushed him toward a fence where they almost riddled his body with bullets.

The arrival at Cincinnati of the prisoners taken in the Buffington fight is thus given in one of the papers of the day.

At 11 A. M., July 23d, the rebel officers, including Dick Morgan and Basil Duke, were brought from the steamer Starlight to the foot of Main-street, on one of the ferry-boats. Morgan being wounded, and Duke lame, temporarily, we believe, they were provided with a carriage, while the balance of the officers formed in their rear in two ranks, when the column, strongly guarded, moved through the city to the city prison, on Ninth-street. The boats containing the privates then proceeded down the river to the foot of Fifth-street, where the prisoners were marched to a special train on the Indianapolis and Cincinnati railroad, and sent to Indianapolis.

As soon as it was known the boats containing the prisoners had arrived, the levee was thronged with men, women and children, anxious to see the noted horse-thieves. Many sympathizers were present, and in several cases undertook to furnish their friends with money, refreshments, etc. This proceeding, however, was soon stopped by their arrest. A number of the prisoners being from Covington, their female relations and friends came over in carriages to see them. They were not permitted to communicate with the prisoners, however.

A pass from General Burnside admitted us to the temporary enjoyment of the society of the rebel officers. Although the prison itself is not a very stronghold, we found the guard sufficient to insure the safety of the captives, for a few days at least. The walls were whitewashed, and they seemed to have been cleaned for the occasion. From the accounts we have read of Libby prison, we should judge the city prison, in which we entertain rebel officers, heavenly, compared to it. None of them have been heard to complain about it; but some of them were presumptuous enough to think we ought to furnish them with a keg of lager beer once a day, and other refreshments in addition.

The following is a list of the officers:

Colonels.—E. W. Duke, W. W. Ward, D. N. Smith, B. O. Morgan; *Lieut.-Col.* J. W. Hoffman.

Majors.—W. P. Elliott, R. S. Bullock.

Captains.—P. Thorpe, G. M. Coleman, T. E. Eastin, T. H. Hines, W. D. Cunningham, Miles Griffin, H. C. Ellis, J. B. Barker, C. G. Campbell, E. W. Terrell, Jno. Hunter, S. C. Mullens, E. T. Rochester, A. J. Bruner, J. L. N. Pickens, J. W. Mitchell, B. A. Tracey.

Surgeons.—Twigg, M. W. Standford, T. B. Lewis, D. Carter, A. M. Conn, D. C. Bedford, A. C. Raines, Rev. T. D. Moore.

Lieutenants.—Litzy, J. W. McMichael, J. H. Green, Ph. Price, A. A. Q. M., W. P. Fogg, J. T. Sinclair, J. B. Talbott, J. P. Webb, R. W. Fenwick, Robert Cunningham, K. F. Peddieore, M. M. Thomason, Tom. Moulard, F. Leathers, D. Care, T. B. Bridges, H.

T. Rucks, J. L. Williamson, T. B. Haines, — Newton, — Wellington, Thos. Palls, J. D. Morris, W. B. Ford, Jno. Parks, B. L. Drake, J. A. Middleton, A. B. Chinn, J. Oldham, J. W. Gordon, C. M. Taylor, J. A. Fox, D. Tribble, W. S. Hickman, J. S. Hughes, Alfred Surber, T. S. Kemper, R. A. Webster, — Munday.

We found Colonel Duke's name headed the list, but from his appearance we should not have taken him to be the head and front of the gang—a position that is now generally conceded to him more than to Morgan. He is a small man, not over thirty years old, we judge; weight about 130 pounds, spare of flesh, features angular, hair and eyes nearly, if not quite, black, the latter sparkling and penetrating, and the former standing out from the head something like porcupine quills. Altogether, he called to mind our picture of a Spanish bandit on a small scale; nevertheless, he has a pleasant voice, and a gracious smile in his conversation, which is free and cordial. But there is nothing commanding in his appearance, his manners, or his words, and it is not strange that Morgan is the acknowledged leader of the horde, even though Duke may be the most quick-witted.

Dick Morgan is about 32 years old, heavy set, inclined to be fleshy, round, plump face, bluish eyes, phlegmatic temperament, and not talkative. He yields to Duke the privilege of carrying on a conversation.

Not one of the seventy officers before us had any indication of his rank in or on his dress. They were all, more or less, in citizen's dress; some of them having blue, and some of them gray pantaloons; some of them had military blouses, but the most of them had on citizen's vests and coats. What there was of military dress among them, was more of the federal style than the confederate. We asked why they dressed in this style—whether it was for convenience in passing themselves off as citizens, when they found it more convenient to be civilians than soldiers? They replied, that they kept flying round so, that they never saw the quartermaster's supplies, and that they found it handier just to take what they could find—whether it was from citizens or from union soldiers.

They stated that most of Morgan's forces were Kentuckians, but that Colonel Ward's men were Tennesseans, and Colonel Hoffman's were Texans. And we learn that the privates, on the boats, improved the opportunity of inquiring of the few visitors who reached them, all about their friends on the other side of the river. One Covingtonian got among them, to look for his son, but not finding him, distributed seventy-five dollars he had brought with him, among the rebel boys, who had been stealing money and horses on this side the river.

John Morgan with the remainder of his followers succeeded in eluding his pursuers for nearly an hundred miles more of flight. They were captured several days after the Buffington fight, in Columbiana county, near the Pennsylvania border. These were the closing scenes of the great chase through Indiana and Ohio.

General Brooks, commanding the department, had gone to Wellsville and established his headquarters in the Cleveland and Pittsburg depot, where he was assisted by the managing officers of the road; who had placed the transportation and telegraphic resources of the road at his disposal. Finding that there was a probability that Morgan would cross the road in the vicinity of Salineville, a train of cars was sent up the road about six o'clock, Sunday morning, July 23d, with a regiment of six months' Pennsylvania infantry, under command of Colonel Gallagher. These were embarked at Salineville, and marched to a point about two miles distant, where the rebels were expected to cross. The infantry were posted on some rising ground commanding the road, with orders to prevent Morgan's passage.

At this time, the utmost alarm existed among the people of Salineville. The houses were closed, doors and windows locked and barred, and women and children stampeded into the country, with whatever portable property could be carried along. The man who had weapons and courage turned out to resist the progress of the dreaded rebel, while all the others fled with the women and children.

In a short time the expected rebels made their appearance, coming around a bend in the road. On coming in sight of the infantry they halted, and turned

their horses' heads in another direction. Before they could get out of the trap they found themselves in, Major Way, with 250 men of the 9th Michigan cavalry, dashed among them and commenced cutting right and left. The rebels made but a brief resistance. A few shots were fired by them, and then the whole party broke in utter confusion. The scene that followed was ludicrous, and could only be matched by the previous stampede at Buffington Island. Men dismounted, threw down their arms and begged for quarter, while others galloped wildly in search of a place of escape, and were "brought to time" by a pistol-shot or a saber stroke.

Morgan himself was riding in a carriage drawn by two white horses. Major Way saw him, and, galloping up, reached for him. Morgan jumped out at the other side of the carriage, leaped over a fence, seized a horse, and galloped off as fast as horseflesh, spurred by frightened heels, could carry him. About a couple of hundred of his men succeeded in breaking away and followed their fugitive leader. In the buggy thus hastily "evacuated" by Morgan, were found his "rations," consisting of a loaf of bread, some hard boiled eggs, and a bottle of whisky.

The number of killed in this fight was much less than at first reported, as we can not learn of more than five or six dead bodies having been found. There was a considerable number of wounded, and about 200 prisoners taken, together with horses and arms. A special train was sent to Wellsville in the afternoon with about 250 prisoners, captured in the fight or picked up in the neighborhood afterward.

A few of our cavalry were wounded, two or three seriously. Lieutenant Fiske was shot through the breast. His wound is dangerous, and he has telegraphed for his wife to come from Michigan.

Morgan and the remainder of his scattered forces pressed three citizens of Salineville into their service as guides, and continued their flight on the New Lisbon road. One of the impressed guides made his escape and rode back, conveying intelligence of the route taken, which, it was believed, was with the ultimate design of reaching the Ohio river higher up. Forces were immediately dispatched from Wellsville to head him off, while another force followed hotly in his rear, and a strong militia force from New Lisbon came down to meet him.

About two o'clock in the afternoon, these various detachments closed in around Morgan, in the vicinity of West Point, about midway between New Lisbon and Wellsville. The rebels were driven to a bluff, from which there was no escape, except by fighting their way through, or leaping from a lofty and almost perpendicular precipice. Finding themselves thus cooped, Morgan concluded that "discretion was the better part of valor." He, with the remainder of the gang, surrendered to Colonel Shackelford, who was well-acquainted with the redoubtable "John," and is said to be a distant relative.

The prisoners were brought back to Wellsville, where their arrival caused great excitement. Morgan retained his side arms, and moved about freely, although always accompanied by Colonel Shackelford. Last night (Sunday) Morgan and his staff slept at the Whittaker house, in Wellsville, and at three o'clock this morning, they, accompanied by Colonel Shackelford and his staff, left on the regular train for Columbus. Later in the morning, a special train was to be sent to Columbus with the remainder of the prisoners and their guards.

The militia are constantly bringing in to the line of road stray prisoners, picked up in the country. The hills are swarming with armed men, hunting for fugitive rebels. Nine of Morgan's party were brought to Bayard Station this morning, who were captured in the neighborhood by the provost marshal's force. They were taken to Alliance, to be sent from that place to Columbus.

Morgan's men were poorly dressed, ragged, dirty, and very badly used up. Some of them wore remnants of gray uniforms, but most of them were attired in spoils gathered during their raid. They were much discouraged at the result of their raid, and the prospect of affairs generally.

Morgan himself appeared in good spirits, and quite unconcerned at his ill luck. He is a well-built man, of fresh complexion and sandy hair and beard. He, last night, enjoyed for the first time in a long while, the comforts of a sound sleep in

a good bed, which was some compensation for his otherwise bad luck. Morgan was attired in a linen coat, black pants, white shirt and light felt hat. No decorations were visible. He has rather a mild face, there being certainly nothing in it to indicate the possession of unusual intellectual qualities.

Colonel Cluke is very tall, rising probably two inches over six feet. He was attired much after the manner of his chief. He is slender, has sandy hair, and looks like a man of invincible determination. His countenance is not devoid of certain savage lines, which correspond well with his barbarities as a leader.

On their arrival at Cincinnati a few days later, a large crowd was assembled at the depot, and as the prisoners moved, immense numbers were constantly added to it. When they marched down Ninth-street not less than 5,000 persons surrounded the famous guerrilla and his aids. Many of these lookers-on seemed excited, and cried, "Hang the cut-throats," "bully for the horse-thieves." Several of the spectators were flourishing pistols, but the guard quickly drove them away.

The capture of Morgan occasioned great rejoicing; and Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, suggested that a salute of *one* gun be fired before every *stable* door in the land.

Morgan and a number of his officers were confined in the state prison, at Columbus, from which the great raider, with several companions made his escape, on the night of the 27th of November. The following particulars of the flight were detailed in a Richmond paper.

It had been previously determined that, on reaching the outer walls, the parties should separate, Morgan and Hines together, and the others to shape their course for themselves. Thus they parted. Hines and the general proceeded at once to the depot to purchase their tickets for Cincinnati. But, lo! where was the money? The inventive Hines had only to touch the magical wand of his ingenuity to be supplied. While in prison he had taken the precaution, after planning his escape, to write to a lady friend in a peculiar cypher, which, when handed to the authorities to read through openly, contained nothing contraband, but which, on the young lady receiving, she, according to instructions, sent him some books, in the back of one of which she concealed some "greenbacks," and across the inside wrote her name to indicate the place where the money was deposited! The books came safe to hand, and Hines was flush! Going boldly up to the ticket office, while Morgan modestly stood back and adjusted a pair of green goggles over his eyes, which one of the men, having weak eyes, had worn in the prison.

They took their seats in the cars without suspicion. How their hearts beat until the locomotive whistled to start! Slowly the wheels turn, and they are off! The cars were due in Cincinnati at 7 o'clock, A. M. At Xenia, they were detained one hour. What keen anguish of suspense did they not suffer? They knew at 5 o'clock, A. M., the convicts would be called, and that their escape would then be discovered, when it would be telegraphed in every direction; consequently, the guards would be ready to greet them on their arrival. They were rapidly nearing the city of abolition hogdom. It was a cool, rainy morning. Just as the train entered the suburbs, about half a mile from the depot, the two escaped prisoners went out on the platform and put on the brakes, checking the cars sufficiently to let them jump off. Hines jumped off first, and fell, considerably stunned. Morgan followed, unhurt. They immediately made for the river. Here they found a boy with a skiff, who had just ferried across some ladies from the Kentucky side. They dared not turn their heads for fear of seeing the guards coming. "Hines," whispered the general, "look and see if any body is coming!" The boy was told they wanted to cross, but he desired to wait for more passengers. The general told him he was in a hurry, and promised to pay double fare. The skiff shot out into the stream—they soon reached the Kentucky shore, and breathed—free!

THE VALLANDIGHAM CAMPAIGN.

From the outbreak of the rebellion the opposition of the Hon. Clement L. Vallandigham, M. C. from the Dayton district, to the govern-

ment was so marked as to be generally considered as amounting to actual sympathy with the south.

On the 19th of April, 1863, Gen. Burnside, commanding department of the Ohio, issued his famous order No. 38, in which he said, "The habit of declaring sympathies for the enemy will no longer be tolerated in this department. Persons committing such offenses will be at once arrested with a view to being tried as above stated, or sent beyond our lines, into the lines of their friends."

Mr. Vallandigham, in a speech at Mount Vernon, Knox county, on the 1st of May, commented with great bitterness on the above order, which resulted in his arrest at his residence in Dayton on the morning of the 5th of the same month. He was taken to Cincinnati, tried by a military commission, found guilty, and sentenced to imprisonment in Fort Warren during the war. This sentence was changed by the president, into banishment beyond the federal lines, which was carried into effect.

Much sympathy was expressed for Vallandigham by his friends and the opposition press; but, on the other hand, there was a general approval of the course pursued by the chief magistrate of the nation. Prominent among the former was Governor Seymour, of New York, and the *Freeman's Journal* said, "Ohio has her exiled hero, Vallandigham."

The sudden rise of the opposition party to the war following the unfortunate issue of McClellan's campaign in Virginia, and Buell's in Kentucky, in the latter part of 1862, together with the issuing of President Lincoln's proclamation, in January, 1863, had emboldened Mr. Vallandigham to urge his peculiar views. This had greatly excited the soldiers in the field, and in their numerous addresses and letters they appealed to the people at home to stand by the union. General Rosecrans, whose signal victory at Stone River, and whose generosity of spirit and fatherly care of his men had endeared him to the people of Ohio, wrote an eloquent, patriotic letter to the legislature, and his Ohio soldiers an address to their friends at home: the latter we have preserved as a part of the history of the times.

THE BATTLE-FIELD OF STONE RIVER Feb. 1, 1863.

To the People of Ohio: The Ohio soldiers of the western army, your friends, brothers and sons, address you from this field of renown, in urgent entreaty, upon matters of such grave import to them and to the country, as to demand your calm and patient audience. Exiles from home for long weary months, away from the petty strife of local politics and the influence of selfish demagogues and party leaders, with the pure and steadfast faith in the holy cause of defending our government which brought us into the field, and has sustained us in perils, hardships, toils and exposures, which have scarcely a parallel in history, we feel none of the acrimonious bitterness that now enters into the ignoble contentions of home politics, and calmly view the conditions of the country from the only true standpoint, the soldier's and patriot's devotion to the great republic—once blessed of all nations.

We ask, what means this wild, shameless party strife at home? why any opposition to this war of self-preservation? why any but political demagogues should wish a severance of the republic? wherefore a foolish cry for a cessation of hostilities on our part, to give time to the traitor-rebels to strengthen their defenses and discipline their armies? why should the brave, true men of the great army of the United States, war-broken, toil-worn and battle-stained, be left without sym-

pathy from you, men of Ohio, now enjoying the blessings of peace, careless of dangers of invasion, war's dread terrors, only because we, your brothers and sons, stand "between your loved homes and war's desolation?"

Are we not in war? Is not the whole force of the government employed in defending the nation against a gigantic effort to destroy it? Has not blood flowed like water, and treasure expended enough to make rich a nation? Is it not worth preserving? Can two or more states be carved out peacefully from the present loved republic? Can we give away its rivers, lands and loyal people to its destroyers? Can we afford to divide the republic into contending petty states, and be forever the victims of internecine wars between small principalities? Can we quietly, calmly, even complacently, sit by and see the grand republic of the world thus cut off and destroyed by innate weakness? No honest citizen of Ohio is willing that such should be our fate.

What matters now the cause of the war? By whose fault, or by the adoption of what mistaken policy? It exists! It must be fought out, or ended by giving up all that it is waged for. For the sake of peace; for fear of the shedding of blood; would any basely give up his nation and become the citizen of a ruined and dishonored land?

Then wherefore this opposition to the war? Because a particular party is in power? Because its policy is obnoxious? Because it has committed errors? Because it has thrown to its surface and given prominence to bad or incompetent men, or adopted political theories and sought to make them practical, which are condemned by many good men? No! the remedy for all these evils, if they exist at all, may be sought in the quiet but powerful means of the ballot, which has power in our government to change dynasties, where the armies of the world would fail.

Is it thought that peace and a voluntary restoration of the union may be effected by compromise? All that has been tried. Disdainfully, the rebels flung back in our faces every proffered olive-branch, before peaceful men became armed soldiers and the booming of Fort Sumter's cannon, with its terrible alarm, called a nation to arms. And now, insolent and defiant, they laugh to scorn all thoughts of peace on any other terms than recognition of their false nationality. They are stronger now than then. The despots and money-changers of Europe have given them substantial aid to destroy a republic; they have more powerful armies, abler generals and a firmer determination than when the rebellion began. They know their strength and appeal to it—not to the poor demagogues of the north, who are their allies. They condemn and despise them. Read their proclamations, addresses, army orders and newspapers. At no time have they ever spoken of northern friends, except as allies in the war! They deride the foolish appeals of their northern allies for peace and compromise, and preclude all hope of the restoration of the union on any terms.

What incalculable mischief is being done by these northern allies—their speeches and newspapers are quoted, and results of elections reported in southern papers, as evidence, not of any hope of restoring the union, but to show that the loyal people of the north are becoming willing to submit to any dishonorable and humiliating terms of peace, based even on a full recognition that this fiendish rebellion was right, and that it was well to destroy this government.

People of Ohio! *But one alternative is left you. You must pronounce this a just rebellion; you must say that it was right and justifiable to destroy this republic; that a republic is a weak, helpless government, powerless to sustain itself, and to be destroyed whenever conspirators enough can be allied for the purpose, or you must show to the world the power of self-preservation in the great example of confederated republics. That it has a quiet, dormant force, which, aroused, has gigantic strength and energy. That it not only can protect its citizens in all their rights and privileges, but can sustain itself as well against foreign attack as internal treason.*

We are fighting for the republic—to it we have given our hearts, our arms, our lives. We intend to stand between you and the desolating hosts of the rebels, whose most cherished hope and desire has been, and is, to take possession and

ravage your own beautiful Ohio. Once already we have stood as a living wall between you and this fate, and we may have to do it again.

Men of Ohio! You know not what this western army has suffered. You know not now the hardships and sufferings of your soldiers in their chill tents, their shelterless bivouacs, their long, weary marches, and their battle-thinned ranks. If there be honesty and purity in human motives, it must be found among your long-enduring soldiers. Hear us, and for your country's sake, if not for ours, stop your wild, shameless political strifes, unite for the common cause, and never think or speak of peace and compromise until the now empty terms mean—the republic as it was, peaceably if it may be, but forcibly at all events. It is said war and force can not restore the union! What can?

Is there anything else that has been left untried, short of national dishonor and shame? Nothing. Purely physical power has been invoked to destroy the government, and physical force must meet it. Conquer the rebellious armies, shut in by blockades and victorious armies the deluded people of the rebellious states, and let no peace, no happiness, no prosperity dwell in their land or homes, until they rise against their tyrants, until popular opinion with them overthrows their false government, and dooms their despotic leaders. Whip them and confine them, until "Actæon is devoured by his own dogs."

This is all that can be done, and it must be done with the determined energy of a united people. Thus feel and think the soldiers of the grand army of the United States. Are you with us, or will you now desert us, sell your national birthright for a mess of pottage, and for success in local politics, barter away your country, crawl at the feet and lick the hands of the perfidious, cruel and devilish conspirators, who have organized this rebellion, and who boast of their success in destroying your government, slaying your sons and wasting your treasure, contemned, derided and despised by them, while you are humbly craving their favor? Not waiting or even hoping for returning loyalty in them, or for terms of peace to be tendered by them? Can you thus dishonor yourselves, your soldiers or your state?

We ask you now to stay, support and uphold the hands of your soldiers.

Give some of the wasted sympathy, so illy but freely bestowed upon the old political hacks and demagogues, who seek a blessed martyrdom in Lincoln bastiles, to the suffering but bravely-enduring soldiers who, in the camp, the field and the hospital, bear real hardships uncomplainingly. If treason must run riot in the north, keep it there—insult not your soldiers by sending to them the vile emanations of the traitors who are riding into office, place and power, over the ruins of the government, and making them their stepping-stones. Insult us not by letters, speeches and papers, which tell us we are engaged as hirelings in an unholy, abolition war, which make mob idols of the hour of those whose hypocritical demagoguery takes shape in cowardly, covert treason—whose constant vocation is denunciation of their government and its armed defenders.

The army of the west is in terrible earnest—earnest to conquer and destroy armed rebels—earnest to meet force with force—earnest in its hearty detestation of cowardly traitors at home—earnest in will and power to overcome all who desire the nation's ruin.

Ohio's 100,000 soldiers in the field, citizens at home, potent in either capacity, ask their fathers, brethren and friends, by their firesides and in their peaceful homes, to hear and heed this appeal, and to put an end to covert treason at home, more dangerous now to our national existence than the presence of the armed hosts of misguided rebels in the field.

On the hearing and adoption of this address by the 1st brigade, 3d division, 14th army corps, Colonel Walker also reported the following resolution, which was unanimously adopted:

"*Therefore, Resolved*, For ourselves, we are resolved to maintain the honor and integrity of our government; from the St Lawrence to the gulf, and between the oceans, there shall be but one supreme political power. We are able to defend our birthright; the blood of our sires is not contaminated in our veins; we are neither to be insulted nor robbed with impunity; the government we defend was formed for noble purposes; we are the executors of a living, a dying testa-

ment written in the blood of our fathers, which we will re-write in our own; to preserve our government, is, to us, a law unalterable in our hearts as the decrees of Heaven; we stop not now to point the finger of scorn at petty traitors who vainly seek to immortalize themselves by acts of treason—too cowardly to sin with an uplifted hand, too dastardly to stake life for life, as more honorable traitors do—let them bear in mind that there is a time coming, when the honest indignation of a loyal people will hurl them headlong into an abyss as bottomless as the pit.”

The banishment of Mr. Vallandigham a few months subsequent to this fermentation among the people, but served to increase it. And so much sympathy was aroused for him that the opposition were constrained to nominate him for governor, at the fall election. Mr. Vallandigham, who had been permitted to leave the southern lines by the rebel leaders, made his way to Canada; and there on the border watched the canvass. In the result, John C. Brough, the union candidate, was elected by the largest majority of any previous candidate for the gubernatorial chair. His total majority was 101,099. Of this, the home majority was 61,920 and the soldiers' majority 39,179. Out of 43,755 soldiers' votes only 2,288 were given for Vallandigham: but of the citizens who remained at home, secure from war's alarms, over 180,000 signified their preference for him; many sincerely regarded him as the subject of oppression. In thousands of cases, the sons in the army voted one way while the fathers on the farms voted the other. The soldiers' votes was a signal illustration of the heaven-given principle that those who mostly do sacrifice for a cause, mostly do love it. The canvass was the most exciting ever known in any state: and honorable to the defeated minority that they submitted with such equanimity to the adverse verdict.

THE GENERALS OF OHIO.

Ohio is the native state of more eminent generals than any other. Among these are Rosecrans, Grant, Sherman, Sheridan, Gilmore, McPherson, Custer, Stanley, Granger, Steedman, Weitzell, Crooke, Garfield, Lytle and others. Four of these names—Grant, Rosecrans, Sherman and Sheridan—will forever live.

Grant was born in 1822 at Point Pleasant, in Clermont county, a two hours' trip by steamboat from, and above, Cincinnati, on the banks of the Ohio. The three others were born in the heart of the state; Rosecrans, in 1819, in Kingston, Delaware county, twenty-five miles north of Columbus; Sherman, in 1818, in Lancaster, Fairfield county, twenty-eight miles southeast of Columbus; Sheridan, in 1831, in Somerset, Perry county, eighteen miles east of Lancaster: all four graduated at West Point.

A vivid pen-picture of Grant and Sherman, drawn in a single frame, by one who saw them when together at Vicksburg, is in place here.

First in rank, as well as notoriety, we have Lieutenant-General U. S. GRANT—indifferently known as Grant, Ulysses S. Grant, United States Grant, Uncle Sam Grant, and “Unconditional Surrender” Grant; the same whose “move on the enemy's works” at Fort Donelson has become national property, and the same man under whose lead our armies have split the confederacy in two, and wrung from their grasp all, or the greater portion, of the Mississippi valley.

Almost at any time, one can see a small but compactly-built man of about forty-two years of age, walking through the camps. He moves with his shoulders

thrust a little forward of the perpendicular, his left hand in the pocket of his pantaloons, an unlighted cigar in his mouth, his eyes thrown straight forward, which, from the haze of abstraction that veils them, and a countenance drawn into furrows of thought, would seem to indicate that he is intensely pre-occupied. The soldiers observe him coming, and rise to their feet, gather on each side of the way to see him pass—they do not salute him, they only watch him curiously, with a certain sort of familiar reverence. His abstracted air is not so great, while he is thus moving along, as to prevent his seeing everything without apparently looking at it; you will see this in the fact that however dense the crowd in which you stand, if you are an acquaintance, his eye will for an instant rest on yours with a glance of, and with it a grave nod of, recognition. A plain blue suit, without scarf, sword or trappings of any sort, save the triple-starred shoulder-strap—an indifferently good "Kossuth" hat, with the top battered in close to his head; full beard, of a cross between "light" and "sandy;" a square cut face, whose lines and contour indicate extreme endurance and determination, complete the external appearance of this small man, as one sees him passing along, turning and chewing restlessly the end of his unlighted cigar.

His countenance, in rest, has the rigid immobility of cast-iron; and, while this indicates the unyielding tenacity of a bull-dog, one finds only in his gray eyes the smiles and other evidences of the possession of those other traits seen upon the lips and over the faces of ordinary people. On horseback, he loses all the awkwardness which distinguishes him as he moves about on foot. Erect and graceful, he seems a portion of his steed, without which the full effect would be incomplete. He held in early days the reputation of being the best rider in the Academy, and he seems to have lost none of his excellence in this respect.

Along with the body guard of General Grant is his son Fred., a stout lad of some twelve summers. He endures all the marches, follows his father under fire with all the coolness of an old soldier; and is, in short, a "chip of the old block."

Of General Grant's ability I need say nothing—he has been so long before the public that all can judge for themselves. The south calls his successes "luck;" we in the west believe that he owes them mostly to the possession of a cautious military judgment, assisted by good advisers, and backed by invincible perseverance, endurance and determination.

Almost the exact opposite in every feature of our taciturn, unsmiling chief, is Major-General SHERMAN. Tall, loosely-built, narrow chest, sandy hair and beard, light gray eyes, glancing incessantly in every direction, smiling mouth and rapid utterance, he forms a character as opposite Grant's as zenith to nadir. Grant goes about like a piece of marble, endowed with just sufficient vitality for purposes of locomotion, while Sherman, whether walking, talking or laughing, walks, talks and laughs, "all over." Grant's soul is crusted over with rigidity—Sherman's bursts out at every pore, every agitation of his inner man produces a corresponding agitation of his physical machine. Soul and body seem attuned in such harmony, that a chord struck upon the former communicates its vibrations to one in the latter.

Socially, he is a pleasant man, affable to his inferiors and engaging to his equals, with a mood that changes with the rapidity of the barometer in the tropics. With an utterance rapid almost to incoherency, he, at one instant, is relating some laughable incident, the next unfolding the details of some masterly plan, and the next hurling fierce imprecations upon the head of some offender.

Like Grant, he has courage and endurance in abundance—like him, he will ride into a storm of bullets, and sit there and watch and order as unconcernedly as if the air were filled with roses instead of hissing messengers of death. Of his ability, there is in the army but one opinion, and that is, that among the ablest men that this war has produced, he is entitled to no second rank. His ability is not confined to any specialty; he is equally at home whether drilling a company or division, inspecting a quartermaster's accounts, arranging the details of a battle, making an advance or ordering a retreat; in short, he seems to be, and is, familiar not only with the practical details of war, but the principles which underlie this most intricate and comprehensive art.

"PHIL. SHERIDAN," as his soldiers call him, is the Murat of the American army. One who knew him when his star was rapidly culminating, says:

We have an enthusiastic admiration for "Phil." Sheridan—Brigadier-General Ph. Sheridan. We heard of him first at Corinth, Mississippi. He had been commanding cavalry under Rosecrans—whose estimate of *soldiers* carries weight. He delighted more to talk of "Phil." Sheridan than of any man in the army—General George H. Thomas excepted. Of him he always spoke reverentially—a man who reminded him of Washington. Rosecrans admired Sheridan's curt, decisive way of doing things. "Phil," he said, "has no surplusage. He *does* things;" and the general was happy in describing the grim, insinuating pleasantry with which Sheridan outwitted the enemy, or hung a spy. Language can't express it, because it lacks the essentials of voice and manner. "Send Phil. Sheridan on an expedition," he was wont to say, "and he will accomplish it, if it is in the power of man—he is ready, fertile in resources, with large executive faculty, and he fights, *fights!*—do you know what that means?"

Fighting was his forte, and yet he is the "mildest-mannered man" that ever slashed a rebel crown with saber. It is related of him, that he fought his way through West Point, and almost fought his way *out*. We have his own confession, that during his last year he had only "five points" to make to be permitted to retire without the honors of the institution. The management of those "five points" was a difficult and delicate operation. Nevertheless, he graduated with distinction, and was one of the most popular men of the academy.

Your first view of him disappoints you a little. Imagination always plays the mischief with your estimate of a hero whom you have not seen—heroic stature, handsome face, commanding presence, all seem associated with heroes. Sheridan is a quiet, wiry, strong little man, not over five feet seven, or a half inch more, but with broad shoulders and strongly-knit frame—weighing, perhaps, one hundred and forty, or a trifle more; short, wiry, black hair, compact head and medium forehead, sharp, gray eyes, a composed and firm countenance—with somewhat Milesian features, and a brownish complexion, shaded with closely-cropped whiskers.

He is only thirty-two, but his weather-beaten face advertises at least five years more. But his stature is soon forgotten in his presence. He grows wonderfully on a horse, and especially on a battle-field. On the dreadful morning of Stone river, when he emerged with his mangled division in solid phalanx from the frightful cedars, he loomed up like a very giant. He was grave, but firm, strong, and, as Rosecrans dashed up to him in the tumult of battle, his deportment seemed to express, "You see, general, it was not the fault of *my* division that we did not stay." He had lost his hat and fought bareheaded until a trooper handed him a hat picked up in the field—a dead soldier's no doubt. Sunday morning afterward—the enemy had gone then—Sheridan, sitting upon an old stump, at general headquarters, told the story quietly, but graphically: "General, I lost 1,796 men, 70 of them officers, with my 3 brigade commanders."

These were noble Sill, Roberts and Shaeffer—than whom more gallant soldiers never fought under the flag. Stone river made Sheridan a major-general, and they always said in the army of the Cumberland, "Phil. Sheridan is the rising man of this army." When Grant put him in command of the cavalry on the Potomac those who knew him recognized the right man in the right place.

At the beginning of the war, General Sheridan was a lieutenant of infantry. Governor Blair, of Michigan, commissioned him as colonel of a regiment of Michigan cavalry, and he was actively engaged in Tennessee and Mississippi, doing valuable service and hard fighting, until he was promoted to brigadier-general, soon after which he was assigned to the command of a division in McCook's corps, where he remained until assigned to the position of commander of the cavalry in the army of the Potomac. His parents are natives of Ireland, but he is a native of Ohio.

In the history of war there is not a single instance of the mere per-

sonal advent of a general upon the field, unsustained by a body of fresh troops, changing, by the simple magic of his presence, a defeat into a victory, excepting in the case of Sheridan at Cedar creek. Our men had given way everywhere, and when, as thus described:

Suddenly there is a dust in the rear, on the Winchester road, and almost before we are aware, a fiery-looking, impetuous, dashing young man in full major-general's uniform, and riding furiously a magnificent black horse, literally "flecked with foam," and no poetic license about it, reins up and springs off by General Crook's side. There is a perfect roar, as everybody recognized Sheridan. He talks with Crook a little while, cutting away at the tops of the weeds with his riding-whip. General Crook speaks half a dozen sentences, that sound a great deal like the whip, and by that time some of the staff are up. They are sent flying in different directions. Sheridan and Crook lie down and seem to be talking, and all is quiet again, except the vicious shells of the different batteries, and the roar of artillery along the line. After a while, Colonel Forsyth comes down in our front and shouts to the general: "The 19th corps is closed up, sir." Sheridan jumps up, gives one more cut with his whip, whirls himself around once, jumps on his horse and starts up the line. Just as he starts he says to our men—" *We are going to have a good thing on them now, boys!*" It don't sound like Cicero, or Daniel Webster, but it *doubled the force* at our end of the line.

And so he rode off, a long wave of yells rolling up to the right with him. We took our posts, the line moved forward—and the balance of that day is already history.

The descriptive poem of Buchanan Read is as stirring as words can paint deeds. Genius in song illustrates genius in war, and the hearts of the nation beat in unison with the music.

SHERIDAN'S RIDE.

Up from the south at break of day,
Bringing to Winchester fresh dismay,
The affrighted air with a shudder bore,
Like a herald in haste to the chieftain's door,
The terrible grumble and rumble and roar,
Telling the battle was on once more,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

And wilder still those billows of war
Thundered along the horizon's bar,
And louder yet into Winchester rolled
The roar of that red sea uncontrolled,
Making the blood of the listener cold
As he thought of the stake in that fiery fray,
And Sheridan twenty miles away.

But there is a road from Winchester town,
A good, broad highway leading down;
And there, through the flush of morning light,
A steed, as black as the steeds of night,
Was seen to pass as with eagle flight—
As if he knew the terrible need
He stretched away with his utmost speed;
Hill rose and fell—but his heart was gay,
With Sheridan fifteen miles away.

Still sprung from those swift hoofs, thundering south,
The dust, like the smoke from the cannon's mouth,
Or the trail of a comet, sweeping faster and faster,
Foreboding to traitors the doom of disaster;

The heart of the steed and the heart of the master
 Were beating like prisoners assaulting their walls,
 Impatient to be where the battle-field calls;
 Every nerve of the charger was strained to full play,
 With Sheridan only ten miles away.

Under his spurning feet, the road
 Like an arrowy Alpine river flowed,
 And the landscape sped away behind
 Like an ocean flying before the wind;
 And the steed, like a bark fed with furnace ire,
 Swept on, with his wild eyes full of fire.
 But, lo! he is nearing his heart's desire—
 He is snuffing the smoke of the roaring fray,
 With Sheridan only five miles away.

The first that the general saw were the groups
 Of stragglers, and then the retreating troops;—
 What was done—what to do—a glance told him both,
 Then striking his spurs with a terrible oath,
 He dashed down the line 'mid a storm of huzzas,
 And the wave of retreat checked its course there because
 The sight of the master compelled it to pause,
 With foam and with dust the black charger was gray;
 By the flash of his eye, and his red nostrils' play,
 He seemed to the whole great army to say:
 "I have brought you Sheridan all the way
 From Winchester down to save the day!"

Hurrah, hurrah, for Sheridan!
 Hurrah, hurrah, for horse and man!
 And when their statutes are placed on high,
 Under the dome of the union sky,
 The American soldiers' temple of fame,
 There with the glorious general's name,
 Be it said in letters both bold and bright:
 "Here is the steed that saved the day,
 By carrying Sheridan into the fight,
 From Winchester—twenty miles away!"

The character of ROSECRANS is indicated by the following anecdote, a soldier relates:

On Wednesday, while we were stationed as guard to the ford, Gen. Rosecrans came up to Col. Price, commanding the brigade, and said:

"You're Col. Price, commanding the 32d brigade, are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, Colonel, will you hold this ford?"

"Well, General, I will if I can."

"That won't do, sir," said Rosecrans. "Will you hold this ford?"

"I'll die in the attempt," responded the cautious colonel.

"That won't do, sir. *Will you hold this ford?*"

"I will," said the colonel, firmly, and General Rosecrans rode off without another word, and left the colonel to fulfill his promise.

The last day of 1862 was a marked one in the history of Rosecrans. He was at Stone river; his army was encamped in line of battle. McCook's corps formed his right, in three divisions—Johnson's, Davis', Sheridan's. Secretly, with the stealthiness of savages, the rebels massed themselves at the extreme right, under cover of the woods.

The unsuspecting soldiers were totally unprepared. Some of the artillery horses were off for water. Advancing through the morning fog, they bounded on like an army of ravenous wolves, screaming, yelling as they ran, striking, first upon Johnson, then upon Davis, and at last upon Sheridan, rolling and crumbling them up, and hurling them, routed and flying, into the cedar thickets which skirt the Nashville turnpike.

Rosecrans would send no help. He was fearful of weakening his left and center, which up to this had not been engaged, for the enemy lay in his front within sight, anxiously watching and ready to pounce upon him. If any part had been weakened they would have attacked, and, if successful, would have destroyed his army. His preparations were to halt the enemy on his defeated right, without exposing his left and center to imminent danger. For this purpose he massed his artillery and troops on the position occupied by the center, one of the most difficult of manœuvres, and changed his line of battle. There it was that the genius of Rosecrans was displayed. A more vivid description of battle is never seen than this which any eye-witness gives :

Lines upon lines were piled upon each other with matchless skill. Columns were hurled in solid ranks from one side of the field to the other as if they were toys; the evolutions of the brigades as steady as the movements of a grand review. Thousands acquired an idea of the art of handling masses of which they never dreamed before.

The rebels came nearer and nearer the Nashville turnpike, nearly two miles and a half; the right wing of our army had been driven in with a loss of twenty-eight pieces of artillery and a thousand of our men. A faintness of heart came over me as the destruction of our whole army seemed to stare us in the face, but Rosecrans stood with the flower of his center and left wing in an array of imposing grandeur along the turnpike and facing the woods. The scene was as grand and awful at this time as anything I ever expect to witness until the day of judgment. Let the rebels ever obtain possession of the turnpike and of the immense train of wagons along it, its line of retreat would be cut off, and nothing could save the union army from utter rout and capture. Such sounds as proceeded from that gloomy forest of pines and cedars were enough to appal the stoutest heart. The roar of cannon, the crashing of the shot through the trees, the whizzing and busting of shells, the uninterrupted rattle of thirty thousand muskets, all mingled in one prolonged and tremendous volume of sounds; and above all could be heard the wild cheers of the traitorous troops as body after body of our men gave way and were pushed back toward the turnpike. Nearer and nearer came the storm, louder and louder resounded the tumult of battle. The immense train of wagons packed along the roads suddenly seemed instinct with struggling life, and every species of army vehicle, preceded by frightened mules and horses, rolled and rattled away pell-mell in an opposite direction from that in which the victorious foe were pressing onward. The shouts and cries of terrified teamsters urging teams to the top of their speed, were now mingled with the billows of sounds which swayed and surged over the field. Suddenly the rout became visible, and crowds of ten thousand fugitives, presenting every possible phase of wild and uncontrolled disorder, burst from the cedar thickets, and rushed into the open space between them and the turnpike. Amongst them all, perhaps not half a dozen members of the same regiment could have been found together. Thick and fast the bullets of the enemy fell amongst them, and some of them were shot down, but still the number constantly increased by reason of the thick crowds which every moment burst from the thickets.

Awaiting the coming storm, conspicuous among all the rest, was the well built form of our COMMANDING GENERAL, his countenance unmoved by the tumult around

him, and his thoughtful and animated features expressing a high and patriotic hope which acted like an inspiration on every one that beheld him. As he cast his eye over the grand army which he had mustered to repel the foe, he already felt master of the situation.

At last the long lines of the enemy emerged from the wood rank behind rank, and with a demoniac yell, intended to strike terror into the souls of the Yankees who stood before them, charged with fearful yells to the very muzzle of the cannon, whose dark mouths yawned upon them. A dazzling sheet of flame burst from the ranks of the union forces. An awful roar shook the earth, a crash rent the atmosphere, and the foremost line of the rebel host was literally swept from the field. For ten minutes the thunder of battle burst from the clouds. When our batteries advanced they found no rebels between the turnpike and the wood, excepting the dead, dying and wounded. The roar of our artillery sounded farther and farther off as our different batteries moved after the routed, flying foe, and we in turn again occupied a considerable portion of the lost ground of the morning.

Since the annihilation of the old guard, in their charge at Waterloo, there probably had not been an instance of so great slaughter in so short a time as in this rebel repulse at Murfreesboro.

That eminent engineer Maj. Gen. QUINCY ADAMS GILMORE was born in 1828, some thirty miles west of Cleveland, on the margin of Lake Erie, in Black river township, Lorrain county.

His surprising skill in gunnery, shown in the reduction of Fort Pulaski, and in the siege of Charleston, has lastingly identified his name with the highest achievements in military science. His "swamp angel," located on the flats, miles away from the doomed city, became a very fiend of destruction, as from its monster mouth huge fiery missiles shot forth, converting entire squares into shapeless ruins, and streets into untrodden, deserted wastes. There, where for thirty years treason had stalked in wicked effrontery, the demon of war meted out righteous retribution.

OHIO'S DEAD! they lay upon every battle field. Tens of thousands mourn fathers, brothers, sons, who have died for us and ours. Beyond the sacred limits of their own homes, they mostly were unknown. But it matters not. The choicest spirits, the most noble natures that God has here created often live but to suffer and die, crushed and bleeding among the obscure of earth. They rise in ethereal brightness, appreciated in the higher immortality.

History groups them in masses, and holds up to the gaze of the living the heroism of their dead. Here and there one, who has been elevated by rank, combined with opportunity and capacity, is singled out for an individual memorial. A few such among Ohio's dead come under our notice.

Major-General James B. McPHERSON, who fell in the battle of Peach-tree creek, July 22, 1864, in the campaign against Atlanta, in his 36th year, was born in Sandusky, Ohio. He was educated at West Point. After the battle of Shiloh, he was chief engineer and had charge of all the fortifications erected in the siege of Corinth. He was subsequently assigned to the command of a division, and gained great credit at Vicksburg, as one of the chosen officers of Grant.

His characteristics, as thus described, are beautiful.

In few military men of our army were the qualities of a true gentleman so happily blended with those of a real soldier. Justly regarded as one of the most skillful soldiers in the western army, he was noted for a total absence of that roughness and uncouthness of manner, almost amounting to boorishness, which some officers seem to regard as a *sine qua non* to the make-up of a good com-

mander. No subordinate, whatever his rank or station, whether private soldier or brigadier-general, ever received from him an unkind answer or an uncivil word. He was as courteous to his body-servant as he was respectful to his superiors in rank and position. The writer recollects, on one occasion, an officer said to him, "Why don't you swear at the damned rascals?" alluding to some men who had been guilty of dereliction of duty. The general replied, "I have no more right to swear at them than at you. How would you like to have me damn you a little now and then?" It was a favorite expression of his that politeness was a coin that passed current everywhere, and was never at a discount.

His courage was of a kind most valuable to an army, and to himself as a commander. He was stoical, but never impetuous—calm, cool and self-possessed, no matter what the danger that might surround him. He never lost his presence of mind for a single moment, even in the most desperate situation, or during the progress of the most hotly-contested engagement. His enthusiasm never got the better of his judgment, and he could give as good counsel and advice during the progress of a bayonet charge, led by himself, as if he were enjoying a social *tete a tete* far removed from the scene of hostile operations. He would form his line of battle under the heaviest fire of the enemy, with as much indifference to rebel cannon and sharpshooters as if he were arranging a holiday dress-parade. We think we utter but the verdict of all who knew General McPherson, when we say he was a model soldier and a model gentleman.

General McPherson was killed under the following circumstances: The battle of the 22d was fairly opened about 12 o'clock, M. After it had progressed some time, a gap appeared in our line between the 16th and 17th corps, which the rebels sought to take advantage of and permanently divide the line. Gen. McPherson, perceiving this situation and danger, at once rushed to the front, and, with two or three of his staff, was superintending the location of men to defeat the rebel plan. This brought him within fifty yards of the rebel advance, who fired a volley on him and his few companions. A ball struck him in the right side, and passing through, shattered the spinal column, causing instantaneous death.

Major-General Logan was at once quietly notified of what had occurred, and without the troops knowing their terrible loss, the battle went on, and a victory won by McPherson's troops on the plan devised by him. It was about half an hour after his death before the corpse was fully in our possession, it, in the meantime, lying on the disputed ground between the two armies.

General McPherson rode, on this occasion, a favorite black horse, which he obtained of a surgeon after the battle of Corinth, and which had carried him safely through every battle in which he had since been engaged. So fortunate had both been, that he had come to feel a degree of safety on the back of his noble steed. But in this, their last association, the charm was broken with both of them—the rider was killed, and the charger received three balls, which, however, were not fatal.

The correspondence that ensued between General Grant and the grandmother of McPherson, aged 87 years and 4 months, on the occasion of his death is a most touching souvenir. A good old lady, as her letter shows her to be, is very certain to be, as she was, blessed in the perpetuation of virtue to the second generation.

CLYDE, Ohio, August 3, 1864.

To General Grant:

DEAR SIR—I hope you will pardon me for troubling you with the perusal of these few lines from the trembling hand of the aged grandma of our beloved General James B. McPherson, who fell in battle.

When it was announced at his funeral, from the public print, that when General Grant heard of his death, he went into his tent and wept like a child, my heart went out in thanks to you for the interest you manifested in him while he was with you.

I have watched his progress from infancy up. In childhood, he was obedient and kind; in manhood, interesting, noble and persevering, looking to the wants of others. Since he entered the war, others can appreciate his worth more than I can. When it was announced to us, by telegraph, that our loved one had fallen, our hearts were almost rent asunder;

but when we heard the commander-in-chief could weep with us too, we felt, sir, that you had been as a father to him, and this whole nation is mourning his early death.

I wish to inform you that, his remains were conducted by a kind guard to the very parlor where he spent a cheerful evening, in 1861, with his widowed mother, two brothers, an only sister and his aged grandma, who is now trying to write. In the morning, he took his leave at 6 o'clock, little dreaming he should fall by a ball from the enemy. His funeral services were attended in his mother's orchard, where his youthful feet had often pressed the soil to gather the falling fruit, and his remains are resting in the silent grave, scarce half a mile from the place of his birth. His grave is on an eminence but a few rods from where the funeral services were attended, and near the grave of his father. The grave, no doubt, will be marked, so that passers by will often pause to drop a tear over the departed.

And now, dear friend, a few lines from you would be gratefully received by the afflicted friends. I pray that the God of battles may be with you, and go forth with your armies till rebellion shall cease, the union be restored, and the old flag wave over our entire country. With much respect, I remain your friend,

LYDIA SLOCUM,

Aged 87 years and 4 months.

GENERAL GRANT'S REPLY.

HEADQUARTERS ARMIES OF THE UNITED STATES, }
CITY POINT, VA., August 10, 1864. }

Mrs. Lydia Slocum:

MY DEAR MADAM—Your very welcome letter of the 3d inst. has just reached me. I am glad to know the relatives of the lamented Major-General McPherson are aware of the more than friendship existing between him and myself. A nation grieves at the loss of one so dear to our nation's cause. It is a selfish grief, because the nation had more to expect from him than from almost any one living. I join in this selfish grief, and add the grief of personal love for the departed. He formed for some time one of my military family. I knew him well. To know him was but to love him. It may be some consolation to you, his aged grandmother, to know that every officer and every soldier who served under your grandson, felt the highest reverence for his patriotism, his zeal, his great, almost unequalled ability, his amiability, and all the many virtues that can adorn a commander. Your bereavement is great, but can not exceed mine.

Yours truly,

U. S. GRANT, Lieut.-Gen.

Brigadier-Gen. ROBERT L. MCCOOK was a member of that heroic Ohio family, that has lost so many members in the war. One of them, a mere boy of seventeen, was killed at Bull Run, at the beginning of the rebellion. Being called upon to surrender,—he replied—"I never surrender to a rebel;" upon uttering which, he was shot. Another son, Brigadier-General Daniel McCook, was mortally wounded at Kenesaw Mountain. The father, a venerable old man, volunteered to assist in driving Morgan's guerrillas from the state, and was killed in action; and Robert McCook himself was assassinated by rebels. A fourth brother is the Major-General Alexander McDowell McCook, an army corps commander at Perryville, Stone river and Chickamauga. Robert at the outbreak of the war, was a lawyer in Cincinnati. Within 48 hours after the President's first call he mustered into the service the 9th Ohio, and had them in camp. It was composed entirely of Germans, became one of the most effective of regiments, and had the distinguished honor of making at Mill Springs the first bayonet charge of the war. He was a large-hearted, impulsive man: and so hated all pretense and show of any kind, that he most unwillingly submitted to the requirement of wearing a military dress. He was murdered in the summer of 1862, while riding, sick and recumbent in a spring-wagon, attended by a small escort of half a dozen cavalymen, who, all but one, cowardly galloped off as the guerrillas appeared. The subsequent particulars are thus stated.

Captain Hunter Brooke, was riding with the general, who, owing to his feeble condition, was lying in the bottom of the box. When the guerrillas opened the fire upon the conveyance, Gen. McCook at once exclaimed, "The bushwhackers

are upon us," ordered the driver, his negro servant John, to turn quickly around, and rose to his knees to assist him in holding the frightened horses. The team was just fairly started, when the murderer of the general came up and ordered it to halt. It being impossible to check the spirited horses at once, the team kept moving, when the guerrilla again ordered it to halt, but almost instantaneously fired the fatal shot from his carbine, although Captain Brooke begged him not to fire upon a sick man. Another rebel rode up at the same time and aimed his gun, when the general told him, reproachfully, "You needn't shoot, I am already fatally wounded." The bullet passed entirely through his body, fatally tearing the intestines.

The main body of the rebels pursued the flying escort, and but three or four remained with their victim. The general was driven to, and taken into, the house at which he died, by Captain Brooke and John. He stated afterward, that when the party came up to the house, *the occupants, women and children, clapped their hands in approbation of the rebel achievement.* In a few minutes, those that had gone in pursuit, came tearing back, and hurried off with Captain Brooke. John, upon the advice of the general, had previously managed to escape out of the house and through a corn-field.

The general lived about twenty-four hours after being wounded. He was conscious to the last, although frequently unable to speak from the dreadful pain he was suffering. Whenever able, he uttered words of advice, gratitude and consolation to those around him.

His dying moments showed the nobility of the man. In a lull of his paroxysms of anguish, he said to young Captain Burt, "Andy, the problem of life will soon be solved for me. My good friend, may your life be longer and to a better purpose than mine." In reply to Father Beatty, the brigade wagon-master, if he had any message for his brother, Alex., he answered: "Tell him and the rest, I have tried to live as a man, and die attempting to do my duty." Finally, clasping his hands in the death struggle, the dying man exclaimed: "I am done with life; yes, this ends all. You and I part now, but the loss of ten thousand such lives as yours and mine would be nothing, if their sacrifice would but save such a government as ours."

The whole brigade arrived at the house about an hour after he was wounded. The men came up in double-quick, panting and shouting for vengeance. The effect of the sad sight of their mortally-wounded general upon them was most distressing. All day and night the faithful soldiery were grouped about the house, waiting their turn to bid a last farewell to their commander. Neither among the officers nor the men was there a dry eye, or a lip, not quivering with anguish. A more moving scene, it is said, was never beheld. The brigade did not resume its march until the general had breathed his last.

Retribution—terrible retribution was dealt by the 9th Ohio. With fire, and sword, and bayonet, the scene of the foul assassination was reduced to a state of desolation. Every house in the neighborhood, and over 70 of rebel citizens, men, were shot or hung.

Major Gen. O. M. MITCHELL was born in Kentucky in 1810; but when a boy removed to Ohio, and from that time was identified with this state. At fifteen years of age he received a cadet warrant; and, being poor, earned the money that paid his expenses to West Point. But his manner of traveling was humble; for, bearing his knapsack, he footed it all the way from home, in Lebanon, Warren county, Ohio, and arrived there in June, 1825, with only twenty-five cents in his pocket. Soon after graduating he settled in Cincinnati, founding in 1845, the first Astronomical Observatory ever erected on the globe by the contributions of the people. When the war broke out, he said: "He was ready to fight in the ranks, or out of it; and he only asked permission from his country to have *something to do.*" This sentence was the key note to his character—patriotism and intense activity.

In August, 1861, he was created general. After the occupation of Nashville, he was given command of an independent expedition; when, with incredible celerity, he marched across the country and took possession of the whole of the railroad running across north Alabama, and at the same time guarding that from Nashville to Stevenson, making in all 352 miles of railroad, besides 120 miles of river patrolling, to prevent the rebels getting up ferries and crossing the Tennessee; with his pickets extending over hundreds of miles, he knew almost every hour what was transpiring in that large district. From Corinth, on the West, to Chattanooga, on the east, he kept the rebels in continual excitement by his rapid movements. No sooner had he planned and started an expedition in one direction than he followed it by the instant execution of a new one in another. One day he was threatening the rebel general at Chattanooga, and had him telegraphing all over the South for help. Another, he was on the left wing of the Corinth army, driving their guerrillas across the Tennessee. The moving force of Mitchell, aside from those left to guard the railroads was less than 3,000 men, and but one regiment of cavalry,—John Kennett's 4th Ohio. These were always in advance, scattered over a territory of 300 miles, and so continually moving, that Kirby Smith, at Chattanooga, could not refrain from asking, "How many thousand of the 4th Ohio cavalry are there? We can't put our foot down anywhere but we find them." So active and daring was Mitchell, and so much was accomplished, that the enemy fancied he must have had thirty thousand men!

In all his operations, Mitchell never threw up a single spadeful of earth, unless it was to hold a railroad bridge; and he never allowed the enemy to attack him in any position or in any single instance, while he harassed them continually by skirmishes and assaults. Sleeping but four hours out of the twenty-four, with all the energies of a most ardent temperament enlisted in the cause, he formed a contrast to the slow-moving Buell. This officer, after the evacuation of Corinth, marched with his army corps of nearly 40,000 men, and took chief command.

In the fall (1862) Mitchell was put in command of the department of the south, and was preparing for a vigorous campaign against Charleston when he was seized with yellow fever, and died on the 30th of October.

General Mitchell was the author of several valuable astronomical works; and as a lecturer on astronomy, so far surpassed all others, as to have been pronounced the only lecturer on the subject the country ever had. His religious instincts were very strong; he was all alive with feeling; he possessed great fluency and command of language, and he electrified his audiences with this most sublime, elevating topic, as probably no man living or dead had ever done before.

His "*Words for Poor Boys*," show what were his early struggles, and the spirit that enabled him to rise above obstacles. Poor boys, some of them, we trust, will read these pages. Here is encouragement from the lips of a good and eminent man.

When I was a boy of twelve years, I was working for twenty-five cents a week, with an old lady, and I had my hands full, but I did my work faithfully. I used to cut wood, fetch water, make fires, scrub and scour in the mornings, for her, before the real work of the day commenced; my clothes were bad, and I had no means of buying shoes, so was often barefooted.

One morning I got through my work early, and the old lady, who thought I had not done it, or was especially ill-humored then, was displeased, scolded me, and said I was idle and had not worked. I said I had; she called me a "liar." I felt my spirit rise indignantly against this, and standing erect I told her that she could never have the chance of applying that word to me again. I walked out of the house, to re-enter it no more.

I had not a cent in my pocket when I stepped into the world. What do you think I did then, boys? I met a countryman with a team, I addressed him boldly and earnestly, and offered to drive the leader, if he would only take me on. He looked at me in surprise, but said he did not think I'd be of any use to him. "O yes, I will," said I; "I can rub down and watch your horses, and do many things for you, if you will only let me try." He no longer objected. I got on the horse's back. It was hard traveling, for the roads were deep, and we could only get on at the rate of twenty miles per day. This was, however, my starting-point. I went ahead after this. An independent spirit,

and a steady, honest conduct, with what capacity God has given me—as he has given you—have carried me successfully through the world.

Don't be down-hearted at being poor, or having no friends. Try, and try again. You *can* cut your way through, if you live, so please God. I know it's a hard time for some of you. You are often hungry and wet with the rain or snow, and it seems dreary to have no one in the city to care for you. But trust in Christ, and he will be your friend. Keep up good heart, and be determined to make your own way, honestly and truly, through the world. As I said, I feel for you, because I have gone through it all—I know what it is. God bless you.

General WM. H. LITTLE was born in Cincinnati, on the 2d of Nov. 1826, and bred to the law. He served in the Mexican war; and at the breaking out of the rebellion was chosen colonel of the 10th Ohio volunteer infantry, almost entirely composed of Irishmen,—a fighting regiment, of course. He was wounded at Carnifex Ferry, also at the battle of Chaplin's hills, Ky.; and finally, killed while leading a charge at Chickamauga, September, 20, 1863. He was a man singularly gifted, and sincerely mourned. The following is a faithful tribute to his memory.

Lines to the Memory of WM. H. LITTLE.

The flag was draped with funeral hues—
The flag he loved so well;
'Neath which he marched to battle oft—
'Neath which he proudly fell.
Its glorious folds were wound around
The noble warrior's breast;
Together they were in the fight,
Together let them rest.

Dead marches on the muffled drums
For soldier true and tried,
For poet sweet, bring lyre and sword,
And lay them by his side.
Though strong of hand, of gentle heart,
If prayers and sighs could save,
We had not followed him in tears,
To his untimely grave.

Untimely! No—his country called,
For her he shed his blood;
But left these glorious names behind,
The Gallant and the Good!
Gallant and Good, yes—Gifted, too;
Ohio's crown of pride
Ne'er lost a brighter star, than when
The noble Lytle died.

Yet long upon the storied page,
His honored name shall stand,
Not last and least among the great
And worthy of our land.
As he remembers Lytle's sword,
The patriot shall be strong;
And bards shall inspiration catch
From Lytle's fervid song.

But Lytle needed no lines from stranger-pen to perpetuate his fame
The poet's own does that in these sad strains, as plaintive as those of
an Eolian.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

I am dying, Egypt, dying,
Ebb's the crimson life-tide fast,
And the dark Plutonian shadows
Gather on the evening blast;
Let thine arm, O Queen, enfold me,
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear,
Listen to the great heart secrets
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions
Bear their eagles high no more,
And my wrecked and scattered galleys
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;
Though no glittering guards surround me,
Prompt to do their master's will,
I must perish like a Roman,
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let Caesar's servile minions
Mark the lion thus laid low;
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,
'Twas his own that struck the blow—
His who, pillowed on thy bosom,
Turned aside from glory's ray—
His who, drunk with thy caresses,
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebian rabble
Dare assail my name at Rome,
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,
Weeps within her widowed home,
Seek her; say the gods bear witness,
Altars, augurs, circling wings,
That her blood, with mine commingled,
Yet shall mount the thrones of kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!
Glorious sorceress of the Nile,
Light the path to stygian horrors
With the splendors of thy smile;
Give the Cæar crowns and arches,
Let his brow the laurel twine,
I can scorn the senate's triumphs,
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry,
They are coming; quick, my falchion,
Let me front them ere I die.
Ah, no more amid the battle
Shall my heart exulting swell,
Isis and Osiris guard thee,
Cleopatra, Rome, farewell!

THE TIMES

THE REBELLION

WEST VIRGINIA.

WEST VIRGINIA early became a theater of military operations. These were on a comparatively small scale, owing to the difficulties of providing and sustaining large armies. The country as a whole may be defined as a collection of lofty mountains, with deep narrow valleys that seem to exist merely to define the mountains. Along these valleys are a primitive people, simple in their wants, dressing in homespun, and living a varied life of hunting and agriculture. They are scattered in cabins often miles apart, the mountains so encroaching upon them as to leave but mere threads of arable land. The roads for want of room are much of the way in the beds of the streams, which are swollen by every heavy shower to raging, impassable torrents. Bridges do not exist excepting at a few points. Military operations are very difficult; transportation at times being impossible.

The best part is in the Northwest, along the valley of the Ohio and its tributaries. In this section runs the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, which forks at Grafton about 100 miles from the Ohio, one branch terminating at Parkersburg and the other at Wheeling. The secessionists at the beginning made strenuous exertions to hold this country, and suppress its union sentiment: also to possess the fertile valley of the Kanawha, so valuable to them for its abundant crops of grain and inexhaustible supplies of salt.

The first event of the war in West Virginia was the surprise by two union regiments under Cols. Kelly and Lander, on the morning of the 3d of June, 1861, of some 1500 secession troops under Col. Porterfield, at Philippi, a small village on the Monongahela about 20 miles south of Grafton. None of the unionists were killed; and the loss of the secessionists trifling. The surprise occurred at daybreak; but it so happened that the secessionists mostly made good their escape. Their flight is amusingly described by one present. Said he "Did you ever drive a stake into an ant hill, and watch the movements of the panic stricken inhabitants? It was nothing to this flight. They didn't stop to put on their clothes, much less their shoes; grabbing the first thing they could reach, and dressing as they ran, each turned his face toward Beverly. One fellow had cased one leg in his unwhisperables, when the cannister came whizzing about him.—'Delay was death,' and with his shirt streaming behind, and the unfilled leg of his pants flopping and trailing after him, he presented a most comical figure.

Some, half-naked, mounted horses unbridled, and grasping the mane, urged them into a sharp run by their cries and vigorous heel-punches. Many took to the thickets on the hills; and among these unfortunates the Indians, after the melee was over, ignorant of their presence, discharged their minie rifles, for the purpose of clearing their guns, and with fatal effect."

Gen. McClellan, in command of the department of the Ohio, for political reasons, refrained from crossing into Western Virginia until the 27th of May, after the ordinance of secession had been voted upon in a state election. Then the western troops crossed over and took a position at Grafton. On the 11th of July, occurred the battle of Rich Mountain. At that period the secession forces under Gen. Garnett, numbering several thousand men, occupied near Beverly two intrenched camps—Rich Mountain and Laurel Hill, a few miles apart. Garnett remained at the last named, leaving Rich Mountain under the immediate command of Col. Pegram. Rosecrans was sent with three regiments of Indiana and Ohio troops to make an attack upon Pegram. Passing around the mountain, through miles of almost impenetrable thickets, Rosecrans, assisted by Col. Lander, made a spirited attack upon the upper intrenchment of the enemy, who were routed and fled. McClellan was preparing to attack Garnett, but he fled also. On the 13th Col. Pegram, who had been wandering in the hills for two days without food, surrendered unconditionally. When Pegram advanced to hand his sword to Major Laurence Williams, each instantly recognized the other, and both were moved to tears, and turned away unable to speak for a few moments. They had been classmates at West Point, and had met thus for the first time in many years. The number captured amounted to about 600. Pegram was killed late in the war, at the battle of Hatcher's Run, before Richmond, Feb. 1865.

The same day, Gen. Garnett, with the main body, on his retreat, was overtaken some thirty miles north at Carrick's Ford on Shafer's Fork of Cheat River, by the advance of Gen. Morris. He attempted to make a stand to cover his retreat: his men became panic stricken and fled before half their number. Here Garnett was killed by a sharpshooter. Not a Virginian was at his side when he fell: a young lad from Georgia alone stood by him bravely to the last, and when Garnett fell, he fell too. Garnett was about 40 years of age, a brother-in-law of Gov. Wise, and in the Mexican war aid to Gen. Taylor. He was a roommate at West Point of Major Love, of Gen. Morris' staff.

"But an hour or two before, the major had been talking about his former acquaintance and friendship with Garnett, and had remarked that he would be glad if Garnett could only be taken prisoner, that he might be able to see him again, and talk with him about the government which had educated and honored him. When the major reached the field, a short time after the flight of the rebels, he was led to the bank of the river, where the body of his old roommate lay stretched upon the stones! Who shall blame him for the many tears he shed kneeling by that traitor corpse? The brave boy who fell by, was taken to the hill above the headquarters and buried by our troops. At his head they placed a board, with the inscription: "Name unknown. A brave fellow who shared his general's fate, and fell fighting by his side, while his companions fled."

The appearance of the battle field is thus described by an eye witness.

Returning from the bank where Garnett lay, I went up to the bluff on which the enemy had been posted. Around was a sickening sight. Along the brink of

that bluff lay the dead, stiffening in their own gore, in every contortion which their death anguish had produced. Others were gasping in the last agonies, and still others were writhing with horrible but not mortal wounds, surrounded by the soldiers whom they really believed to be about to plunge the bayonet to their hearts. Never before had I so ghastly a realization of the horrid nature of this fraternal struggle. These men were all Americans—men whom we had once been proud to claim as countrymen—some of them natives of our own northern states. One poor fellow was shot through the bowels. The ground was soaked with his blood. I stooped and asked him if anything could be done to make him more comfortable; he only whispered, "*P'm so cold!*" He lingered for nearly an hour, in terrible agony. Another—young and just developing into vigorous manhood—had been shot through the head by a large minie ball. The skull was shockingly fractured; his brains were protruding from the bullet hole and lay spread on the grass by his head. And he was still living! I knelt by his side and moistened his lips with water from my canteen, and an officer who came up a moment afterward poured a few drops of brandy from his pocket flask into his mouth. God help us! what more could we do? A surgeon rapidly examined the wound, sadly shook his head, saying it were better for him if he were dead already, and passed on to the next. And there that poor Georgian lay, gasping in the untold and unimaginable agonies of that fearful death, for more than an hour!

Near him lay a Virginian, shot through the mouth, and already stiffening. He appeared to have been stooping when he was shot; the ball struck the tip of his nose, cutting that off, cut his upper lip, knocked out his teeth, passed through the head and came out at the back of the neck. The expression of his ghastly face was awful beyond description. And near him lay another, with a ball through the right eye, which had passed out through the back of the head. The glassy eyes were all open; some seemed still gasping with opened mouths; all were smeared in their own blood, and cold and clammy with the dews of death upon them.

But why dwell on the sickening details? May I never see another field like that! All around the field lay men with wounds in the leg, or arm, or face, groaning with pain, and trembling lest the barbarous foes they expected to find in our troops, should commence mangling and torturing them at once. Words can hardly express their astonishment, when our men gently removed them to a little knoll, laid them all together, and formed a circle of bayonets around them, to keep off the curious crowd, till they could be removed to the hospital, and cared for by our surgeons.

There was a terrible moral in that group on the knoll, the dead, the dying, the wounded, protected by the very men that had been fighting and who were as ready then as they had ever been to defend by their strong arms every right these self-made enemies of theirs had ever enjoyed.

Every attention was shown the enemy's wounded, by our surgeons. Limbs were amputated, wounds were dressed with the same care with which our own brave volunteers were treated. The wound on the battle field removed all differences—in the hospital all were alike, the objects of a common humanity that left none beyond its limits.

Among the enemy's wounded was a young *Massachusetts boy*, who had received a severe wound in the leg. He had been visiting in the South, and had been impressed into the ranks. As soon as the battle began, he broke from the rebel ranks and attempted to run down the hill, and cross over to our side. His own lieutenant saw him in the act, and shot him with a revolver! Listen to such a tale as that, as I did, by the side of the sad young sufferer, and tell me if your blood does not boil warmer than ever before, as you think, not of the poor deluded followers, but of the leaders, who, for personal ambition and personal spite, began this infernal rebellion."

Some amusing anecdotes were related of this battle.

Previous to the fight, before any shells had been thrown, a Georgian, who was behind a tree some distance from one of our men, called out to him, "What troops are you?" One soldier, squinting around his tree, and seeing that there was no chance for a shot at his questioner, replied: "Ohio and Indiana volunteers."

"Volunteers! —," exclaimed the Georgian, "you needn't tell me volunteers stand fire that way!" The day's skirmish presented some instances of extraordinary daring. Perhaps the most astounding was that of a fellow who undertook to furnish the news to the rebels. One of *Milroy's Swamp Devils*, (as the boys of the Ninth Indiana were called,) took a paper and deliberately walked up the road at the foot of the hill, on which the enemy were placed, till he got within convenient talking distance. Then asking them if they wouldn't like to have the news, and they having answered in the affirmative, he unfolded his paper and began, "Great battle at Manassas Gap; rebels completely routed; one thousand killed, ten thousand wounded, and nearly all the rest taken prisoners; all traitors to be hung and their property confiscated!" By this time the bullets began to rain down upon him rather thickly, and he beat a rapid retreat to a convenient tree, carefully folding up his paper as he went, and shouting back that if they would come over to camp, he would give them the balance of the news!"

Another incident worth preserving is as follows:

In one of the Indiana regiments was a Methodist preacher, said to be one of the very best shots in his regiment. During the battle, he was particularly conspicuous for the zeal with which he kept up a constant fire. The 14th Ohio Regiment, in the thick of the fight, fired an average of eleven rounds to every man, but this parson managed to get in a great deal more than that average. He fired carefully, with perfect coolness, and always after a steady aim, and the boys declare that every time, as he took down his gun, after firing he added, "And may the Lord have mercy on your soul."

The loss in killed and wounded was slight. In the result, the enemy were for the time being driven from Northwestern Virginia. The whole affair was a mere skirmish compared to an hundred later battles of the war, too inconsequential to be described in history. But it was the first decided union victory, and gave great eclat to Gen. McClellan, who, in the enthusiasm of the time, was in consequence transferred to the command of the army of the Potomac. A second Napoleon was supposed to have been found in the person of an ex-captain of U. S. engineers.

The next engagement of importance was, the battle of Carnifex Ferry, which took place on the 10th of September between the union forces under Gen. Rosecrans and the rebels under Gen. Floyd, ex-secretary of war. Floyd's position was a high intrenched camp on the summit of a mountain in the forest, on Gauley river, opposite the precise point where the Meadow river falls into it. The intrenchments extended about a mile and a half in his front, each end resting on the bank of the river, which here by its curving formed a kind of bow, while the intrenched line answered for the string. In the center of Floyd's line was an extensive earthen mound, supporting his main battery. The rest of his works were of fallen timber exclusively. The position could not well be flanked, and the only resource was to attack him in front. Floyd had six regiments and 16 pieces of artillery.

On the last day of August, Gen. Rosecrans, moved from Clarksburg, to put himself at the head of his army, and resume active operations. His plan was to engage Floyd in the region of the Kanawha line. After much delay, the army moved from Birch river toward Summer-ville on the 9th. On the 10th he marched eighteen miles, to near the intrenched position of the enemy, in front of Carnifex Ferry. At three o'clock in the afternoon he began the strong reconnoissance, termed the battle of Carnifex Ferry. This lasted until night came on, when the troops being exhausted, he drew them out of the woods and

posted them in line of battle, intending to storm the works in the morning. In the night Floyd having become alarmed at the strength of the attack upon him, silently fled, crossed the Gauley and destroyed the bridge after him. Rosecrans took possession of the camp, captured a few prisoners, and some arms and some stores. The union loss was 114; among the killed was the brave Col. Lowe.

At the time Rosecrans was operating against Floyd, Gen. J. J. Reynolds of Indiana, was stationed with his brigade at two fortified camps on Cheat Mountain, one called Cheat Summit and the other Elkwater, seven miles apart by a bridle path. The rebel General R. E. Lee, desired to get into their rear into Tygart Valley, and once there with a large force he would have advanced against Grafton and Clarksburg, the principal military depots in Northwestern Virginia. On the 12th inst. he marched up the Staunton pike, with about 9000 men and from 8 to 12 pieces of artillery. He made attempts for several successive days to take these works; and was finally repulsed on the 15th. Among the rebels killed was Col. John A. Washington, proprietor of Mt. Vernon. He was shot by a small scouting party while reconnoitering, and at the moment he and his escort had turned to flee, the latter galloping off leaving their commander wounded and dying by the roadside.

"The party ran up to the wounded man, and found him partially raised upon one hand, attempting to grasp his pistol. As they approached, the dying man smiled faintly, and said *"How are you boys? give me some water."* One of the party placed his canteen to the soldier's lips, but they were already cold in death. A litter was made, and the body carried to headquarters, when an examination of the person was made. Judge, if you can, of the surprise excited, when upon his clothing was found the name of *John A. Washington!* Four balls had passed through his body, two entering either lung and any one inflicting a mortal wound. A flag of truce was sent the next morning to the rebels, offering to return the body, and all the colonel's effects. It was met by Lieut. Col. Stark, of Louisiana, who was coming to our camp to demand the body. When told that Colonel Washington was dead, Col. Stark was very deeply affected, and for some moments was unable to speak at all. He finally said, "Col. Washington's temerity killed him; he was advised not to go where he did, but was on his first expedition, and extremely anxious to distinguish himself." Col. Washington was attached to the staff of General Lee, as engineer, from which it is judged Gen. Lee in person commands the forces in our front. What a sad commentary Col. Washington's death affords us. His illustrious uncle, the founder of our liberties, the great leader in the war for our independence! The degenerate nephew, taken in arms, fighting against the government his progenitor has called into being; losing his life in attempting to undo what that noble man had done! To be shot in the back was a proper termination to the career of a relative who in selling at an exorbitant price the Mount Vernon estate to a patriotic association of ladies, had speculated upon the bones of George Washington."

Guyandotte a town of about 600 inhabitants, situated on the Virginia bank of the Ohio, at the mouth of the Guyandotte, twelve or fourteen miles above the Kentucky line, was the scene of tragic events on Sunday night and on Monday, November 10th and 11th. The people were nearly all bitter secessionists. Col. Whaley was forming there the Ninth Virginia (union) regiment, and had with him on Sunday about 120 of his own men, and 35 of Zeigler's 5th Virginia Cavalry. A little after sundown this small body was surprised by a force of several hundred cavalry under the notorious guerrilla chief Jenkins. The

attack was entirely unexpected, and Whaley's men were "taking it easy," some at church, some sauntering about, some asleep in their quarters, and only a camp guard out and no pickets. The men rallied and gathered in squads, sheltering themselves behind buildings and making the best fight possible, in which the gathering darkness increased their chances for escape. The rebels pursued the squads, charging upon them around the corners, running down individuals, killing some, wounding others, and taking prisoners. After the fight was over, they hunted many from places of concealment. As our men fought from sheltering positions, and the enemy were in the open streets, the loss was supposed to be nearly equal in killed and wounded, —from 40 to 50 each. The enemy captured some seventy prisoners.

The attack was accompanied by acts of savage barbarity. Some of the fleeing soldiers in attempting to cross the bridge over the Guyandotte, were shot, and those only wounded, while begging for their lives were thrown into the river to be drowned. Others were dragged from their hiding places in the town and murdered. Some poor fellows who had taken to the river were killed as they were swimming, or when they had crawled out on the other bank. One John S. Garnett, who hid on that side was busy at this bloody business. A witness testified that he heard them shout across "John! Ho! John Garnett, shoot them—devils coming out of the water there," and two guns went off. "There is another just behind the tree." "Oh! I have sunk that—Yankee." Soon another shot and a yell, "I've got one of the—dad's scalps and a first rate Enfield rifle."

Early the next morning, the rebels fearing pursuit, left the town, carrying off with them as prisoners some of the union citizens, having first taken and destroyed their goods. When they left, twenty one secession women all with their secession aprons on, paraded and cheered the visitors. Col. Zeigler with a few union troops immediately landed from a steamer, arrested ten of the leading citizens as prisoners. As the people had fired on the troops from their dwellings, the soldiers set fire to the houses of the rebels, which communicating to the others, from one half to two thirds of all the buildings in the place were burnt.

The guerrilla war in West Virginia was marked with many horrible atrocities and thrilling adventures. There was scarcely a county which did not contain more or less secessionists who degenerated into assassins. They shot down in cold blood their neighbors in open day, and at night stealthily burnt their dwellings. Hundreds of these villains were arrested, but for want of positive evidence discharged on taking the oath of allegiance: when they again renewed their acts of savage barbarity. So little was this sacred obligation observed, so venomous did they remain, that it had its proper illustration in the popular anecdote of the time, told of a union soldier who had caught a rattlesnake; and asked his companion "what should he do with him?" "*Swear him and let him go,*" was the instant response. A writer of the time well illustrates the fiend-like spirit that was rife in these paragraphs.

A thrilling incident of the war occurred to-day, within two miles of Parkersburg. There lives in that vicinity a farmer named Smotherton. He is of the *genus* termed "white trash" by the contrabands; a renting farmer, who lives from hand to mouth, ignorant, quarrelsome and reckless. He has quite a family. Smotherton is a secessionist, a very bitter one, and he has imbued the idea and its spirit into all his family, from his wife down to his youngest child. The suc-

cess of the federal arms has only served to embitter and enrage him, and time and again he has threatened to poison the water which supplies the camp at this place, to destroy by fire the property of his union neighbors, kill their cattle and mutilate their horses.

For several months he has done little else than make threats of this character. His wife was as bad with her tongue as he was, and even his children have been taught to hate and curse those who were for the union. Smotherton being informed that he would be driven from the neighborhood if he did not improve his conduct, replied that he would not leave until he had destroyed the property and shed the blood of some of the union men. "They can't hurt me for it," he continued, "kase the war's commenced, an' there haint no law." That seemed to be his firm belief.

To-day two sons of Smotherton, the oldest not yet thirteen years of age, was out in the woods with a rifle. They came across another lad, named King, about the same age, whose family is for the union, and reside in the same neighborhood. The young Smothertons, following the example of their father, immediately called him to account. Young King stood up for the union, which so enraged the other two boys that they threatened to shoot him. Young King then boldly straightened himself up and shouted, "Hurrah for the union." The oldest of the Smotherton boys—not yet thirteen years old, remember—deliberately raised his rifle, fired, and gave young King a mortal wound. To-night it is said he can not survive until morning.

As soon as the affair became known, a file of soldiers were dispatched from town to Smotherton's hut, which they surrounded, and, without resistance, took the old man, his sons and two or three others prisoners. I need not say that the soldiers were disappointed in not meeting resistance, for they did not want to bring in any prisoners. The party was marched to town surrounded by bayonets, and committed to prison, to await examination before the military authorities to-morrow. An indignant crowd followed them, and many voluntarily stepped forward as witnesses. An intelligent country girl said that she heard the boy Smotherton declare, several days ago, that he would shoot the boy King if he did not stop hurraing for the union, for he (Smotherton) was a secessionist, and he wasn't agoing to stand it.

Just such people you will find all over Western Virginia, and as their cause sinks they become more desperate, and endeavor to support it by blood and crime. Until they are treated and dealt with as traitors, the war in Western Virginia, will not approximate a close. Our troops curse the policy that has heretofore governed the military authorities, and now they take no prisoners whenever they can avoid it.

Retaliation, as above stated, at last became the common rule. The union scouts learned to take no prisoners. One of the best pictures which gives the lights and shadows of this border war, is drawn by a writer in the first year of the struggle, an union soldier from the New England settlement of Ceredo. He says:

In February 1861, nine others and myself were threatened with expulsion from the "sacred soil" of the Old Dominion for voting for Lincoln: all residents of Ceredo. In May the war against us raged fiercer, and some of the marked ones left for fear of violence. Some of my neighbors could not leave if they would, and my courageous wife agreed with me that it was better to stay, for we might by that course do more for the good cause than in any other way.

In June and July the excitement was all the time increasing, and by the middle of the latter month it was publicly stated that the "Lincolnites" of Ceredo *must* leave, and notices to that effect were sent to us. We sent back word to them to "come on," we were prepared for them (but we were not though), and defied them.

For several weeks in the middle of Summer we watched every night for the coming of the indignant secessionists. They looked for us to submit and take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy, or leave. It was during this time

of fearful peril—for we had sworn to stand by each other and resist to the death if necessary—that everything else was forgotten. All business was abandoned. The farmers who had been influenced by our position and action, left their crops and joined us in consultation and watch. They were made to understand that they were risking all their property and their lives, and perhaps the lives of their families, by joining us. But they pledged themselves willing to make the sacrifice, if need be, for the sake of the union. Our fears were reasonably increased by the treatment of union men in the adjoining counties, and we did not hope for mercy. The enemy outnumbered us who would *fight* more than three to one; yet our bold stand and defiant declarations kept them back. For many nights my wife did not retire to rest with any certainty that she would not be aroused before morning by the torch and bullet of the rebel guerrillas, now organized in three different places in our own county, and in large numbers in the next and nearest county above us. A little band of twenty-five, and sometimes thirty or more, when our country neighbors came in, stood on guard through many summer nights, with such arms as we could pick up, waiting to resist the attack of three hundred or more; but I have no doubt we should have made a desperate resistance. We had become so exasperated by the infamous threats of the rebels, and so incensed at their conduct toward union men up the country, that we all felt that it was our solemn duty to resist.

Then began the organization of a regiment. One of the old residents was urged to take the lead in this; we New Englanders pledged ourselves to sustain him. It was a fearful undertaking, but we had the right kind of a man to lead off, and it was successful. The rebels were of course indignant that we should attempt to have a military force in the "abolition" village of Ceredo.

It has been one continued whirl of bustle, and excitement and panic. It seems as though years ought to embrace the crowded events of the past few months. In fact, it does seem years since last June. I remember a few scenes, a few days, and the balance is one confused jumble of stirring incidents, panics, fearful and energetic struggles to calm the popular feeling, painful and tedious night watchings, long rides for reconnoitering, anxious consultations, and frequent renewal of pledges. It makes me shudder to think of the danger we escaped. I can hardly realize that we did pass through all and are yet safe, and that the dear ones at home were permitted to remain there, when danger passed so near,—and particularly since we have learned what nefarious plots were concocted for our destruction.

While the recruiting was going on we were all the time in danger, and before the regiment was half full we had men out constantly on the scout, either to hunt rebels among the hills, or to guard union men's property away from our camp. While our men were taking prisoners and running the scamps from hill to hiding-place, the union men in Cabell county were rode over rough-shod. Every one who had a shot-gun or rifle, or a grain of powder, was robbed. The robbers also took beef and corn, and the union men in that county said not a word, for fear of faring worse. The few who dared to say anything were driven away or killed. Two others were shot, but recovered, and are now in the union army. One who had always maintained the right of a Virginian, clinging to the old government, was called to his door one morning by some of Jenkins' cowardly crew, and shot dead—four of the assassins shooting at once. In our county, young men, who were out of the reach of our protection were *forced* into the rebel army. I can not describe with what a high hand many outrages were perpetrated—how heartless and cruel, and with how little sense of honor, these "chivalrous southrons" committed numerous wrongs upon loyalists, upon their rights, liberty and property. However, every prominent secessionist in our county has been killed or taken prisoner. This is some consolation, though it does not compensate for the suffering of the loyal men.

I entered the army as a private, determined to be useful. I was put where it was thought I could be of most use, and have been constantly and ceaselessly engaged. My duties have not prevented my making some observations of the character and the moral effect of our enterprise.



AVERILL'S RAID.

How curiously—to me it seems—has this matter operated. The northerner and Virginian, it appeared, never could affiliate. They never did. It was plain that a Yankee never would be respected by the Virginian; from the most ignorant to the most cultivated, there was the same inborn prejudice. If common courtesy and the studied politeness of the educated man (Virginian) led him into sociableness and cordiality of friendly intercourse for a time, he would all at once assume a coldness as though he had forgot himself and done wrong. Among the ignorant it was still more unpleasant; but now all is changed. They now seem to think we are of one nation—we are all brothers—we should all be united—we should help each other—we should not remember that one was from a free state, and another was born in a slave state. This is of the union men. The secessionists hate us more, if possible, and hate their neighbors who have joined us still worse. Nothing else, it appears to me could ever have destroyed this prejudice. And to us, who have seen this inveterate prejudice, this appears strange. Is it love of country, or is it the danger? Who can tell?

I have witnessed many scenes in this brief time which I had never expected to see—altogether a great deal of the worst of the “horrors of war,” and mingled with the soldiers who are roughest and hardest, and heard their talk and their nonsense. Instead of feeling as though I had been hardened, or had become callous to the suffering of men and the cruelties of war, it seems as though the best feelings were sharpened. I know men who never before appeared to have any real and natural love for their families, manifest the best and most encouraging aspects of fraternal affection—the most delicate and tender love for friends and families—since this war commenced. Men, unconscious of the best feelings of *cultivated natures*, manifest that tender and affectionate regard for their wives which we expect to see only among the most enlightened and harmonious families. Many of the natives are rough and uncultivated. *The war does them good!* So it seems to me. This is my question: why is it? How would you explain it? How is it possible that civil war, where there is so much of awful tragedy, and wherein neighbor will shoot neighbor, to say nothing of the lesser wrongs and outrages, will improve men generally? While they talk so glibly of this one and that one of their acquaintance who are rebels, as deserving to be shot, they seem to be *progressing* in other respects. They become less selfish, more confiding, more generous, more considerate, and better *men*, I think, altogether. And this while we have not the best discipline in our regiment, and there is none too little whisky in camp. Is it love for country? Is it that the union is in danger, or that their families are in danger? Would this last produce such an effect? Or is it that *the love for country is such a great and noble virtue that it increases other good qualities in men?* Yes, this is it, it can be nothing else.

The bitter contempt and hate with which the union men were held throughout the south at the outbreak of the rebellion, found full expression in their secession papers: of which the following extract published in the Jeffersonian at Barboursville, West Virginia, in May 1861, is a fair specimen:

Capt. Roger's company of volunteers are making active preparations for service. They are a fine body of men, as true as steel, and fighting in the cause of liberty, *every single man of them is equal to a dozen of the base hirelings with whom they have to contend. In the hour of battle, we doubt not but what each man will prove himself a Spartan.*

Should old Lincoln grow so insane as to send 100,000 of his box-ankled Yankees up through this part of Virginia, our mountain boys will give them a warm reception, and *will be sure to save enough Yankee shin bones to make husking pegs with which to husk all our corn for a hundred years.*

A few months of actual experience dispelled some of those pleasant delusions in regard to the cowardice of union men. As the rebels were soon driven by our brave volunteers from their various camps at Philippi, Laurel Hill, Cheat Mountain, Gauley river and other points, they

left behind in their panic hurry, bushels of private letters. These revelations of the inner life of the rebellion, are important contributions to the history of the times. They illustrate the ideas that prevailed among the poor whites of the South, their ferocity against the people of the free states; and an ignorance so profound as to show how readily they became the willing instruments in the hands of their aristocracy, to perpetuate and increase their own degradation. The most amusing of these were the love letters of which the camps were full. Some of the tender documents could not be exceeded in ferocity of spirit by the cannibals of Fejee. Mingled with good religious advice to husbands by wives to trust in the Lord and offer up continued prayers for his guidance, are blended requests to kill every Yankee they met, and bring the scalps home as trophies of the war. Little children also write to their papa's for union scalps, and tender swains and love stricken maidens all appear to revel in visions of blood. We open with one of this description.

SEWEL MOUNTAIN October 3d 1861.

Dear Maiss Sarah margret Waup I send you my best love and respects to you. I am well at this present time in hoping these few lines will find you in the same helth and in the Same mind as you was when I gote the last letter. My love is round as a ring that has no end and so is my to you. I waunt you not to foregit mea and pick up eny of the Raleigh boys fore I am goun to Sleep in youres arms if I live and the dam yankee devels dont kill mea. I still lives in hopes the devels Cant kill mea, I hope that we will Jine handes again. I waunt you to never have eny thing to Saye to the Raleigh boyes they are all purty mutch unean [union] mean I underStand and that is a poore Cuntry I no. I have got youres likeness yet and kiss hit evry Day hites no ende that howe I lov you. I think of you when I am marced into the battle feal. I waunt you to ware the Seccions war riben a white peas of cloth around your wast; the unean [union] lades wars the black beltes around their wast * *

[The writer indulges in some thorough going profanity in reference to "Linken," and expresses a few uncharitable wishes respecting his future.]

* * mair margret I would like to see you So we Could laff and talk all about old times. My pen bade my ink is no count and I hant have but 8 minets to rite to you and I have to rite hit on my lapt. Pleas exkoose mea I have rote 6 letteres and reserved 3 from you and the hole of them thare was mise rote this you see rember mea if this not except please exkooss mea and burn hitup

Sarah margret Waup

JAMES BOLTON.

From another letter found in Laurel Hill camp we take two lines.

"i sa agen deer Melindy weer fitin for our liburtis to dew gest as we pleas, and we *will* fite fur them so long as GODDLEMITY givs us breth."

Here are two letters from loving maidens. The first according to her own revelations had been some time "on the market."

Mr. ———, DEAR SIR: I take the pleasure in writing you a few lines to-night. And to answer the kind & excepted note. We are all well at present. I think that good health & company is all that one should wish for. I know that I am contented when I am in your good company, that I love to be in so much. But I hope the kind Providence will soon permit us to be to gather soon. I wished that all of those *Yankees' heads was shot off and piled up*. Beck has formed a good opinion of you. But I think that I like you the best. She said that she wished that she was married. She says that she wants me to put the holtar on first. There is no man here I care anything about now. I was once 12 years engaged, but am free now. There was a certain person told me to keep myself free from all engagements for him, but did not answer, and that was the last. I

dreamt about you last night. I thought I heard you talking to papa. I tell you I almost was under John's control, but it may be for the best yet. If things had of went on, I would of been married, some time ago. These are times to try persons faith and feelings. I think every one should be candid. I know that you love me. That love can be returned. I am in for anything that you say, &c., &c.

WYTHS VILL VA August 17th 1861

DEAR SUR—it is with grate plesur for me to ancer yore letter I was glad to think that you thought that much of me amany A time I think of you all and wod like to see you all but I think that it will be A longe time be fore i will see you all but I hoape that it will not be so longe you sade that you had that arboviter that me and sue give you and that likeness that miss sue Pattison had of yores she has got it yet. She sase that she is A goante to kepe it. The times air loancem hear know sence you all lefte hear. Il tell you that campe Jackson lokes loancem know. I havente northen much to rite to you at this time but I hoape that I will have nore to rite to you. The nexte tine that you rite if that ever will be but l hoap that you will not forgit to rite. I woante you to excuse me for not hav ritten sooner but I havent not had the chance but I tride mity harde to ancer it sooner but I cudent. I hearde this morninge that you all was a goanto leave thair and I thaute that I wod ancer it this eaven. I woante you to tell mr yomee to rite to me. Ancer this as soon as you git this. I have northen more to sa at the present time but excuse bad riten and spellinge.

Dearest frende

Miss Mary

D McA

Here is a third maidenly letter found at Carnifex Ferry after Floyd's flight by some of Rosecrans' soldiers. It was in a highly scented white envelope, and was evidently addressed to one of the secession chaplains, that "Genuine itinerant Methodist minister." Miss Becky repels the base charge that she is given to tobacco chewing.

Rev. Wm. H. ——— Dear, in high esteem your very welcom letters arrived in due time, which were pleasant visitant. it was truely gratifying to hear of the abundance of good things you are blessed with in N. Carolina. I recon Egypt will certainly divide with Canaan.

Well Parson I suppose you are in the Dominion state this year among polished characters. I don't know how you cau think of the plain people in Fentress Tennessee.

I would just say as it regard my using tobacco it is altogether a false supposition. I protest the use of tobacco in every shape and form, so enough on that subject. Dear ——— I appreciate you as a genuine Itinerant Methodist minister and will take pleasure in any written correspondence with you. There have been revivals on this mission since you left.

We expect Parson ——— at his appointment.

Well Dearest ——— we are many miles apart Oh! the deep between us roll the rough Hills which intervene between you & I. yet all things are possible in the sight of the Lord. May the good Lord bless thee my dearest I hope you will find friendes that will treat you kindly. Oh! that this may be a glorious Conference year. You are still remembered by Rebecca.

Things are going on smoothly.

Mary is primping and fixing herself looking for her beaugh. Dear me! Clear the way, move the chairs, & make room. Well Parson, I must now close by soliciting your prayers in my behalf. Respond to this the first opportunity.

Fare-well this time

REBECCA ———

Oh! I remember how you looked
Remember well your silvery Tone
And placid smile of sweetest love
Though Many hours have rapid flown.

Poetical effusions in great quantities were found "to fire the Southern heart." This one is a fair specimen. It was obtained at Camp Gauley, among the official papers of the adjutant of a Virginia regiment:

Come all you brave Virginia boys
With hearts both stout and true
Come let us go down to the mason line
And Whip the Nothern crue

Old Lincoln is there president
That evry body knows
And he was elected by the Vote
Of men as black as Crows

A Malgamation is ther theme
And that will never do
Come lets go down to the Battle ground
And Whip the Nothern Crue

Be brave and Bold you Valiant boys
and keep your Armors Bright
For Sothern Boys Wonts nothing else
But Just the things that Right

God made the peopl Black and white
he made the red man to
And for to mix up is not Right
lets Whip the Negro crue

if honor sease your Soards brave boys
And Muskets not A few
Come lets go down to the Battle ground
And Whip the Nothern crue

Fight on Brave Boys with out a doubt
On til you gain the Field
The god of Battle he is stout
He will caus our foas to yeald

Our Wives and sweet hearts
tell us go and fight Just like A man
And keep the nothern negro crue
off of Virginue land

if luckey is our doom Brave Boys
in old Abe lincoln hall
On our next Independent day
We will Take a Sothern Ball

and when we come safe home Again
Our wives and sweet harts to
We they will welcom us from Washington
for they have nothing elce to do
August the 14 1861.

The war in West Virginia was confined to small battles, skirmishes, and conflicts with guerrillas. One of the most important of the battles, in its consequences, in the latter part of the war, was that of Droop Mountain, in the Greenbrier country, Nov. 6, 1863. In this action, the rebels were attacked in their works on the summit of the mountain by Gen. Averill, and routed with a loss of 400 men.

The guerrilla leaders, Jenkins and Imboden, were, for a time, active and enterprising, and the union troops were kept busy under Cox, Scammon, Crook, Averill, Kelly, and other union officers, whose terror-inspiring raids, and the hardships endured by those who took part in them, will show how noble a part was played in the great drama of the present age by the union-loving sons of West Virginia.

The most noted of all the raids was that of Averill in the winter of 1863-4. The object of the expedition, which was planned by Gen. Kelly, was to cut the Virginia and Tennessee railroad, and so sever the communication between Lee, in Virginia, and Longstreet, in Tennessee.

Several feigned movements were made in order to mislead the enemy, which were successful. The command of the real expedition was given to General Averill. On the 8th of December, he started from New Creek, near the Maryland border, with four mounted regiments and a battery, marching almost due south, which brought him almost directly between the confederate armies in Virginia and Tennessee. On the 16th, he struck the line of the railroad at Salem, and began the work of destruction. The telegraphic wire was cut, three depots, with a large amount of stores, destroyed, and the track torn up, bridges and culverts destroyed for a space of 15 miles; this was the work of a few hours. The enemy in the meantime had learned of his position and operations, and sent out six separate commands, under their ablest generals, to intercept him on his return. They took possession of every road through the mountains which was thought passable. One road, which crossed the tops of the Alleghanies, and was thought impracticable, remained. By this, Averill made his escape, carrying off all his material, with the exception of four caissons, which were burned in order to increase the teams of the pieces. His entire loss in this raid was 6 men drowned in crossing a river, 4 wounded, and about 90 missing. He captured about 200 prisoners, but released all but 84, on account of their inability to walk. In his report, General Averill says, "My march was retarded, occasionally, by the

tempest in the icy mountains, and the icy roads. I was obliged to swim my command, and drag my artillery with ropes, across Crog's creek seven times in twenty-four hours. My horses have subsisted entirely upon a very poor country, and the officers and men have suffered cold, hunger, and fatigue with remarkable fortitude. My command has *marched, climbed, slid, and swam three hundred and fifty-five miles* in fourteen days."

What must have been the sufferings on such a march, from cold, fatigue, and hunger, in the depths of winter, in that dreary, inhospitable, mountain wilderness, surrounded by fierce, deadly enemies, thirsting for blood! Writes one:

The nights were bitter. It rained, snowed, and hailed. Imagine the gathering of clouds, the twilight approaching, the wearied soldier and foot-sore horse climbing and scraping up the steep mountain roads; then the descending of the storm, the water freezing as it touched the ground, the line winding its way up one side and down another, entering passages that seemed to be the terminus of these mountainous creations, and then emerging upon open lands but to feel the fury of the storm the more severe, and he can form but a mere idea of what was the scene on this trying occasion.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
INDIANA.

INDIANA has been most prominent in her endeavors to preserve the integrity of the union, the proof of this is found in the fact that up to January 1, 1865, she had furnished 165,314 men for the suppression of the rebellion.

A stigma of cowardice cast upon Indiana troops by Jeff. Davis during the Mexican war, has been effectually avenged by their conduct on many a bloody field. More than one regiment on departing from the state capital for the seat of war, on bended knees, with unbared heads and raised hands, took an oath to "REMEMBER BUENA VISTA." How that vow was kept was learned in sorrow wherever the enemies of the union met the heroic men of Indiana. Her patriotic and energetic governor thus truly speaks of them:

"It affords me great gratification to state that the Indiana officers, as a body, have been found equal to those of any other state; that they have, upon every battle-field, nobly sustained the great cause, and shed luster upon the flag under which they fought. Many have been appointed to high commands, in which they acquitted themselves with the greatest honor and ability, and very many have nobly laid down their lives in battle for their country. Our private soldiers have behaved with uniform and distinguished gallantry in every action in which they have been engaged. They form a part of every army in the field, and have been among the foremost in deeds of daring, while their blood has hallowed every soil. Hitherto engaged in the peaceful pursuits of trade and agriculture, they have manifested that lofty courage and high-toned chivalry of which others have talked so much and possessed so little, and which belongs only to the intelligent patriot who understands well the sacred cause in which he draws his sword. Thousands have fallen the victims of an unnatural rebellion. They were fighting from deep convictions of duty and the love they bore their country. Their unlettered graves mark an hundred battle-fields, and our country can never discharge to their memory and their posterity the debt of gratitude it owes. That gratitude should be testified by the tender care we take of their families and

dependent ones whom they have left behind, and by the education of their children."

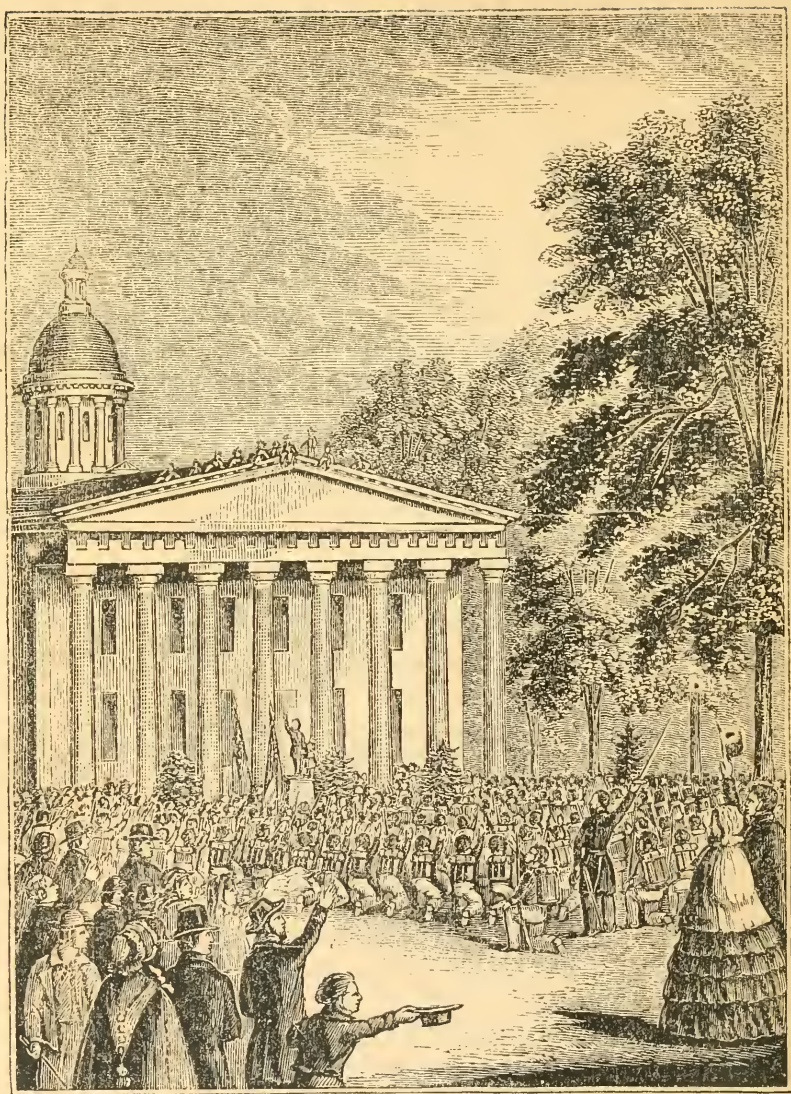
Much that he praises was the result of his own exertions, for rarely has any man possessed the power to infuse so much of his own spirit into the loyal masses as OLIVER P. MORTON, "the SOLDIERS' FRIEND;" and not only the men of his own state, but, as has been said, all the loyal men of the country owe him a debt of gratitude. "His oratorical labors during the war were grandly faithful and effective. The splendid canvass he made in the fall of 1864 was a fitting climax to an administration distinguished above that of all other governors for its success as well as arduousness. With a legislature against him of the most factions and disloyal character, which did its utmost to bind his hands, with a most formidable organization of traitors in his midst, all the while plotting insurrection, with a party opposition of unequaled virulence, he has yet kept Indiana the very foremost of all the western states—we may in truth say of all the states—in filling its quotas and meeting every call of the government. His peculiar success has been owing to great executive abilities, combined with a public devotion, which not only nerved him to tireless endeavor, but which elevated him above all personal jealousies and challenged universal respect."

The prompt aid rendered by him when Kirby Smith threatened Cincinnati was acknowledged by the action of the city council, in procuring his portrait to adorn their place of meeting. It was by the well-known poet-painter, T. B. Read, who, in a public address, delivered in Indianapolis, thus stated the origin of the order for the picture he had made.

When the rebels advanced through Kentucky, crushing with overwhelming might our gallant but undisciplined forces, at Richmond, and the border was threatened—Cincinnati exposed to pillage—the fair fields of the north open to ravage and robbery—Governor Morton, at the call of the distressed neighbors of Ohio, poured over a flood of the heroic men who have since won honor on every line of latitude north of the Gulf, helped to check the rebel advance, supplied ammunition, no where else to be procured, and saved the northwest, and Cincinnati especially, from the horrors of sack, rapine, robbery and flames. For this timely service, the city council of Cincinnati unanimously resolved to do him such honor as they could by placing his portrait in their hall, as the embodiment of the patriotism and neighborly love of Indiana, and as a precious heirloom to posterity, and paid me the compliment (perhaps unwisely) of selecting me to paint it. Thus called to your city, I can not forbear some further allusion to one whose services and honors constitute her proudest boast—and not her alone, but your state; and whose efforts, rising always to the level of any emergency, directed by a sagacity never dimmed by clouds of failure or fear, will yet make him, as his glory, widening and deepening, as it moves on toward the future, the equal pride of our whole country.

MORGAN'S INVASION OF INDIANA.

On the 7th of July, 1863, the steamer J. T. McCombs landed at Brandenburg, Kentucky, just as Morgan's advance-guard entered the town. They seized the boat, robbed the passengers, and then taking her into the middle of the river, cast anchor, and by the stratagem of hoisting a signal of distress, succeeded in capturing the Alice Dean, which was then passing up the river. By means of these vessels, Morgan transported his army to the Indiana side, and immediately be-



Volunteers of Indiana, at the State Capitol, on their departure for the War, swearing to "Remember Buena Vista."

gan his work of plunder and ruin. When the report reached the capital, that Morgan with 6,000 men had entered the state, the governor called on the citizens to turn out for its defense; and within forty-eight hours 65,000 men had tendered their services to drive the invader from the soil. The correspondent of the Cincinnati *Commercial* thus tells what he saw and heard in the hoosier state, during this exciting period.

Journeying down the Ohio and Mississippi road last Friday evening, we had barely cleared the border of Ohio when we observed knots of rustic men, armed with shot-guns or squirrel-rifles, climbing about the train. Many were mere stripplings, wearing on their hands and cheeks the sun's livery, many were old men, whose features wore the bronze of half a century of harvests. They did not know where to stop. The conductor would not tell them. At each station this scene would be repeated; and it must be remembered that the regular militia-trains had all day been drumming recruits together and bearing them to strategic points. The squads of whom we write had walked many weary miles from the interior, with no other solicitation than a vague knowledge of the exigency. The rebels were in Indiana somewhere; that brought down the battered old fowling pieces.

At Seymour, on Friday evening, some 2,500 militia were assembled, and in command of General Love. An artillery company from Aurora, with two 6-pounders, was present. This place was really threatened on that evening, Morgan having taken a northeasterly road from Salem in the afternoon. It has since been ascertained that he arrived at the two very important structures on the Ohio and Mississippi railroad, over White river, but the hardy farmers among the knobs in that vicinity obstructed the roads so thoroughly, by fallen timber, that the detachment sent for the purpose, lost its way, and barely managed to return to the main body. All trains were halted at Seymour that night. Morgan was known to be moving in the southwest angle formed by the junction of the Jeffersonville and the Ohio and Mississippi railroads, and was certain to strike one or the other before morning. The blow fell on the former, lightly.

At daybreak, our train was ordered to proceed cautiously westward. The engine prowled stealthily over the dew-drenched rails, with its great, dazzling eye darting into the gray obscurity of morning—a reconnoitering automaton, fearless of ambuscade. The bridges were safe. We taxed the raiders with lack of enterprise, while we rejoiced at the preservation of a vital spot in western railroad economy.

At Mitchell, the militia were assembled some 2,000 strong. Washington county was represented by a full regiment, and contiguous counties in proportion. Here we saw several companies sworn to national allegiance and obedience to superior officers. It was an impressive sight. They stood with heads bared and hands uplifted at awkward angles, but with an appearance of feeling a sacred sincerity. The youngsters went through the ceremony with diffident graveness; but in some of the old grandsires' eyes we caught the proud flash of souls which had hurled defiance at Indian and Britton, and having grandly protected the flag through the weakness of infancy, were not willing to have it go down, and least of all in the valleys that their pioneer hands had opened and enriched. We noticed among the militia at all points, a large number clad either wholly or partly in federal uniform; many, indeed, had full accoutrements. These were the discharged and resigned of our regular armies. A practiced eye could have told this without the aid of their clothes and equipments. They carried their guns on the shoulder, at the precise angle which the old soldier falls into after trying all others. It swings lightly with his motions, and perches there jauntily after long marches. Some of the ex-privates were captains now; all were subjects of numberless inquiries, and, between drilling and teaching the neophytes how to harness themselves, their time was completely occupied.

It became evident that there would be no fighting at Mitchell. Having the newspaperial Sunday. (which is also the Israelite day of rest) before us, we con

cluded that a visit to Salem, the scene of rebel pillage on the preceding day, would afford a *point d'appui* for a little effective correspondence. We soon found a construction train bound for the first burnt bridge on the New Albany and Chicago road, and were permitted to accompany it.

Salem is the county seat of Washington, some forty miles north of New Albany. It is not an attractive town in appearance, though having the marks of thrift and enterprise. Morgan entered it on Friday, at ten o'clock, A. M., having moved rapidly from his landing-place opposite Brandenburg by obscure roads. Col. Heffren, a resident of the town and its leading political spirit, heard of his approach in time to partially organize some three or four hundred horsemen, just in time to find the guerrillas in range with artillery planted. The militia force was but partially armed, and it was forced to comply with the demand to surrender. A number skedaddled during the parley, but the majority were turned over by Colonel Heffren to Morgan, who paroled and released them. The rebel forces entered the town in fine order, and a sort of half organized system of pillage indulged in forthwith. Clothing stores were robbed, and the rebels replaced their tatters with their contents, making the transfer shamelessly in the open streets. Whatever struck the fancy of a rebel, found a speedy route to his possession. The depot, a roomy and substantial brick edifice, was fired and consumed, with a fine, new passenger car and four box cars. The flames spread to an adjoining livery stable, but Morgan ordered out a strong detachment, with buckets, and had it extinguished. From Wash. Depaw, and Knight, and Smith, he demanded \$1,000 each, threatening to destroy their mills if the requisition was not filled. The money was paid and formally receipted.

A squad destroyed five small bridges, burned two fine water tanks, and burned all cattle guards and drains for eight miles on the railroad. A train barely escaped capture, but finally did so by dint of hard running to the rear. The engineer assured us, that the rebels rode magnificently, and leaped over the highest fences without hesitation. This is about all the visible damage done the town though the losses of the merchants must be considerable. A well-to-do farmer, named John Wyble, residing near Livonia, in Washington county, was ordered to halt, while riding away from town, but, being hard of hearing, he did not obey. He was shot down and killed instantly. Another, named Puthoff, was shot for breaking his gun, but will probably recover. A man named Vance was also seriously wounded.

During the halt in the town, Morgan sat in front of the leading hotel, with feet cocked in the air, smoking expensive cheroots. Colonel Heffren conversed with him, and told the rebel that he would find the state ready for him. Morgan said he didn't care a —; he had marked out his route and would pursue it; to that end would fight everything that come in his way.

Attached to the rebel band, were about one hundred negroes who acted as waiters. Morgan's black waiter rode immediately in the rear of the staff. One of the darkies seemed to be in high favor with the entire command. This negro, about noon, procured a national flag, tied it to a mule's tail and rode through the streets at a break-neck pace, swearing at the yellow, lantern-jawed Yankees, as he termed them, whenever he came near a citizen. The negroes were all exceedingly impertinent, and this trait seemed to confer infinite pleasure on their masters.

At four o'clock P. M. they left the town, taking one of the roads to the northward. They had demanded and received the choicest food, and had almost entirely re-uniformed themselves. They gathered during the halt, including those captured from the militia, several hundred horses, and left the "played out" animals wherever it was convenient to unsaddle them. Even antiquated brood mares were stolen, and young, though dilapidated, horses left in their stead.

At daylight on Saturday, General Hobson's forces passed through Salem in pursuit. They had ridden fifty miles the previous day, and their horses were badly jaded. They impressed what horses Morgan had not appropriated, and pushed straight on.

After leaving Salem and Vienna, Morgan's main force felt its way steadily out of the state. Detachments on his flank and rear committed all subsequent depre-

dations, and, with the exception of the loss of the Ohio and Mississippi railroad bridges, he achieved nothing to add to his reputation as an adroit and subtle partisan leader. The New Albany and Salem road was fully repaired on Monday, and trains passed over as usual. The Louisville and Jeffersonville, and the Indianapolis and Cincinnati roads are again intact, and likely to remain so. Damages on the Ohio and Mississippi road will be repaired during the week.

The record of the guerrilla in the state does him no credit. He has refused to fight the despised militia, time and again, and appears, when pretty well-cornered, to take the first dirt road or bridle-path that offers. If he has not deviated from his projected route, he certainly entertained great respect for our internal improvements when he fixed upon it.

The voice of the peace democracy in Indiana on this occasion was for war. None held back debating whether it would be constitutional to shoot at a rebel in Indiana, whatever it might be in Virginia. But it must be kept in mind that, butternuts have horses and milk-houses to defend, and bitter experience has taught them that the ungrateful rebels jayhawk from all alike. The guerrillas did not attempt to disguise the contempt they felt for their cowardly half-way friends. Lieutenant Adams, of Morgan's band, with a squad, after burning a bridge north of Salem, went to a quaker-farmer's house hard by, and asked for some milk. The friend demurely accompanied the lieutenant to the spring-house and told him to help himself and men. While drinking the milk, the following conversation occurred:

Lieutenant Adams—"You're a Quaker, ain't you?"

Friend, (very soberly)—"Yea."

Lieut. A.—"Then you're an abolitionist?"

Friend, (soberly)—"Yea."

Lieut. A. (fiercely)—"A staunch union man?"

Friend, (emphatically)—"Yea."

Lieut. A. (after a pause)—"Got any butternuts around here?"

Friend—"Yea."

Lieut. A.—"Then why in —, don't you hang them? We have a way of choking such people down our way."

The ignorant classes in the rural districts talk of nothing but "*gerillus*," and are in fearful tremor lest the "reebils should come and burn more breedges." We saw a rascally trick played on an old farmer, by some of the railroad boys attached to the construction train. The old man was plodding his way homeward from mill, and had his sack of meal thrown over his saddle before him. The railroaders ambushed themselves, and, as he approached, they went for him with a terrific whoop. The old man wheeled his horse around, and, dropping his meal and hat, galloped off hotly in the opposite direction, ducking his horrified countenance, and yelling at his equally terrified horse. The boys kept up the chase for nearly a mile, but the old gentleman had distanced them by that time. One of the militia secreted himself in a wheat-field, and remained there for two days. These, and like incidents, are facts, and are current food for laughter among the more enlightened residents of Washington county.

From other sources we gather some

Incidents.—Upon reaching Corydon, a general thieving commenced. Watches, pocketbooks, knives, jewelry and liquors were seized everywhere. Hon. Mr. Wolf lost his watch and purse, and there was no respect paid to party, so long as a man had plunder. The liquors of the hospital, where some of their own wounded lay, shared the same fate with those of the drug stores, hotels and saloons. For a space of ten miles in width every horse was stolen, and individual resistants were insulted or killed. The same policy was pursued at Salem, and all along the route. Ransom-money or the flames were the alternatives presented to every wealthy manufacturer or miller, and everything was merged in the one desire—plunder. Singularly enough, greenbacks only were current, and all money was required to be in treasury notes. Nearly one thousand horses were taken between the river and Vienna, and in Salem alone three citizens were each put to a ransom of one thousand dollars to save their mills.

Two things are to be noticed. Morgan knew, before he crossed the river, who were his friends and who had arms. Upon entering Corydon *he showed a list* (and so at Salem) *of every citizen who had a Henry rifle* or other improved arm, and immediately sent patrols to bring them in. In Corydon the spy was a young man who visited there three weeks before, and returned with Morgan. At Salem, a deserter from the 66th Indiana boldly joined Morgan, and was armed by him, but was subsequently captured and is now in the Salem jail.

Good guides were always found, and, strange as it was, money, in specific sums was demanded from persons who thought only their best friends knew they had it. Yet, with much of local treason, the people as a mass were true, and Morgan himself, in some instances, swore roundly at some who boasted that they were opposed to the war, and repeatedly showed favors to others who bravely maintained their attachment to the union. With here and there an exception, there was no favor shown the copperheads or those who skulked from the defense of their homes in avowed sympathy with the south. Where the Knights of the Golden Circle were thickest, there was full information in Morgan's possession of all he wished to know; but, when he got what he wanted, he treated his tools as badly as he did his enemies, and bade them good-bye by taking the horses with which they had followed to guide him.

A squad of three rebels, at Salem, went to the stable in which was the splendid stallion, Tempest, owned by Mr. George Lyman, of New Albany. On entering the stable, Tempest gave the first rebel a furious kick. On the other two he made demonstrations with his teeth, which kept them at bay. An officer then went off, swearing that he would bring a squad of men which could take him. He started for the new squad of men, but, in his absence, the groom jumped on the back of Tempest, rode away in a gallop, and soon passed beyond the rebel lines. The animal was valued at \$1,000.

Mr. William Clark and another man were sent out south of Salem, for the purpose of learning what the pickets had heard of the coming rebels. They fell in with the enemy, some of whom proposed to trade horses. The two men swapped horses with them over twenty times, and one of them came out with a better horse than he began with. They both said it was the greatest day of horse-trading they ever had.

In Clark county, there was found a man, who, thinking to save his horse, professed to be a southern-rights' man. Morgan told him he ought to be willing to do something for "the cause," and asked what he would give to have his horse spared. He answered, "Forty dollars," which was paid; but, to the sympathizer's chagrin, the horse was taken also.

Morgan's invasion of Indiana was but a flight from the union troops of Gen. Hobson. He left the state on the Ohio border, and the further history of his ride is given elsewhere in this work.

Indiana suffered somewhat from the disloyal elements upon her own soil. Governor Morton, in his message of 1864, gives this brief sketch of what has been termed the "*great conspiracy*" of the Knights of the Golden Circle, which, for a time, appeared ominous of evil.

Some misguided persons who mistook the bitterness of party for patriotism, and ceased to feel the obligations of allegiance to our country and government, conspired against the state and national governments, and sought by military force to plunge us into the horrors of revolution. A secret organization had been formed, which, by its lectures and rituals, included doctrines subversive of the government, and which, carried to their consequences, would evidently result in the disruption and destruction of the nation. The members of this organization were united by solemn oaths, which, if observed, bound them to execute the orders of their grand commanders without delay or question, however treasonable or criminal might be their character. I am glad to believe that the great majority of its members regarded it merely as a political machine, and did not suspect the ulterior treasonable action contemplated by its leaders, and upon the discovery of its true character, hastened to abjure all connection with it.

Some of the chief conspirators have been arrested and tried by the government, and others have fled; their schemes have been exposed and baffled, and we may reasonably hope that our state may never again be endangered and dishonored by the renewal of these insane and criminal designs.

On the 20th of May, 1864, a butternut mass meeting was held at Indianapolis. This had long been preparing, and was dreaded as an event likely to bring the horrors of civil war upon the state. From far and near the disloyal and disappointed elements had been gathering for this great meeting. In the result, however, the apprehended opening of bloody tragedies, partook of much of the comic in its nature, judging from the account given of it, the next day, in the *Indianapolis Journal*, which properly belongs to the history of the times.

We do not know whether the managers of the mass meeting (May 20,) are satisfied with its numbers or result, but are sure that union men have no cause for discouragement in either. It was a large meeting, and it contained a most offensively visible element of as mean treason as ever went unpunished, but it was not large enough to be alarming, and its action was by no means as unanimous or mischievous as those who called it together hoped to make it. There were probably ten thousand persons present—certainly not more—and these included, as the progress of the proceeding proved, a very large proportion of union men. We expected a larger crowd, and we strongly suspect that the more sanguine and sanguinary of the copperheads regard it as a failure. There was but one stand for speakers, and the crowd around that was at no time larger than the crowd around the same stand at the union convention in February, 1864, when Governor Johnson was speaking, and two other stands were occupied and surrounded by immense audiences at the same time. The chief speakers, too, who were to have given character and impulse to the affair, did not come. Seymour excused himself, Vallandigham was prevented by "circumstances over which he had no control," and Cox and Pendleton, of Ohio, staid away without an excuse. The shortcomings of orators and audience were about equal. Voorhees and Hennricks had to fill the breach, assisted by a Mr. Merrick, of Chicago, and a Mr. Eden, also of Illinois, the two latter men unknown this side of the state line till yesterday, and not likely to acquire, during the remainder of this century, a reputation robust enough to bear transplanting outside of the little patch it was cultivated in at home. The entertainment was certainly not luxurious, but it was good enough, what there was of it, for the crowd, and there was enough of it, such as it was.

But if the meeting was incomplete, its result was no less so. It began with an exhibition of loyal feeling that would have constipated the verbal flatulency of Voorhees for a week, and it ended in a regular out-and-out union meeting. On each side of the stand was nailed a national flag of rebel disaster. On the right, was the old flag of the gallant 7th, with "Winchester" inscribed on it, and the bullet-holes of its rebel enemies shining through it. On the left, was the flag of the "old guard," the noble 13th, torn and faded in many a battle and march. We could not help wondering what those brave, true men would say, if they could see their flags made to do honor to a party against whom they had uttered the severest censure that any party ever endured, in solemn and unanimous resolutions, with whose sentiments they have no sympathy, and whose conduct they denounce without measure. It was well that the 7th was on the Rappahannock, and the 13th on the Blackwater, or those flags would have speedily gone back to their honored rest in the state library. But we must go on with our story.

While the misused flags were flapping about in the morning breeze, and probably a thousand persons were gathered around the stand, or scattered through the grove, a union man mounted the platform and shouted, "Three cheers for these flags, the government they represent and the war they have done such gallant service to!" and about half the crowd cheered heartily. The other half stood silent and angry. Thus the meeting began. It ended still more strangely, and disgustingly to all genuine copperhead feeling. When the question was put

on the adoption of the resolutions a loud and astoundingly-strong negative vote was heard, followed immediately by "three cheers for Lincoln," "*three cheers for the war*," and "three cheers for the conscription act," all of them given with a will and strength that showed how big a kernel of loyalty that butternut had contained.

The meeting adjourned in disgust, and the union men at once took possession of the stand, and several speeches were made, the most striking of which was an account of the treatment of our prisoners by the rebels, by a sergeant of the 85th regiment, whose name we could not learn. Thus the meeting ended. Its resolutions, like its body, were an unfinished production. We are informed that in the committee no less than three sets were introduced, one rabidly treasonable, one moderate, and the other tolerably loyal. The first set was rejected at once. The other two were finally patched into a report, which is more remarkable for what it don't say than what it does. It denounces arbitrary arrests, and military usurpations, and denounces the arrest of Vallandigham, but it *don't* denounce the rebels, it *don't* denounce the war, it *don't* declare opposition to the conscription act, and it *don't* indorse the repudiation of the interest on the public debt, nor it *don't* demand that the interest shall be paid. It is a queer medley. The meeting was a queer medley. There was disloyal feeling in it, and enough of it, but it didn't get to say what it wanted to, or do what it came for.

Incidents.—While the great body of the meeting was orderly, evidently indisposed to excite a disturbance, and evidently in no expectation of encountering one—a fact which we gladly attest—there was a considerable section of it eager for a row, and well-armed to make a row a serious affair.

The number of revolvers seen, fired and captured during the day is almost incredible. At the police court about forty were taken from persons arrested for "carrying concealed weapons." On the Lafayette train, as it was returning in the evening, pistols were fired in such numbers as to resemble the "fire-at-will" practice of a regiment. It was a perfect fusillade till the weapons were emptied, and that they had to be emptied at all is an ugly proof that they were brought here for no pacific purpose. On the Terre Haute train fully five hundred shots were fired. This occurred just west of the soldier's home, and the bullets flew over, around and into the home as thickly as if it were a union hospital in range of rebel rifles. They rattled on the roof, fell on the floor and whizzed through the trees, and the adjacent buildings received a liberal share of the same storm. It may have been accidental, but the bullets didn't get into the pistols accidentally. The soldiers, used as they were to being shot at, were no little surprised at this unexpected volley. From one of them, we learn the facts we have stated.

On the Cincinnati train, also, a great many shots were fired, and in a part of the city where lives might have been lost by it. So, too, on the Peru train. These little exhibitions of copperhead sentiment were not lost on the military authorities. A gun was placed on the track of the Central road near New Jersey street, before the excursion train left, to stop it if any such dangerous demonstrations were made. The train came up loaded, inside and out, but halted before it reached the gun, and backed down to Virginia avenue. There, an infantry party surrounded it, and a policeman boarded it and demanded the surrender of all the pistols on it. They were handed over to the number of nearly 200.

The Peru and Cincinnati trains were also intercepted and nearly 200 revolvers taken from each one. Altogether about 1,000 pistols were thus taken from persons attending the meeting. Undoubtedly, the owners were Knights of the Golden Circle, with whom a large portion of the democratic party have no sympathy. During the progress of the meeting revolvers were frequently exhibited, in two cases drawn in anger on the guards in the state-house yard, and most of the arrests made in the yard were for carrying concealed weapons.

The anticipation of trouble from these Knights of the Golden Circle, of whose purposes full warning has been received, and the probability of a collision occurring, which might spread into a general riot, induced General Hascall to order out a considerable body of troops to protect the arsenal and other public property, and to suppress any riotous demonstrations. Four companies of the 71st regi-

ment were stationed in the governor's circle all day, on account of its central location, but none of them were called on for service, and they had a jolly good time pie-nicking on the soft green in the shade. A few soldiers were placed in, and near, the state-house yard to protect the meeting, or suppress disorder, but no military force, except these patrols, was allowed near the meeting, though a good many soldiers, on leave, contrary to orders, were there unarmed.

The proceedings of the meeting till 12 o'clock were undisturbed. After that time, an occasional scuffle, or arrest for carrying concealed weapons, made a disturbance on the skirts of the crowd, but did not interfere with the meeting.

About half-past twelve, Samuel Hamill, of Sullivan county, who had been upon the stand from the first, and had got himself loaded with a speech, seeing but little chance to blow off his swivel among so many big guns, started another meeting on his own hook, near the south fence. Mounting a dry goods box, he commenced to speak. He said, "he was a genuine, live butternut," and followed this interesting declaration with his opinion of the condition of the country. He said that "we had a revolutionary government at Richmond, and a revolutionary government at Washington, and that there was as much oppression of the people by the Washington government as by the Richmond government."

It this point he was interrupted by cries of "Come down!" "Come down!" "Come down, butternut." Some of the butternuts asked those who were thus vociferating, why the speaker ought to "come down?" "Because he compares our government to Jeff. Davis," was the answer. The excitement increased and the speaker stopped. Some soldiers in the crowd "went for him." He made no attempt to proceed further, but quietly said, that he had no desire to raise a fuss, and stepped from the stand amid loud applause and cheers for the union. No more speeches were made from that stand.

There was no disturbance after this, of any consequence, till Mr. Hendricks had been speaking some time. Then, in reply to some mean, disloyal remark of his, a union man in the crowd called out something which we did not hear. A copperhead seized him, and he rushed toward the stand. A scuffle followed, which was ended by the soldiers entering the crowd and taking off the man who committed the assault. Mr. Hendricks finished his speech, though interrupted occasionally and improperly, and the resolutions of the committee were read by Mr. Buskirk and adopted, and the meeting adjourned *sine die*, regularly, and without any row at all. It was then that the union men and soldiers took possession of the stand, and held a meeting of their own.

We learn that about 1,500 revolvers have been taken, with a large number of knives. One knife, two feet long, was found and taken out of the stove in one of the cars of the Cincinnati train. On one woman no less than seven revolvers were found. They had been deposited with her for safe-keeping, under the impression that she would not give them up. But she did. A large number of pistols were thrown out of the windows of the cars, when it was found that their possession was likely to prove troublesome, and many were found by boys on the track, or in the creek which borders the other side of the track. The service of capturing these implements of Knights-of-the-Golden-Circle loyalty was performed chiefly by the 71st boys.

The firing from the cars, which forced the military to the search for weapons, was more serious than we at first supposed. From the Cincinnati train a number of shots struck the dwelling houses on New Jersey street, East and Noble streets, and several persons narrowly escaped death. One ball passed between the head of a woman sitting in her front yard, and the head of her little baby whom she was holding in her arms, just grazing the temple of the child.

We also heard that a man was wounded by one of the shots from the Bellefontaine cars, but we could not learn the truth of the report. The bullets that rattled so rapidly around and through the soldier's home, we were told, were fired from the Lafayette train instead of the Terre Haute. The whole number of pistols taken will reach 1,500 or 2,000.

It was in the fall of 1864, that occurred at Indianapolis, before a Military Commission, the noted TREASON TRIALS, which, for the time, greatly agitated the State and country by the startling developments. Six of the members of the so-called Peace Party—Harrison H. Dodd, William A. Bowles, Andrew Humphreys, Horace Heffren, Lambdin P. Milligan and Stephen Horsey were arrested by General A. P. Hovey, commander of the district, and put upon trial in October. These men were leaders in the secret organization known as the Knights of the Golden Circle, or Sons of Liberty. Dodd escaped and fled to Canada before the proceedings were fully begun, and Heffren, one of the accused, turned states evidence. Major Henry L. Burnett, Judge Advocate, charged "conspiracy against the Government; aiding and comforting the rebels; inciting insurrection; disloyal practices and violation of the laws of war." The trial was not terminated until winter. It was proved that among the plans of the Sons of Liberty, was the abduction and assassination of Governor Morton, the freeing of the rebel prisoners at Indianapolis, and a general insurrection against the Government of the United States. The accused were found guilty and sentenced to be executed on the 19th day of May, 1865. The execution was deferred, and the case finally carried up to the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground that Indiana, not having been a State in rebellion, and the action of the civil courts of the Government being unimpeded, a military court had no authority to try any of her citizens. The appeal was sustained and a decision given in December, 1866, four of the nine judges dissenting therefrom. The diverse opinions have thus been briefly outlined:

The point of difference in the two opinions, turns upon the power of Congress to authorize military commissions. The minority of the Bench dissent from the obvious deduction from the argument of the majority that the Constitution gives Congress no power in war to authorize military commissions in States where the authority and action of the established courts is unimpeded. The minority agree that no department of the Government possesses any power not given it by the Constitution, but holds that as the Constitution not only authorizes Congress to raise, support and govern armies, but to declare war, it implies the exercise of power to provide by law for carrying it on and prosecuting it energetically; and though it can not apply the laws of war where no war exists or has been declared, yet when the nation is involved in war, and invaded, or threatened with invasion, it is within the power of Congress to determine in what States danger exists sufficiently imminent to authorize the establishment of military tribunals for the trial of crimes and offenses against the discipline and security of the army, or against the public safety. In the opinion of the minority, the sweeping denial of the power of Congress, in times of great public peril, to resort to extraordinary means of averting or overcoming it, is calculated "to cripple the constitutional power of the Government, and to augment the public dangers in time of terrorism and rebellion."

No history of the times of the rebellion would be complete that should omit an account of the secret societies that existed in the West to aid the rebellion. We therefore introduce here the official report of the Hon. Joseph Holt, of Kentucky, Judge Advocate General of the United States, on the "ORDER OF AMERICAN KNIGHTS," or "SONS OF LIBERTY." It is an able document, and was issued from the "War Department, Bureau of Military Justice, Washington, D.

C., October 8th, 1864," and addressed to "Hon. E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War:"

SIR: Having been instructed by you to prepare a detailed report upon the mass of testimony furnished me from different sources in regard to the *Secret Associations and Conspiracies against the Government*, formed principally in the Western States, by traitors and disloyal persons, I have now the honor to submit as follows:

During more than a year past it has been generally known to our military authorities that a secret treasonable organization, affiliated with the Southern rebellion, and chiefly military in its character, has been rapidly extending itself throughout the West. A variety of agencies, which will be specified herein, have been employed, and successfully, to ascertain its nature and extent, as well as its aims and its results; and, as this investigation has led to the arrest in several States of a number of its prominent members as dangerous public enemies, it has been deemed proper to set forth in full the acts and purposes of this organization, and thus to make known to the country at large its intensely treasonable and revolutionary spirit.

The subject will be presented under the following heads:

- I. The origin, history, names, etc., of the order.
- II. Its organization and officers.
- III. Its extent and numbers.
- IV. Its armed forces.
- V. Its ritual, oaths, and interior forms.
- VI. Its written principles.
- VII. Its specific purposes and operations.
- VIII. The witnesses and their testimony.

I.—THE ORIGIN, HISTORY, NAMES, ETC., OF THE ORDER.

This secret association first developed itself in the West in the year 1862, about the period of the first conscription of troops, which it aimed to obstruct and resist. Originally known in certain localities as the "Mutual Protection Society," the "Circle of Honor," or the "Circle," or "Knights of the Mighty Host," but more widely as the "Knights of the Golden Circle," it was simply an inspiration of the rebellion, being little other than an extension among the disloyal and disaffected at the North of the association of the latter name, which had existed for some years at the South, and from which it derived all the chief features of its organization.

During the summer and fall of 1863 the order, both at the North and South, underwent some modifications as well as change of name. In consequence of a partial exposure which had been made of the signs and ritual of the "Knights of the Golden Circle," Sterling Price had instituted as its successor in Missouri a secret political association, which he called the "Corps de Belgique," or "Southern League;" his principal coadjutor being Charles L. Hunt, of St. Louis, then Belgian Consul at that city, but whose *exequatur* was subsequently revoked by the President on account of his disloyal practices. The special object of the Corps de Belgique appears to have been to unite the rebel sympathizers of Missouri, with a view to their taking up arms and joining Price upon his proposed grand invasion of that State, and to their recruiting for his army in the interim.

Meanwhile, also, there had been instituted at the North, in the autumn of 1863, by sundry disloyal persons—prominent among whom were Vallandigham and

P. C. Wright, of New York—a secret order intended to be general throughout the country, and aiming at an extended influence and power, and at more positive results than its predecessor, and which was termed, and has since been widely known as the O. A. K., or “*Order of American Knights*.”

The opinion is expressed by Col. Sanderson, Provost Marshal General of the Department of Missouri, in his official report upon the progress of this order, that it was founded by Vallandigham during his banishment, and upon consultation at Richmond with Davis and other prominent traitors. It is, indeed, the boast of the order in Indiana and elsewhere, that its “ritual” came direct from Davis himself; and Mary Ann Pitman, formerly attached to the command of the rebel Forrest, and a most intelligent witness—whose testimony will be hereafter referred to—states positively that Davis is a member of the order.

Upon the institution of the principal organization, it is represented that the “*Corps de Belgique*” was modified by Price, and became a Southern section of the Order of American Knights, and that the new name was generally adopted for the order, both at the North and South.

The secret signs and character of the order having become known to our military authorities, further modifications in the ritual and forms were introduced, and its name was finally changed to that of O. S. L., or “*Order of the Sons of Liberty*,” or the “*Knights of the Order of the Sons of Liberty*.” These latter changes are represented to have been first instituted, and the new ritual compiled, in the State of Indiana, in May last, but the new name was at once generally adopted throughout the West, though in some localities the association is still better known as the “*Order of American Knights*.”

Meanwhile, also, the order has received certain local designations. In parts of Illinois it has been called at times the “*Peace Organization*,” in Kentucky the “*Star Organization*,” and in Missouri the “*American Organization*,” these, however, being apparently names used outside of the lodges of the order. Its members have also been familiarly designated as “*Butternuts*” by the country people of Illinois, Indiana and Ohio, and its separate lodges have also frequently received titles intended for the public ear; that in Chicago, for instance, being termed by its members the “*Democratic Invincible Club*,” that in Louisville the “*Democratic Reading Room*,” etc.

It is to be added that in the State of New York, and other parts of the North, the secret political association known as the “*McCiellan Minute Guard*” would seem to be a branch of the Order of American Knights, having substantially the same objects, to be accomplished, however, by means expressly suited to the localities in which it is established. For, as the Chief Secretary of this association, Dr. R. F. Stevens, stated in June last to a reliable witness whose testimony has been furnished, “those who represent the McCiellan interest are compelled to preach a vigorous prosecution of the war, in order to secure the popular sentiment and allure voters.”

II.—ITS ORGANIZATION AND OFFICERS.

From printed copies, heretofore seized by the Government, of the Constitution of the Supreme Council, Grand Council, and County Parent Temples, respectively, of the Order of Sons of Liberty, in connection with other and abundant testimony, the organization of the order, in its latest form, is ascertained to be as follows:

1. The government of the order throughout the United States is vested in a Supreme Council, of which the officers are a Supreme Commander, Secretary of State, and Treasurer. These officers are elected for one year, at the annual meeting of the Supreme Council, which is made up of the Grand Commanders of the several States *ex officio*, and two delegates elected from each State in which the order is established.

2. The government of the order in a State is vested in a Grand Council, the officers of which are a Grand Commander, Deputy Grand Commander, Grand Secretary, Grand Treasurer, and a certain number of Major Generals, or one for each Military District. These officers also are elected annually by "representatives" from the county temples, each temple being entitled to two representatives, and one additional for each thousand members. This body of representatives is also invested with certain legislative functions.

3. The parent temple is the organization of the order for a county, each temple being formerly instituted by authority of the Supreme Council, or of the Grand Council or Grand Commander of the State. By the same authority, or by that of the officers of the parent temple, branch or subordinate temples may be established for townships in the county.

But the strength and significance of this organization lie in its *military* character. The secret constitution of the Supreme Council provides that the Supreme Commander "*shall be commander-in-chief of all military forces belonging to the order in the various States when called into actual service*; and further, that the Grand Commanders "*shall be commanders-in-chief of the military forces of their respective States.*" Subordinate to the Grand Commander in the State are the "*Major Generals,*" each of whom commands his separate district and army. In Indiana the Major Generals are four in number. In Illinois, where the organization of the order is considered most perfect, the members in each congressional district compose a "*brigade,*" which is commanded by a "*brigadier general.*" The members of each county constitute a "*regiment,*" with a "*colonel*" in command, and those of each township form a "*company.*" A somewhat similar system prevails in Indiana, where also each company is divided into "*squads,*" each with its chief—an arrangement intended to facilitate the *guerrilla* mode of warfare in case of a general outbreak or local disorder.

The "McClellan Minute Guard," as appears from a circular issued by the Chief Secretary in New York in March last, is organized upon a military basis similar to that of the order proper. It is composed of companies, one for each election district, ten of which constitute a "brigade," with a "brigadier general" at its head. The whole is placed under the authority of a "commander-in-chief." A strict obedience on the part of members to the orders of their superiors is enjoined.

The first "Supreme Commander" of the order was P. C. Wright, of New York, editor of the *New York News*, who was in May last placed in arrest and confined in Fort Lafayette. His successor in office was Vallandigham, who was elected at the annual meeting of the Supreme Council in February last. Robert Holloway, of Illinois, is reported to have acted as Lieutenant General, or Deputy Supreme Commander, during the absence of Vallandigham from the country. The Secretary of State chosen at the last election was Dr. Massey, of Ohio.

In Missouri, the principal officers were C. L. Hunt, Grand Commander, Charles E. Dunn, Deputy Grand Commander, and Green B. Smith, Grand Secretary

Since the arrest of these three persons (all of whom have made confessions which will presently be alluded to), James A. Barrett has, as it is understood, officiated as Grand Commander. He is stated to occupy also the position of chief of staff to the Supreme Commander.

The Grand Commander in Indiana, H. H. Dodd, is now on trial at Indianapolis by a military commission for "conspiracy against the Government," "violation of the laws of war," and other charges. The Deputy Grand Commander in that State is Horace Heffren, and the Grand Secretary, W. M. Harrison. The Major Generals are W. A. Bowles, John C. Walker, L. P. Milligan, and Andrew Humphreys. Among the other leading members of the order in that State are Dr. Athon, State Secretary, and Joseph Ristine, State Auditor.

The Grand Commander in Illinois is — Judd, of Lewistown, and B. B. Piper, of Springfield, who is entitled "Grand Missionary" of the State, and designated also as a member of Vallandigham's staff, is one of the most active members, having been busily engaged throughout the summer in establishing temples and initiating members.

In Kentucky, Judge Bullitt, of the Court of Appeals, is Grand Commander, and, with Dr. U. F. Kalfus and W. R. Thomas, jailor in Louisville, two other of the most prominent members, has been arrested and confined by the military authorities. In New York, Dr. R. F. Stevens, the chief secretary of the McClellan Minute Guard, is the most active ostensible representative of the order.

The greater part of the chief and subordinate officers of the order and its branches, as well as the principal members thereof, are known to the Government, and, where not already arrested, may regard themselves as under a constant military surveillance. So complete has been the exposure of this secret league, that however frequently the conspirators may change its names, forms, passwords, and signals, its true purposes and operations can not longer be concealed from the military authorities.

It is to be remarked that the Supreme Council of the order, which annually meets on February 22, convened this year at New York city, and a special meeting was then appointed to be held at Chicago on July 1, or just prior to the day then fixed for the convention of the Democratic party. This convention having been postponed to August 29, the special meeting of the Supreme Council was also postponed to August 27, at the same place, and was duly convened accordingly. It will be remembered that a leading member of the convention, in the course of a speech made before that body, alluded approvingly to the session of the Sons of Liberty at Chicago at the same time, as that of an organization in harmony with the sentiment and projects of the convention.

It may be observed, in conclusion, that one not fully acquainted with the true character and intentions of the order, might well suppose that, in designating its officers by high military titles, and in imitating in its organization that established in our armies, it was designed merely to render itself more popular and attractive with the masses, and to invest its chiefs with a certain sham dignity; but when it is understood that the order comprises within itself a large army of well armed men, constantly drilling and exercised as soldiers, and that this army is held ready, at any time, for such forcible resistance to our military authorities, and such active co-operation with the public enemy, as it may be called upon to engage in by its commanders, it will be perceived that the titles of the latter are not assumed for a mere purpose of display, but that they are the chiefs of an actual and formidable force of conspirators against the life of the Government, and that their military system is, as it has been remarked by Colonel Sanderson, "the grand lever used by the rebel government for its army operations."

III—ITS EXTENT AND NUMBERS.

The "temples" or "lodges" of the order are numerous scattered throughout the States of Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Missouri, and Kentucky. They are also officially reported as established, to a less extent, in Michigan and the other Western States, as well as in New

York, Pennsylvania, New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Connecticut, New Jersey, Maryland, Delaware, and Tennessee. Dodd, the Grand Commander of Indiana, in an address to the members in that State of February last, claims that at the next annual meeting of the Supreme Council (in February, 1865,) every State in the Union will be represented, and adds, "this is the first and only true national organization the Democratic and Conservative men of the country have ever attempted." A provision made in the constitution of the Council for a representation from the *Territories* shows, indeed, that the widest extension of the order is contemplated.

In the States first mentioned, the order is most strongly centered at the following places, where are situated its principal "temples." In Indiana, at Indianapolis and Vincennes; in Illinois, at Chicago, Springfield and Quincy (a large proportion of the lodges in and about the latter place have been founded by the notorious guerrilla chief, Jackman); in Ohio, at Cincinnati, Dayton, and in Hamilton county (which is proudly termed by members "the South Carolina of the North"); in Missouri, at St. Louis; in Kentucky, at Louisville; and in Michigan, at Detroit (whence communication was freely had by the leaders of the order with Vallandigham during his banishment, either by letters addressed to him through two prominent citizens and members of the order, or by personal interviews at Windsor, C. W.) It is to be added that the regular places of meeting, as also the principal rendezvous and haunts of the members in these and less important places, are generally well known to the Government.

The actual *numbers* of the order have, it is believed, never been officially reported, and can not, therefore, be accurately ascertained. Various estimates have been made, by leading members, some of which are no doubt considerably exaggerated. It has been asserted by delegates to the Supreme Council of February last, that the number was there represented to be from eight hundred thousand to one million; but Vallandigham, in his speech last summer at Dayton, Ohio, placed it at five hundred thousand, which is probably much nearer the true total. The number of its members in the several States has been differently estimated in the reports and statements of its officers. Thus the force of the order in Indiana, is stated to be from seventy-five to one hundred and twenty-five thousand; in Illinois, from one hundred to one hundred and forty thousand; in Ohio, from eighty to one hundred and eight thousand; in Kentucky, from forty to seventy thousand; in Missouri, from twenty to forty thousand; and in Michigan and New York, about twenty thousand each. Its representation in the other States above mentioned does not specifically appear from the testimony; but, allowing for every exaggeration in the figures reported, they may be deemed to present a tolerably faithful view of what, at least, is regarded by the order as its true force in the States designated.

It is to be noted that the order, or its counterpart, is probably much more widely extended at the South even than at the North, and that a large portion of the officers of the rebel army are represented by credible witnesses to be members. In Kentucky and Missouri the order has not hesitated to admit as members, not only officers of that army, but also a considerable number of guerrillas, a class who might be supposed to appreciate most readily its spirit and purposes. It is fully shown that as lately as in July last, several of these ruffians were initiated into the first degree by Dr. Kalfus, in Kentucky.

IV.—ITS ARMED FORCE.

A review of the testimony in regard to the *armed* force of the order, will materially aid in determining its real strength and numbers.

Although the order has from the outset partaken of the military character, it was not till the summer or fall of 1863 that it began to be generally organized as an armed body. Since that date its officers and leaders have been busily engaged in placing it upon a military basis, and in preparing it for a revolutionary movement. A general system of drilling has been instituted and secretly carried out. Members have been instructed to be constantly provided with weapons, and in some localities it has been absolutely required that each member should keep at his residence, at all times, certain arms and a specified quantity of ammunition.

In March last, the entire armed force of the order, capable of being mobilized for effective service, was represented to be three hundred and forty thousand men. As the details, upon which this statement was based, are imperfectly set forth in the testimony, it is not known how far this number may be exaggerated. It is abundantly shown, however, that the order, by means of a tax levied upon its members, has accumulated considerable funds for the purchase of arms and ammunition, and that these have been procured in large quantities for its use. The witness Clayton, on the trial of Dodd, estimated that *two thirds* of the order are furnished with arms.

Green B. Smith, Grand Secretary of the order in Missouri, states in his confession of July last: "I know that arms, mostly revolvers and ammunition, have been purchased by members in St. Louis, to send to members in the country where they could not be had; and he subsequently adds that he himself alone clandestinely purchased and forwarded, between April 15th and 19th last, about two hundred revolvers, with five thousand percussion caps and other ammunition. A muster-roll of one of the country lodges of that State is exhibited, in which, opposite the name of each member, are noted certain numbers, under the heads of "Missouri Republican," "St. Louis Union," "Anzeiger," "Miscellaneous Periodicals," "Books," "Speeches," and "Reports;" titles which, when interpreted, severally signify *single-barreled guns, double-barreled guns, revolvers, private ammunition, private lead, company powder, company lead*—the roll thus actually setting forth the amount of arms and ammunition in the possession of the lodges and its members.

In the States of Ohio and Illinois the order is claimed, by its members, to be unusually well armed with revolvers, carbines, etc.; but it is in regard to the arming of the order in Indiana that the principal statistics have been presented, and these may serve to illustrate the system which has probably been pursued in most of the States. One intelligent witness, who has been a member, estimates that in March last, there were in possession of the order in that State six thousand muskets and sixty thousand revolvers, besides private arms. Another member testifies that at a single lodge meeting of two hundred and fifty-two persons, which he attended early in the present year, the sum of \$4,000 was subscribed for arms. Other members present statements in reference to the number of arms in

their respective counties, and all agree in representing that these have been constantly forwarded from Indianapolis into the interior. Beck & Brothers are designated as the firm in that city, to which most of the arms were consigned. These were shipped principally from the East; some packages, however, were sent from Cincinnati, and some from Kentucky, and the boxes were generally marked "pick-axes," "hardware," "nails," "household goods," etc.

General Carrington estimates that in February and March last nearly thirty thousand guns and revolvers entered the State, and this estimate is based upon an actual inspection of invoices. The true number introduced was, therefore, probably considerably greater. That officer adds, that on the day in which the sale of arms was stopped by his order, in Indianapolis, nearly one thousand additional revolvers had been contracted for, and that the trade could not supply the demand. He further reports that after the introduction of arms into the department of the North had been prohibited in General Orders of March last, a seizure was made by the Government of a large quantity of revolvers and one hundred and thirty-five thousand rounds of ammunition, which had been shipped to the firm in Indianapolis, of which H. H. Dodd, Grand Commander, was a member; that other arms about to be shipped to the same destination were seized in New York city; and that all these were claimed as the private property of John C. Walker, one of the Major Generals of the order in Indiana, and were represented to have been "*purchased for a few friends.*" It should also be stated that at the office of Hon. D. W. Voorhees, M. C., at Terre Haute, were discovered letters which disclosed a correspondence between him and ex-Senator Wall, of New Jersey, in regard to the purchase of twenty thousand Garibaldi rifles, to be forwarded to the West.

It appears in the course of the testimony that a considerable quantity of arms and ammunition was brought into the State of Illinois from Burlington, Iowa, and that ammunition was sent from New Albany, Indiana, into Kentucky; it is also represented that, had Vallandigham been arrested on his return to Ohio, it was contemplated furnishing the order with arms from a point in Canada, near Windsor, where they were stored and ready for use.

There remains further to be noted, in this connection, the testimony of Clayton upon the trial of Dodd, to the effect that arms were to be furnished the order from Nassau, N. P., by way of Canada; that, to defray the expenses of these arms or their transportation, a formal assessment was levied upon the lodges, but that the transportation into Canada was actually to be furnished by the Confederate authorities.

A statement was made by Hunt, Grand Commander of Missouri, before his arrest, to a fellow member, that shells and all kinds of munitions of war, as well as infernal machines, were manufactured for the order at Indianapolis; and the late discovery in Cincinnati of samples of hand-grenades, conical shells, and rockets, of which one thousand were about to be manufactured under a special contract, for the Order of the Sons of Liberty, goes directly to verify such a statement.

These details will convey some idea of the attempts which have been made to place the order on a war footing and prepare it for aggressive movements. But, notwithstanding all the efforts that have been put forth, and with considerable success, to arm and equip its members as fighting men, the leaders have felt themselves still very deficient in their armament, and numerous schemes for increasing their armed strength have been devised. Thus, at the time of the issuing of the general order in Missouri requiring the enrollment of all citizens, it was proposed in the lodges of the Order of American Knights, at St. Louis, that certain members should raise companies in the militia, in their respective wards, and thus get command of as many Government arms and equipments as possible, for the future use of the order. Again it was proposed that *all* the members should enrol themselves in the militia, instead of paying commutation, in this

way obtain possession of United States arms, and having the advantage of the drill and military instruction. In the councils of the order in Kentucky, in June last, a scheme was devised for disarming all the negro troops, which it was thought could be done without much difficulty, and appropriating their arms for military purposes.

The despicable treachery of these proposed plans, as evincing the *animus* of the conspiracy, need not be commented upon.

It is to be observed that the order in the State of Missouri has counted greatly upon support from the enrolled militia, in case of an invasion by Price, as containing many members and friends of the Order of American Knights; and that the "Paw-Paw Militia," a military organization of Buchanan county, as well as the militia of Platte and Clay counties, known as "Flat-Foots," have been relied upon, almost to a man, to join the revolutionary movement.

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V.—ITS RITUAL, OATHS, AND INTERIOR FORMS.

The ritual of the order, as well as its secret signs, passwords, etc., has been fully made known to the military authorities. In August last one hundred and twelve copies of the ritual of the Order of American Knights were seized in the office of Hon. D. W. Voorhees, M. C., at Terre Haute, and a large number of rituals of the Order of the Sons of Liberty, together with copies of the constitutions of the councils, etc., already referred to, were found in the building at Indianapolis, occupied by Dodd, the Grand Commander of Indiana, as had been indicated by the Government witness and detective Stidger. Copies were likewise discovered at Louisville, at the residence of Dr. Kalfus, concealed within the mattress of his bed, where Stidger had ascertained that they were kept.

The ritual of the Order of American Knights has also been furnished by the authorities at St. Louis. From the ritual, that of the Order of the Sons of Liberty does not materially differ. Both are termed "progressive," in that they provide for *five* separate *degrees* of membership, and contemplate the admission of a member of a lower degree into a higher one only upon certain vouchers and proofs of fitness, which, with each ascending degree, are required to be stronger and more imposing.

Each degree has its commander or head; the fourth or "grand" is the highest in a State; the fifth or "supreme" the highest in the United States; but to the first or lower degree only do the great majority of members attain. A large proportion of these enter the order, supposing it to be a "Democratic and political association merely; and the history of the order furnishes a most striking illustration of the gross and criminal deception which may be practiced upon the ignorant masses by unscrupulous and unprincipled leaders. The members of the lower degree are often for a considerable period kept quite unaware of the true purpose of their chiefs. But to the latter they are bound, in the language of their obligation "*to yield prompt and explicit obedience to the utmost of their ability, without remonstrance, hesitation or delay,*" and meanwhile their minds, under the discipline and teachings to which they are subjected, become educated and accustomed to contemplate with comparative unconcern the treason for which they are preparing.

The oaths, "invocations," "charges," etc., of the ritual, expressed as they are in bombastic and extravagant phraseology, would excite

in the mind of an educated person only ridicule or contempt, but upon the illiterate they are calculated to make a deep impression, the effect and importance of which were doubtless fully studied by the framers of the instrument.

The *oath* which is administered upon the introduction of a member into any degree, is especially imposing in the language; it prescribes as a penalty for a violation of the obligation assumed "a shameful death," and further, that the body of the person guilty of such violation shall be divided in four parts and cast out of the four "gates" of the temple. Not only, as has been said, does it enjoin a blind obedience to the commands of the superiors of the order, but it is required to be held of *paramount obligation* to any oath which may be administered to a member in a court of justice or elsewhere. Thus, in case where members have been sworn by officers empowered to administer oaths to speak the whole truth in answer to questions that may be put to them, and have then been examined in reference to the order, and their connection therewith, they have not only refused to give any information in regard to its character, but have denied that they were members, or even that they knew of its existence. A conspicuous instance of this is presented in the case of Hunt, Dunn, and Smith, the chief officers of the order in Missouri, who, upon their first examination under oath, after their arrest, denied all connection with the order, but confessed, also under oath, at a subsequent period, that this denial was wholly false, although in accordance with their obligations as members. Indeed, a deliberate system of deception in regard to the details of the conspiracy is inculcated upon the members, and studiously pursued; and it may be mentioned as a similarly despicable feature of the organization, that it is held bound to injure the Administration and officers of the Government, in every possible manner, by misrepresentation and falsehood.

Members are also instructed that their oath of membership is to be held paramount to an oath of allegiance, or any other oath which may impose obligations inconsistent with those which are assumed upon entering the order. Thus, if a member, when in danger, or for the purpose of facilitating some traitorous design, has taken the oath of allegiance to the United States, he is held at liberty to violate it on the first occasion, his obligation to the order being deemed superior to any consideration of duty or loyalty prompted by such oath.

It is to be added that where members are threatened with the penalties of perjury, in case of their answering falsely to questions propounded to them in regard to the order before a court or grand jury, they are instructed to refuse to answer such questions, alleging as a ground for their refusal, that their answers may *criminate* themselves. The testimony shows that this course has habitually been pursued by members, especially in Indiana, when placed in such a situation.

Besides the oaths and other forms and ceremonies which have been alluded to, the ritual contains what are termed "Declarations of Principles." These declarations, which are most important as exhibiting the creed and character of the order, as inspired by the principles of the rebellion, will be fully presented under the next branch of the subject.

The *signs, signals, passwords*, etc., of the order are set forth at length in the testimony, but need only be briefly alluded to. It is a significant fact, as showing the intimate relations between the Northern and Southern sections of the secret conspiracy, that a member from a Northern State is enabled to pass without risk through the South by the use of the signs of recognition which have

been established throughout the order, and by means of which members from distant points, though meeting as strangers, are at once made known to each other as "brothers." Mary Ann Pitman expressly states in her testimony that whenever important dispatches are required to be sent by rebel generals beyond their lines, members of the order are always selected to convey them. Certain passwords are also used in common in both sections, and of these, none appears to be more familiar than the word "Nu-oh-lac," or the name "Calhoun," spelt backward, and which is employed upon entering a temple of the first degree of the Order of American Knights—certainly a fitting password to such dens of treason.

Besides the signs of recognition, there are *signs of warning and danger*, for use at night, as well as by day; as, for instance, signs to warn members of the approach of United States officials seeking to make arrests. The order has also established what are called *battle-signals*, by means of which, as it is asserted, a member serving in the army may communicate with the enemy in the field, and thus escape personal harm in case of attack or capture. The most recent of these signals represented to have been adopted is a five-pointed copper star, worn under the coat, which is to be disclosed upon meeting an enemy, who will thus recognize in the wearer a sympathizer and an ally. A similar star of German silver, hung in a frame, is said to be numerously displayed by members or their families in private houses in Indiana, for the purpose of insuring protection to their property in case of a raid or other attack; and it is stated that in many dwellings in that State a portrait of John Morgan is exhibited for a similar purpose.

Other signs are used by members, and especially the officers of the order in their *correspondence*. Their letters, when of an official character, are generally conveyed by special messengers, but when transmitted through the mail are usually in cipher. When written in the ordinary manner, a character at the foot of the letter, consisting of a circle with a line drawn across the center, signifies to the member who receives it that the statements as written are to be understood in a sense directly opposite to that which would ordinarily be conveyed.

It is to be added that the meetings of the order, especially in the country, are generally held at night and in secluded places; and that the approach to them is carefully guarded by a line of sentinels, who are passed only by means of a special *countersign*, which is termed the "picket."

VI.—ITS WRITTEN PRINCIPLES.

The "*Declaration of Principles*," which is set forth in the ritual of the order, has already been alluded to. This declaration, which is specially framed for the instruction of the great mass of members, commences with the following proposition:

"All men are endowed by the Creator with certain rights, equal as far as there is equality in the capacity for the appreciation, enjoyment, and exercise of those rights." And subsequently there is added: "In the Divine economy no individual of the human race must be permitted to incumber the earth, to mar its aspects of transcendent beauty, nor to impede the progress of the physical or intellectual man, neither in himself nor in the race to which he belongs. Hence, a people, upon whatever plane they may be found in the ascending scale of humanity, whom neither the divinity within them nor the inspiration of divine and beautiful nature around them can impel to virtuous action and progress onward and upward, should be subjected to a just and humane servitude and tutelage to the superior race until they shall be able to appreciate the benefits and advantages of civilization."

Here, expressed in studied terms of hypocrisy, is the whole theory

of human bondage—the right of the strong, because they are strong, to dispoil and enslave the weak, because they are weak! The languages of earth can add nothing to the cowardly and loathsome baseness of the doctrine, as thus announced. It is the robber's creed sought to be nationalized, and would push back the hand on the dial plate of our civilization to the darkest period of human history. It must be admitted, however, that it furnishes a fitting “corner-stone” for the government of a rebellion, every fiber of whose body and every throb of whose soul is born of the traitorous ambition and slave-pen inspirations of the South.

To these detestable tenets is added that other pernicious political theory of State sovereignty, with its necessary fruit, the monstrous doctrine of secession—a doctrine which, in asserting that in our federative system a part is greater than the whole, would compel the General Government, like a Japanese slave, to commit hari-kari whenever a faithless or insolent State should command it to do so.

Thus, the ritual, after reciting that the States of the Union are “free, independent, and sovereign,” proceeds as follows:

“The government designated the United States of America, has no *sovereignty*, because that is an attribute with which the people, in their several and distinct political organizations, are endowed, and is inalienable. It was constituted by the terms of the *compact*, by all the States, through the express will of the people thereof, respectively—a common agent, to use and exercise certain named, specified, defined, and limited powers which are inherent of the sovereignties within those States. It is permitted, so far as regards its status and relations, as common agent in the exercise of the powers carefully and jealously delegated to it, to call itself ‘supreme,’ but not ‘*sovereign*.’ In accordance with the principles upon which it is founded the *American theory*, government can exercise only delegated power; hence, if those who shall have been chosen to administer the government shall assume to exercise powers not delegated, they should be regarded and treated as *usurpers*. The reference to ‘inherent power,’ ‘war power,’ or ‘military necessity,’ on the part of the functionary for the sanction of an arbitrary exercise of power by him, we will not accept in palliation or excuse.”

To this is added, as a corollary, “it is incompatible with the history and nature of our system of government, that Federal authority should coerce by arms a sovereign State.”

The declaration of principles, however, does not stop here, but proceeds one step further, as follows:

“Whenever the chosen officers or delegates shall fail or refuse to administer the Government in strict accordance with the letter of the accepted Constitution, it is the inherent right and the solemn and imperative duty of the people to *resist* the functionaries, and, if need be, to *expel them by force of arms*! Such resistance is not revolution, but is solely the assertion of right—the exercise of all the noble attributes which impart honor and dignity to manhood.”

To the same effect, though in a milder tone, is the platform of the order in Indiana, put forth by the Grand Council at their meeting in February last, which declares that “the right to alter or *abolish* their government, whenever it fails to secure the blessings of liberty, is one of the inalienable rights of the people that can never be surrendered.”

Such, then, are the principles which the new member swears to observe and

abide by in his obligation, set forth in the ritual, where he says: "I do solemnly promise that I will ever cherish in my heart of hearts the sublime creed of the E. K., (Excellent Knights,) and will, so far as in me lies, illustrate the same in my intercourse with men, and will defend the principles thereof, if need be, with my life, whensoever assailed, in my own country first of all. I do further solemnly declare that I will never take up arms in behalf of any government which does not acknowledge the sole authority or power to be the will of the governed."

The following extract from the ritual, may also be quoted as illustrating the principle of the right of revolution and resistance to constituted authority insisted upon by the order.

"Our swords shall be unsheathed whenever the great principles which we aim to inculcate and have sworn to maintain and defend are assailed."

Again: "I do solemnly promise, that whenever the principles which our order inculcates shall be assailed in my own State or country, I will defend these principles with my sword and my life, in whatsoever capacity may be assigned me by the competent authority of our order."

And further: "I do promise that I will, at all times, if need be, take up arms in the cause of the oppressed—in my own country first of all—against any power or government usurped, which may be found in arms and waging war against the people or peoples who are endeavoring to establish, or have inaugurated, a government for themselves of their own free choice."

Moreover, it is to be noted that all the addresses and speeches of its leaders breathe the same principle, of the right of the forcible resistance to the Government, as one of the tenets of the order.

Thus, P. C. Wright, Supreme Commander, in his general address of December, 1863, after urging that "the spirit of the fathers may animate the free minds, the brave hearts, and still unshackled limbs of the *true democracy*" (meaning the members of the order), adds as follows: "To be prepared for the crisis now approaching, we must catch from afar the earliest and faintest breathings of the spirit of the storm; to be successful when the storm comes, we must be watchful, patient, brave, confident, organized, *armed*."

Thus, too, Dodd, Grand Commander of the order in Indiana, quoting, in his address of February last, the views of his chief, Vallandigham, and adopting them as his own, says:

"He (Vallandigham) judges that the Washington power will not yield up its power until it is taken from them by an indignant people *by force of arms*."

Such, then, are the written principles of the order in which the neophyte is instructed, and which he is sworn to cherish and observe as his rule of action, when, with arms placed in his hands, he is called upon to engage in the overthrow of his Government. This declaration—first, of the absolute right of slavery; second, of State sovereignty and the right of secession; third, of the right of armed resistance to constituted authority on the part of the disaffected and the disloyal, whenever their ambition may prompt them to revolution—is but an assertion of that abominable theory which, from its first enunciation, served as a pretext for conspiracy after conspiracy against the Government on the part of Southern traitors, until their detestable plotting culminated in open rebellion and bloody civil war. What more appropriate password, therefore, to be communicated to the new member upon his first admission to the secrets of the order could have been conceived, than that which was actually adopted—"Calhoun!"—a man who, baffled in his lust for power, with gnashing teeth turned upon the Government that had lifted him to its highest honors, and upon the country that had borne him, and down to the very close of his fevered life labored incessantly to scatter far and wide the seeds of that poison of death now upon our lips. The thorns which now pierce and tear us are of the tree he planted.

VII—ITS SPECIFIC PURPOSES AND OPERATIONS.

From the principles of the order, as thus set forth, its general purpose of co-operating with the rebellion may readily be inferred, and, in fact, those principles could logically lead to no other result. This general purpose, indeed, is distinctly set forth in the personal statements and confessions of its members, and particularly of its prominent officers, who have been induced to make disclosures to the Government. Among the most significant of these confessions are those already alluded to, of Hunt, Dunn, and Smith, the heads of the order in Missouri. The latter, whose statement is full and explicit, says: "At the time I joined the order I understood that its object was to aid and assist the Confederate Government, and endeavor to restore the Union as it was prior to this rebellion." He adds: "The order is hostile in every respect to the General Government, and friendly to the so-called Confederate Government. It is exclusively made up of disloyal persons—of all Democrats who are desirous of securing the independence of the Confederate States with a view of restoring the Union as it was."

It would be idle to comment on such gibberish as the statement that "the independence of the Confederate States" was to be used as the means of restoring "the Union as it was;" and yet, under the manipulations of these traitorous jugglers, doubtless the brains of many have been so far muddled as to accept this shameless declaration as true.

But proceeding to the *specific* purposes of the order, which its leaders have had in view from the beginning, and which, as will be seen, it has been able, in many cases, to carry out with very considerable success, the following are found to be the most pointedly presented by the testimony:

1. *Aiding Soldiers to Desert and Harboring and Protecting Deserters.*—Early in its history the order essayed to undermine such portions of the army as were exposed to its insidious approaches. Agents were sent by the Knights of the Golden Circle into the camps to introduce the order among the soldiers, and those who became members were instructed to induce as many of their companions as possible to desert, and for this purpose the latter were furnished by the order with money and citizens' clothing. Soldiers who hesitated at desertion, but desired to leave the army, were introduced to lawyers who engaged to furnish them some *quasi* legal pretext for so doing, and a certain attorney of Indianapolis, named Walpole, who was particularly conspicuous in furnishing facilities of this character to soldiers who applied to him, has boasted that he has thus aided five hundred enlisted men to escape from their contracts. Through the schemes of the order in Indiana whole companies were broken up—a large detachment of a battery company, for instance, deserting on one occasion to the enemy with two of its guns—and the camps were imbued with a spirit of discontent and dissatisfaction with the service. Some estimate of the success of these efforts may be derived from a report of the Adjutant General of Indiana, of January, in 1863, setting forth that the number of deserters and absentees returned to the

army through the post of Indianapolis alone, during the month of December, 1862, was nearly two thousand six hundred.

As soon as arrests of these deserters began to be generally made, writs of *habeas corpus* were issued in their cases by disloyal judges, and a considerable number were discharged thereon. In one instance in Indiana, where an officer in charge of a deserter properly refused to obey the writ, after it had been suspended in such cases by the President, his attachment for contempt was ordered by the Chief Justice of the State, who declared that "the streets of Indianapolis might run with blood, but that he would enforce his authority against the President's order." On another occasion certain United States officers who had made the arrest of deserters in Illinois were themselves arrested for kidnapping, and held to trial by a disloyal judge, who at the same time discharged the deserters, though acknowledging them to be such.

Soldiers upon deserting, were assured of immunity from punishment and protection on the part of the order, and were instructed to bring away with them their arms, and, if mounted, their horses. Details sent to arrest them by the military authorities, were in several cases forcibly resisted, and where not unusually strong in numbers, were driven back by large bodies of men, subsequently generally ascertained to be members of the order. Where arrests were effected, our troops were openly attacked and fired upon on their return. Instances of such attacks occurring in Morgan and Rush counties, Indiana, are especially noticed by General Carrington. In the case of the outbreak in Morgan county, J. S. Bingham, editor of the Indianapolis *Sentinel*, a member or friend of the order, sought to forward to the disloyal newspapers of the West false and inflammatory telegraphic dispatches in regard to the affair, to the effect that cavalry had been sent to arrest all the Democrats in the county, that they had committed gross outrages, and that several citizens had been shot; and adding "ten thousand soldiers can not hold the men arrested this night. Civil war and bloodshed are inevitable." The assertions in this dispatch were entirely false, and may serve to illustrate the fact heretofore noted, that a studious misrepresentation of the acts of the Government and its officers is a part of the prescribed duty of the members of the order. It is proper to mention that seven of the party in Morgan county, who made the attack upon our troops, were convicted of their offense by a State Court. Upon their trial it was proved that the party was composed of members of the Knights of the Golden Circle.

One of the most pointed instances of protection afforded to deserters occurred in a case in Indiana, where seventeen entrenched themselves in a log cabin with a ditch and palisade, and were furnished with provisions and sustained in their defense against our military authorities for a considerable period by the order or its friends.

2. *Discouraging Enlistments and resisting the Draft.*—It is especially inculcated by the order to oppose the re-enforcement of our armies, either by volunteers or drafted men. In 1862, the Knights of the Golden Circle organized generally to resist the draft in the Western States, and were strong enough in certain localities to greatly embarrass the Government. In this year and early in 1863 a number of enrolling officers were shot in Indiana and Illinois. In Blackford county, Indiana, an attack was made upon the court-house, and the books connected with the draft were destroyed. In several counties of the State a considerable military force was required for the protection of the United States officials, and a large number of arrests were made, including that of one Reynolds, an ex-Senator of the Legislature, for publicly urging upon the populace to resist the conscription—an offense of the same character, in fact, as that upon which Vallandigham was apprehended in Ohio. These outbreaks were no doubt, in most cases, incited by the order and engaged in by its members. In Indiana nearly two hundred persons were indicted for conspiracy against the Government, resisting the draft, etc., and about sixty of them were convicted.

When members of the order were forced into the army by the draft, they were instructed, in case they were prevented from presently escaping, and were obliged

to go to the field, to use their arms against their fellow-soldiers rather than the enemy, or, if possible, to desert to the enemy, by whom, through the signs of the order, they would be recognized and received as friends. Whenever a member volunteered in the army he was at once expelled from the order.

3. *Circulation of Disloyal and Treasonable Publications.*—The order, especially in Missouri, has secretly circulated throughout the country a great quantity of treasonable publications, as a means of extending its own power and influence, as well as giving encouragement to the disloyal and inciting them to treason. Of these, some of the principal are the following: *Pollard's Southern History of the War*, *Official Reports of the Confederate Government*, *Life of Stonewall Jackson*, pamphlets containing articles from the *Metropolitan Record*, *Abraham Africanus*, or *Mysteries of the White House*, *The Lincoln Catechism*, or a *Guide to the Presidential Election of 1864*, *Indestructible Organics*, by Tirga. These publications have generally been procured by formal requisition drawn upon the grand commander by leading members in the interior of a State. One of these requisitions, dated June 10th last, and drawn by a local secretary of the order at Gentryville, Missouri, is exhibited in the testimony. It contains a column of the initials of subscribers, opposite whose names are entered the number of disloyal publications to be furnished, the particular book or books, etc., required being indicated by fictitious titles.

4. *Communicating with, and giving Intelligence to, the Enemy.*—Smith, Grand Secretary of the order in Missouri, says, in his confession: "Rebel spies, mail carriers, and emissaries have been carefully protected by this order ever since I have been a member." It is shown in the testimony to be eustomary in the rebel service to employ members of the order as spies, under the guise of soldiers furnished with furloughs to visit their homes within our lines. On coming within the territory occupied by our forces, they are harbored and supplied with information by the order. Another class of spies claim to be deserters from the enemy, and at once seek an opportunity to take the oath of allegiance, which, however, though voluntarily taken, they claim to be administered while they are under a species of duress, and, therefore, not to be binding. Upon swearing allegiance to the Government, the pretended deserter engages, with the assistance of the order, in collecting contraband goods or procuring intelligence to be conveyed to the enemy, or in some other treasonable enterprise. In his official report of June 12th last, Colonel Sanderson remarks: "This department is filled with rebel spies, all of whom belong to the order."

In Missouri regular mail communication was for a long period maintained through the agency of the order from St. Louis to Price's army, by means of which private letters, as well as official dispatches between him and the Grand Commander of Missouri, were regularly transmitted. The mail-carriers started from a point on the Pacific railroad, near Kirkwood station, about fourteen miles from St. Louis, and, traveling only by night, proceeded (to quote from Colonel Sanderson's report) to "Mattox Mills, on the Maramee river, thence past Mineral Point to Webster, thence to a point fifteen miles below Van Buren, where they crossed the Black river, and thence to the rebel lines." It is, probably, also by this route that the secret correspondence, stated by the witness Pitman to have been constantly kept up between Price and Vallandigham, the heads of the order at the North and South, respectively, was successfully maintained.

A similar communication has been continuously held with the en-

emy from Louisville, Kentucky. A considerable number of women in that State, many of them of high position in rebel society, and some of them outwardly professing to be loyal, were discovered to have been actively engaged in receiving and forwarding mails, with the assistance of the order and as its instruments. Two of the most notorious and successful of these, Mrs. Woods and Miss Cassell, have been apprehended and imprisoned.

By means of this correspondence with the enemy, the members of the order were promptly apprised of all raids to be made by the forces of the former, and were able to hold themselves prepared to render aid and comfort to the raiders. To show how efficient for this purpose was the system thus established, it is to be added that our military authorities have, in a number of cases, been informed, through members of the order employed in the interest of the Government, of impending raids and important army movements of the rebels, not only days, but sometimes weeks, sooner than the same intelligence could have reached them through the ordinary channels.

On the other hand, the system of *espionage* kept up by the order, for the purpose of obtaining information of the movements of our own forces, etc., to be imparted to the enemy, seems to have been as perfect as it was secret. The Grand Secretary of the order in Missouri states, in his confession: "One of the special objects of this order was to place members in steamboats, ferry-boats, telegraph offices, express offices, department headquarters, provost marshal's office, and, in fact, in every position where they could do valuable service;" and he proceeds to specify certain members who, at the date of his confession (August 2d last), were employed at the express and telegraph offices in St. Louis.

5. *Aiding the Enemy, by Recruiting for them, or assisting them to Recruit, within our lines.*—This has also been extensively carried on by members of the order, particularly in Kentucky and Missouri. It is estimated that two thousand men were sent South from Louisville alone during a few weeks in April and May, 1864. The order and its friends at that city have a permanent fund, to which there are many subscribers, for the purpose of fitting out with pistols, clothing, money, etc., men desiring to join the Southern service; and, in the lodges of the order in St. Louis and Northern Missouri, money has often been raised to purchase horses, arms and equipments for soldiers about to be forwarded to the Southern army. In the latter State, parties empowered by Price, or by Grand Commander Hunt as his representative, to recruit for the rebel service, were nominally authorized to "*locate lands*," as it was expressed, and in their reports, which were formally made, the number of acres, etc., located represented the number of men recruited. At Louisville, those desiring to join the Southern forces were kept hidden, and supplied with food and lodging until a convenient occasion was presented for their transportation South. They were then collected, and conducted at night to a safe rendezvous of the order, whence they were forwarded to their destination, in some cases stealing horses from the United States corrals on their way. While waiting an occasion to be sent South, the men, to avoid the suspicion which might be excited by their being seen together in any considerable number, were often employed on farms in the vicinity of Louisville, and the farm of one Grant in that neighborhood (at whose house, also, meetings of the order were held), is indicated in the testimony as one of the localities where such recruits were rendezvoused and employed.

The same facilities which were afforded to recruits for the Southern army were also furnished by the order to persons desiring to proceed beyond our lines for

any illegal purpose. By these Louisville was generally preferred as a point of departure, and, on the Mississippi river, a particular steamer, the Graham, was selected as the safest conveyance.

6. *Furnishing the Rebels with Arms, Ammunition, etc.*—In this, too, the order, and especially its female members and allies, has been sedulously engaged. The rebel women of Louisville and Kentucky are represented as having rendered the most valuable aid to the Southern army, by transporting large quantities of percussion caps, powder, etc., concealed upon their persons, to some convenient locality near the lines, whence they could be readily conveyed to those for whom they were intended. It is estimated that at Louisville, up to May 1st last, the sum of \$17,000 had been invested by the order in ammunition and arms, to be forwarded principally in this manner to the rebels. In St. Louis several firms, who are well known to the Government, the principal of which is Beauvais & Co., have been engaged in supplying arms and ammunition to members of the order, to be conveyed to their Southern allies. Mary Ann Pitman, a reliable witness, and a member of the Order of American Knights, who will hereafter be specially alluded to, states in her testimony that she visited Beauvais & Co. three times, and procured from them on each occasion about \$80 worth of caps, besides a number of pistols and cartridges, which she carried in person to Forrest's command, as well as a much larger quantity of similar articles which she caused to be forwarded by other agents. The guerrillas in Missouri also receive arms from St. Louis, and one Douglas, one of the most active conspirators of the Order of American Knights in Missouri, and a special emissary of Price, was arrested while in the act of transporting a box of forty revolvers by railroad to a guerrilla camp in the interior of the State. Medical stores in large quantities were likewise, by the aid of the order, furnished to the enemy, and a "young doctor" named Moore, said to be now a medical inspector in the rebel army, is mentioned as having "made \$75,000 by smuggling medicines"—principally from Louisville—through the lines of our army. Supplies were, in some cases, conveyed to the enemy through the medium of professed loyalists, who, having received permits for that purpose from the United States military authorities, would forward their goods as if for ordinary purposes of trade, to a certain point near the rebel lines, where, by the connivance of the owners, the enemy would be enabled to seize them.

7. *Co-operating with the Enemy in Raids and Invasions.*—While it is clear that the order has given aid, both directly and indirectly, to the forces of the rebels, and to guerrilla bands, when engaged in making incursions into the border States, yet because, on the one hand, of the constant restraint upon its action exercised by our military authorities, and, on the other, the general success of our armies in the field over those of the enemy, their allies at the North have never thus far been able to carry out their grand plan of a general armed rising of the order, and its co-operation on an extended scale with the Southern forces. This plan has been two-fold, and consisted, first, of a rising of the order in Missouri, aided by a strong detachment from Illinois, and a co-operation with a rebel army under Price; second, of a similar rising in Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky, and a co-operation with a force under Breckinridge, Buckner, Morgan, or some other rebel commander, who was to invade the latter State. In *this* case the order was first to cut the railroads and telegraph wires, so that intelligence of the movement might not be sent abroad and the transportation of Federal troops might be delayed, and then to seize upon the arsenals at Indianapolis, Columbus, Springfield, Louisville, and Frankfort, and, furnishing such of their number as were without arms, to kill or make prisoners of department, district, and post com-

manders, release the rebel prisoners at Rock Island, and at Camps Morton, Douglas, and Chase, and thereupon join the Southern army at Louisville or some other point in Kentucky, which State was to be permanently occupied by the combined force. At the period of the movement it was also proposed that an attack should be made upon Chicago by means of steam-tugs mounted with cannon. A similar course was to be taken in Missouri, and was to result in the permanent occupation of that State.

This scheme has long occupied the minds of members of the order, and has been continually discussed by them in their lodges. A rising somewhat of the character described was intended to have taken place in the spring of this year, simultaneously with an expected advance of the army of Lee upon Washington; but the plans of the enemy having been anticipated by the movements of our own generals, the rising of the conspirators was necessarily postponed. Again, a general movement of the Southern forces was expected to occur about July 4, and with this the order was to co-operate. A speech to be made by Vallandigham at the Chicago Convention was, it is said, to be the signal for the rising; but the postponement of the convention, as well as the failure of the rebel armies to engage in the anticipated movement, again operated to disturb the programme of the order. During the summer, however, the grand plan of action above set forth has been more than ever discussed throughout the order, and its success most confidently predicted, while, at the same time, an extensive organization and preparation for carrying the conspiracy into effect have been actively going on. But, up to this time, notwithstanding the late raids of the enemy in Kentucky, and the invasion of Missouri by Price, no such general action on the part of the order as was contemplated has taken place—a result, in great part, owing to the activity of our military authorities in strengthening the detachments at the prisons, arsenals, etc., and in causing the arrest of the leading conspirators in the several States, and especially in the seizure of large quantities of arms which had been shipped for the use of the order in their intended outbreak. It was doubtless on account of these precautions that the day last appointed for the rising of the order in Indiana and Kentucky (August 16) passed by with but slight disorder.

It is, however, the inability of the public enemy, in the now declining days of the rebellion, to initiate the desired movement which has prevented the order from engaging in open warfare; and it has lately been seriously considered in their councils whether they should not proceed with their revolt, relying alone upon the guerrilla bands of Syphert, Jesse, and others, for support and assistance.

With these guerrillas the order has always most readily acted along the border, and in cases of capture by the Union forces of Northern members of the order engaged in co-operating with them, the guerrillas have frequently retaliated by seizing prominent Union citizens and holding them as hostages for the release of their allies. At other times our Government has been officially notified by the rebel authorities that if the members of the order captured were not treated by us as ordinary prisoners of war, retaliation would be resorted to.

An atrocious plan of concert between members of the order in Indiana and certain guerrilla bands of Kentucky, agreed upon last spring, may be here remarked upon. Some two thousand five hundred or three thousand guerrillas were to be thrown into the border counties, and were to assume the character of refugees seeking employment. Being armed, they were secretly to destroy Government property wherever practicable, and subsequently to control the elections by force, prevent enlistments, aid deserters, and stir up strife between the civil and military authorities.

A singular feature of the raids of the enemy remains only to be adverted to, viz.: that the officers conducting these raids are furnished by the rebel Government with quantities of United State Treasury notes for use within our lines, and that these are probably most frequently procured through the agency of members of the order.

Mary Ann Pitman states that Forrest, of the rebel army, at one time exhibited to her a letter to himself from a prominent rebel sympathizer and member of the order in Washington, D. C., in which it was set forth that the sum of \$20,000 in "greenbacks" had actually been forwarded by him to the rebel Government at Richmond.

8. *Destruction of Government Property.*—There is no doubt that large quantities of Government property have been burned or otherwise destroyed by the agency of the order in different localities. At Louisville, in the case of the steamer Taylor, and on the Mississippi river, steamers belonging to the United States have been burned at the wharves, and generally when loaded with Government stores. Shortly before the arrest of Bowles, the senior of the major generals of the order in Indiana, he had been engaged in the preparation of "Greek Fire," which, it was supposed, would be found serviceable in the destruction of public property. It was generally understood in the councils of the order in the State of Kentucky that they were to be compensated for such destruction by the rebel Government, by receiving a commission of ten per cent. of the value of the property so destroyed, and that this value was to be derived from the estimate of the loss made in each case by Northern newspapers.

9. *Destruction of Private Property and Persecution of Loyal Men.*—It is reported by General Carrington that the full development of the order in Indiana was followed by "a state of terrorism" among the Union residents of "portions of Brown, Morgan, Johnson, Rush, Clay, Sullivan, Bartholomew, Hendricks, and other counties" in that State; that from some localities individuals were driven away altogether; that in others their barns, hay and wheat racks were burned; and that many persons, under the general insecurity of life and property, sold their effects at a sacrifice and removed to other places. At one time in Brown county, the members of the order openly threatened the lives of all "Abolitionists" who refused to sign a peace memorial which they had prepared and addressed to Congress. In Missouri, also, similar outrages committed upon the property of loyal citizens are attributable in a great degree to the secret order.

Here the outbreak of the miners in the coal districts of Eastern Pennsylvania, in the autumn of last year, may be appropriately referred to. It was fully shown in the testimony adduced, upon the trials of these insurgents, who were guilty of the destruction of property and numerous acts of violence, as well as murder, that they were generally members of a secret treasonable association, similar in all respects to the Knights of the Golden Circle, at the meetings of which they had been incited to the commission of the crimes for which they were tried and convicted.

10. *Assassination and Murder.*—After what has been disclosed in regard to this infamous league of traitors and ruffians, it will not be a matter of surprise to learn that the cold-blooded assassination of Union citizens and soldiers has been included in their devilish scheme

of operations. Green B. Smith states in his confession that "the secret assassination of United States officers, soldiers, and Government employes, has been discussed in the councils of the order and recommended." It is also shown in the course of the testimony that at a large meeting of the order in St. Louis, in May or June last, it was proposed to form a secret police of members for the purpose of patrolling the streets of that city at night and killing every detective and soldier that could be readily disposed of; that this proposition was coolly considered, and finally rejected, not because of its fiendish character—no voice being raised against its criminality—but because only it was deemed premature. At Louisville, in June last, a similar scheme was discussed among the order for the waylaying and butchering of negro soldiers in the streets at night; and in the same month a party of its members in that city was actually organized for the purpose of throwing off the track of the Nashville railroad a train of colored troops and seizing the opportunity to take the lives of as many as possible. Again, in July the assassination of an obnoxious provost marshal, by betraying him into the hands of guerrillas, was designed by members in the interior of Kentucky. Further, at a meeting of the Grand Council of Indiana at Indianapolis on June 14 last, the murder of one Coffin, a Government detective, who, as it was supposed, had betrayed the order, was deliberately discussed and unanimously determined upon. This fact is stated by Stidger in his report to General Carrington of June 17 last, and is more fully set forth in his testimony upon the trial of Dodd. He deposes that at the meeting in question, Dodd himself volunteered to go to Hamilton, Ohio, where Coffin was expected to be found, and there "dispose of the latter." He adds that prior to the meeting, he himself conveyed from Judge Bullitt, at Louisville, to Bowles and Dodd, at Indianapolis, special instructions to have Coffin "put out of the way"—"murdered"—"at all hazards."

The opinion is expressed by Colonel Sanderson, under date of July 12 last, that "the recent numerous cold-blooded assassinations of military officers and unconditional Union men throughout the military district of North Missouri, especially along the western border," is to be ascribed to the agency of the order. The witness Pitman represents that it is "a part of the obligation or understanding of the order" to kill officers and soldiers "*whenever it can be done by stealth*," as well as loyal citizens when considered important or influential persons; and she adds that, while at Memphis, during the past summer, she *knew* that men on picket were secretly killed by members of the order approaching them in disguise.

In this connection may be recalled the wholesale assassination of Union soldiers by members of the order and their confederates at Charleston, Illinois, in March last, in regard to which, as a startling episode of the rebellion, a full report was addressed from this office to the President, under date of July 26 last. This concerted murderous assault upon a scattered body of men, mostly unarmed—apparently designed for the mere purpose of destroying as many lives of Union soldiers as possible—is a forcible illustration of the utter malignity and depravity which characterize the members of this order

in their zeal to commend themselves as allies to their fellow-conspirators at the South.

11. *Establishment of a Northwestern Confederacy.*—In concluding this review of some of the principal specific purposes of the order, it remains only to remark upon a further design of many of its leading members, the accomplishment of which they are represented as having deeply at heart. Hating New England and jealous of her influence and resources, and claiming that the interests of the West and South, naturally connected as they are through the Mississippi valley, are identical; and actuated further by an intensely revolutionary spirit as well as an unbridled and unprincipled ambition, these men have made the establishment of a Western or Northwestern Confederacy, in alliance with the South, the grand aim and end of all their plotting and conspiring. It is with this steadily in prospect that they are constantly seeking to produce discontent, disorganization, and civil disorder at the North. With this in view, they gloat over every reverse of the armies of the Union, and desire that the rebellion shall be protracted until the resources of the Government shall be exhausted, its strength paralyzed, its currency hopelessly depreciated, and confidence everywhere destroyed. Then, from the anarchy which, under their scheme, is to ensue, the new Confederacy is to arise, which is either to unite itself with that of the South, or to form therewith a close and permanent alliance. Futile and extravagant as this scheme may appear, it is yet the settled purpose of many leading spirits of the secret conspiracy, and is their favorite subject of thought and discussion. Not only is this scheme deliberated upon in the lodges of the order, but it is openly proclaimed. Members of the Indiana Legislature, even, have publicly announced it, and avowed that they would take their own State out of the Union, and recognize the independence of the South. A citizen captured by a guerrilla band in Kentucky last summer, records the fact that the establishment of a new confederacy as the deliberate purpose of the Western people was boastfully asserted by these outlaws, who also assured their prisoner that in the event of such establishment there would be "a greater rebellion than ever!"

Lastly, it is claimed that the new Confederacy is already organized; that it has a "provisional government," officers, departments, bureaus, etc., in secret operation. No comment is necessary to be made upon this treason, not now contemplated for the first time in our history. Suggested by the present rebellion, it is the logical consequence of the ardent and utter sympathy therewith which is the life and inspiration of the secret order.

VIII.—THE WITNESSES AND THEIR TESTIMONY.

The facts detailed in the present report have been derived from a great variety of dissimilar sources, but all the witnesses, however different their situations, concur so pointedly in their testimony, that the evidence which has thus been furnished must be accepted as of an entirely satisfactory character.

The principal witnesses may be classified as follows:

1. Shrewd, intelligent men, employed as detectives, and with a peculiar talent for their calling, who have gradually gained the confidence of leading members of the order, and in some cases have been admitted to its temples and been initiated into one or more of the degrees. The most remarkable of these is Stidger, formerly a private soldier in our army, who, by the use of an uncommon address, though at great personal risk, succeeded in establishing such intimate relations with Bowles, Bullitt, Dodd, and other leaders of the organization in Indiana and Kentucky, as to be appointed Grand Secretary for the latter State, a position the most favorable for obtaining information of the plans of these traitors and warning the Government

of their intentions. It is to the rare fidelity of this man, who has also been the principal witness upon the trial of Dodd, that the Government has been chiefly indebted for the exposure of the designs of the conspirators in the two States named.

2. Rebel officers and soldiers, voluntarily or involuntarily, making disclosures to our military authorities. The most valuable witnesses of this class are prisoners of war, who, actuated by laudable motives, have of their own accord furnished a large amount of information in regard to the order, especially as it exists in the South, and of the relations of its members with those of the Northern section. Among these, also, are soldiers at our prison camps, who, without designing it, have made known to our officials, by the use of the signs, etc., of the order, that they were members.

3. Scouts employed to travel through the interior of the border States, and also within or in the neighborhood of the enemy's lines. The fact that some of these were left entirely ignorant of the existence of the order, upon being so employed, attaches an increased value to their discoveries in regard to its operations.

4. Citizen prisoners, to whom, while in confinement, disclosures were made relative to the existence, extent, and character of the order by fellow prisoners who were leading members, and who, in some instances, upon becoming intimate with the witness, initiated him into one of the degrees.

5. Members of the order, who, upon a full acquaintance with its principles, have been appalled by its infamous designs, and have voluntarily abandoned it, freely making known their experience to our military authorities. In this class may be placed the female witness, Mary Ann Pitman, who, though in arrest at the period of her disclosures, was yet induced to make them for the reason that, as she says, "at the last meeting which I attended they passed an order which I consider as utterly atrocious and barbarous; so I told them I would have nothing more to do with them." This woman was attached to the command of the rebel Forrest, as an officer under the name of "Lieutenant Rawley;" but because her sex afforded her unusual facilities for crossing our lines, she was often employed in the execution of important commissions within our territory, and, as a member of the order, was made extensively acquainted with other members, both of the Northern and Southern sections. Her testimony is thus peculiarly valuable, and, being a person of unusual intelligence and force of character, her statements are succinct, pointed, and emphatic. They are also especially useful as fully corroborating those of other witnesses regarded as most trustworthy.

6. Officers of the order of high rank, who have been prompted to present confessions, more or less detailed, in regard to the order and their connection with it. The principals of these are Hunt, Dunn, and Smith, Grand Commander, Deputy Grand Commander, and Grand Secretary of the order in Missouri, to whose statements frequent reference has been made. These confessions, though in some degree guarded and disingenuous, have furnished to the Government much important information as to the operations of the order, especially in Missouri, the affiliation of its leaders with Price, etc. It is to be noted that Dunn makes the statement in common with other witnesses that, in entering the order, he was quite ignorant of its ultimate purposes. He says: "I did not become a member understandingly; the initiatory step was taken in the dark, without reflection and without knowledge."

7. Deserters from our army, who upon being apprehended, confessed that they had been induced and assisted to desert by members of the order. It was, indeed, principally from these confessions that the existence of the secret treasonable organization of the Knights of the Golden Circle was first discovered in Indiana, in the year 1862.

8. Writers of anonymous communications, addressed to heads of departments or provost marshals, disclosing facts corroborative of more important statements.

9. The witnesses before the grand jury at Indianapolis, in 1863, when the order was formally presented as a treasonable organization, and those whose testimony has been recently introduced upon the trial of Dodd.

It need only be added that a most satisfactory test of the credibility and weight of much of the evidence which has been furnished is afforded by the printed testimony in regard to the character and intention of the order, which is found in its National and State constitutions and its ritual. Indeed, the statements of the various witnesses are but presentations of the logical and inevitable consequences and results of the principles therein set forth.

In concluding this review, it remains only to state that a constant reference has been made to the elaborate official reports, in regard to the order, of Brigadier General Carrington, commanding District of Indiana, and of Colonel Sanderson, Provost Marshal General of the Department of Missouri. The great mass of the testimony upon the subject of this conspiracy has been furnished by these officers; the latter acting under the orders of Major General Rosecrans, and the former co-operating under the instructions of the Secretary of War, with Major General Burbridge, commanding District of Kentucky, as well as with Governor Morton, of Indiana, who, though at one time greatly embarrassed, by a Legislature strongly tainted with disloyalty, in his efforts to repress this domestic enemy, has at last seen his State relieved from the danger of a civil war.

But, although the treason of the order has been thoroughly exposed, and although its capacity for fatal mischief has, by means of the arrest of its leaders, the seizure of its arms, and the other vigorous means which have been pursued, been seriously impaired, it is still busied with its plottings against the Government, and with its perfidious designs in aid of the Southern rebellion. It is reported to have recently adopted new signs and passwords, and its members assert that foul means will be used to prevent the success of the Administration at the coming election, and threaten an extended revolt in the event of the re-election of President Lincoln.

In the presence of the rebellion and of this secret order—which is but its echo and faithful ally—we can not but be amazed at the utter and widespread profligacy, personal and political, which these movements against the Government disclose. The guilty men engaged in them, after casting aside their allegiance, seem to have trodden under foot every sentiment of honor and every restraint of law, human and divine. Judea produced but one Judas Iscariot, and Rome, from the sinks of her demoralization, produced but one Catiline; and yet, as events prove, there has arisen together in our land an entire brood of such traitors, all animated by the same paracidal spirit, and all struggling with the same relentless malignity for the dismemberment of our Union. Of this extraordinary phenomenon—not paralleled, it is believed, in the world's history—there can be but one explanation, and all these blackened and fetid streams of crime may well be traced to the same common fountain. So fiercely intolerant and imperious was the temper engendered by slavery, that when the Southern people, after having controlled the national councils for half a century, were beaten at an election, their leaders turned upon the Government with the insolent fury with which they would have drawn their revolvers on a rebellious slave in one of their negro quarters; and they have continued since to prosecute their warfare, amid all the barbarisms and atrocities naturally and necessarily inspired by the infernal institution in whose interests they are sacrificing alike themselves and their country. Many of these conspirators, as is well known, were fed, clothed, and educated at the expense of the nation and were loaded with its honors at the very moment they struck at its life with the horrible criminality of a son stabbing the bosom of its own mother while impressing kisses on his cheeks. The leaders of the traitors in the loyal States, who so completely fraternize with these conspirators, and whose machinations are now unmasked, it is as clearly the duty of the Administration to prosecute and punish as it its duty to subjugate the rebels who are openly in arms against the Government. In the performance of this duty, it is entitled to expect, and will doubtless receive, the zealous co-operation of true men everywhere, who, in crushing the truculent foe ambushed in the haunts of this secret order, should rival in courage and faithfulness the soldiers who are so nobly sustaining our flag on the battlefields of the South.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
KENTUCKY.

"KENTUCKY was the first state to enter the union, and will be the last to leave it," has long been a popular expression in that commonwealth to indicate the loyalty of her people. In this attachment to the union we perceive some of the influences of a master mind. Had Henry Clay never lived, it is extremely doubtful whether Kentucky would have remained loyal to our common country. His influence there for the right may be compared to that of John C. Calhoun in South Carolina for the wrong—both were idolized by their respective peoples: the name of Henry Clay stands with the nation as one whose affections were filled with the idea of the glory and welfare of the American republic: that of John C. Calhoun, as one believing in a government founded upon an oligarchy, the most terrible of all despotisms—yet a man of purer personal character has rarely been known.

The impression made by Clay was strengthened by the lamented Crittenden, who, by words and deeds until his latest breath, proved himself to be a true patriot, for when Buckner, Marshall, Breckinridge and many others threw their influence on the side of the rebellion, he remained "faithful among the faithless."

Kentucky socially sympathized with the south, in consequence of the common bond, slavery: and extensive family ties, the results of a large southern emigration. The young men of the state who had come on the stage since the decease of Mr. Clay, were more generally southern in their sympathies than their fathers. The governor of the state, the late vice president and many leading politicians were of the same school. When the rebellion broke out the position of Kentucky was extremely precarious. For months it seemed uncertain on which side of the balance she would finally throw her weight. When hostilities were first inaugurated thousands of her brightest young men left to volunteer in the secession army; very few joined that of the union. With her northern frontier lying for hundreds of miles alongside the powerful free states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois, containing nearly five times her own population, Kentucky might well pause before she decided to bring upon her soil the horrors of civil war. That she suffered to any considerable degree was mainly owing to the disloyalty of a part of her population.

When upon the fall of Sumter, a call for 75000 troops was made from the loyal states to defend the flag of the country, she refused to furnish her quota. Her governor, Beriah Magoffin, replied to Secretary Cameron—"Kentucky will furnish no troops for the wicked purpose of subduing her sister southern states." On the 20th of May he issued a proclamation of neutrality to the people of Kentucky, forbidding alike the passage of troops of the United States or of the Confederate States, over the soil of the state, or the occupation of any point within it, and declaring the position of Kentucky to be one of self defense alone. The state senate also passed resolutions to the same effect and tendered the services of Kentucky as a mediator between the government and her intended destroyers.

On the 9th of June the convention of the border slave states, holden at Frankfort, of which Hon. J. J. Crittenden was president, and consisting of one member from Tennessee, four from Missouri and twelve from Kentucky, issued an address to the nation, in which they declare that something ought to be done to quiet apprehension within the slave states that already adhere to the Union. The people of Kentucky are advised to adopt a neutral course and to mediate between the contending parties.

On the 8th of June, Gen. S. B. Buckner, commanding the state guard of Kentucky, entered into an arrangement with Gen. Geo. B. McClellan, commander of the U. S. troops north of the Ohio, by which the neutrality of Kentucky was guaranteed; that if the soil of the state was invaded by the confederate forces, it was only in the event of the failure of Kentucky to remove them, that the forces of the U. S. were to enter.

On the 15th of June, Gen. Simon Bolivar Buckner wrote to Gov. Magoffin, that as the Tennessee troops under Gen. Pillow were about to occupy Columbus, on the Mississippi, he had called out a small military force to be stationed at that place and vicinity. These consisted of six companies of the state guard under Col. Lloyd Tilghman, ostensibly summoned into service "to carry out the obligation of neutrality which the state had assumed." Two months later Gov. Magoffin opened a correspondence with President Lincoln on this subject of "Kentucky neutrality;" the former complaining of the formation of union military camps in the state. The president replied that these were composed entirely of Kentuckians (home guards), having their camps in the immediate vicinity of their own homes, which had been formed at the earnest solicitation of many Kentuckians. "I most cordially," said Mr. Lincoln, "sympathize with your excellency in the wish to preserve the peace of my native state Kentucky. It is with regret I search and can not find in your not very short letter, any declaration or intimation that you entertain any desire for the preservation of the federal union."

At the election held early in August, the vote showed that Kentucky was largely for the union. In the western portion, in which the slaveholding interest was the strongest, the majority of the people were secessionists: the county of Trigg alone supplied 400 men to the rebel army.

Notwithstanding the drain of hot-blooded young men to the rebel side, Kentucky had furnished to the union cause to the beginning of

865, 76,335 troops, of which 61,317 were whites, and 14,918 colored, beside this, thousands of her citizens in various parts of the state were, during the rebellion, actively employed as home guards, state guards, state forces, etc., in battling against a common foe, which the successive invasions of the state by the enemy, and the distressive guerrilla raids made necessary. And her union officers, Nelson, Wood, Rousseau, Canby, Wolford, Jacobs, Fry, Burbridge, Crittenden, Garrard and others performed most efficient service on the fields of blood.

On the 2d of September, the state legislature met at Frankfort, three-fourths of the members being unionists. On the 5th, the confederate forces under Gen. Polk took possession of Columbus. About the same time Gen. Grant from Cairo, acting under the orders of Gen. Fremont, landed a body of union troops at Paducah. Prior to this the neutrality of Kentucky had been respected by both parties. No troops for the defense of the union had been encamped upon her soil, other than home guards; and many of these were secretly secessionists. The first and second Kentucky regiments, composed mostly of citizens of Ohio had rendezvoused at Camp Clay, near Cincinnati; and a body of Kentucky volunteers under General Lovell S. Rousseau, an eloquent orator of the state, had formed a camp on the Indiana shore opposite Louisville. On the 12th, the legislature, by a vote of three to one, demonstrated their loyalty by directing the governor to order out the military power of the state, to drive out and expel "the so-called southern confederate forces." At the same time, General Robert Anderson, who had been ordered to the command of the troops of this department, was requested to immediately enter upon the active discharge of his duties.

Gen. Buckner, in command of the state guard, being in sympathy with the rebellion, had seduced to their cause a large number of the young men of Kentucky, and, at this time, came out openly for secession, taking with him thousands who had been armed under the guise of protecting the state from the invasion of either union or rebel troops. In an address, issued at Russellville on the 12th, he said — "Freemen of Kentucky, let us stand by our own lovely land. Join with me in expelling from our firesides, the armies which an insane despotism sends among us to subjugate us to the iron rule of puritanical New England."

This man Buckner, and his fellow-conspirator, Breckinridge, can never be forgiven by the union loving people of Kentucky, for the manner in which the youth of the state were ensnared into the ranks of treason through their wicked ambition. What mother or sister can read the fate of this one poor boy, as related by Gen. Rousseau, without a tear to his memory; and a burning anathema upon his murderers?

Two days after the battle of Shiloh, I walked into the hospital tent on the ground where the fiercest contest had taken place, and where many of our men and those of the enemy had fallen. The hospital was exclusively for the wounded rebels, and they were laid thickly around. Many of them were Kentuckians, of Breckinridge's command. As I stepped into the tent and spoke to some one, I was addressed by a voice, the childish tones of which arrested my attention: "That's General Rousseau! General, I knew your son Dickey. Where is Dick? knew him very well?"

Turning to him, I saw stretched on the ground a handsome boy about sixteen

years of age. His face was a bright one, but the hectic glow and flush on the cheeks, his restless manner, and his grasping and catching his breath, as he spoke, alarmed me. I knelt by his side and pressed his fevered brow with my hand, and would have taken the child into my arms if I could. "And who are you, my son?" said I. "Why, I am Eddy McFadden, from Louisville," was the reply. "I know you, general, and I know your son Dick. I have played with him. Where is Dick?"

I thought of my own dear boy, of what might have befallen him; that he, too, deluded by villains, might, like this poor boy, have been mortally wounded, among strangers, and left to die. My heart bled for the poor child, for he was a child; my manhood gave way, and burning tears attested, in spite of me, my intense suffering.

I asked him of his father? He had no father. Your mother? He had no mother. Brothers and sisters? "I have a brother," said he. "I never knew what soldiering was; I was but a boy, and they got me off down here." He was shot through the shoulder and lungs. I asked him what he needed. He said he was cold, and the ground was hard. I had no tents, no blankets; our baggage was all in the rear at Savannah. But I sent the poor boy my saddle blanket and returned the next morning with lemons for him and the rest; but his brother, in the second Kentucky regiment, had taken him over to his regiment to nurse him.

I never saw the child again. He died in a day or two. Peace to his ashes. I never think of this incident that I do not fill up as if he were my own child.

Kentucky was, at this time, comparatively defenseless. Great fears were entertained that Buckner would advance from Russellville by the Nashville railroad, and seize upon Louisville. If we may believe the reports of the time, he had his plans laid to appear suddenly in that city with a powerful force. They had provided, it was said, for transportation, no less than four hundred cars, fifteen locomotives, and had eight thousand men, with artillery and camp equipage. At a station just beyond Green river, a loyal young man in the service of the road, frustrated their plans by wrenching, with a crow-bar, four rails from the track. This threw the train off, and caused a detention of twenty-four hours, and thus saved the city. On the 21st, Buckner destroyed several locks and dams on Green river, as a military measure. These had been constructed at an immense expense, and opened a river market for the whole of the large population of that section. In one night they were remorselessly annihilated by this "renegade Kentuckian." Later, he destroyed the elegant and costly iron railroad-bridge over the same river.

In the latter part of September, the brigade of Rousseau advanced down on the line of the Nashville railroad to protect Louisville from invasion, and large bodies of volunteers from the free states of the west were pushed forward, during the autumn and early winter, into the state—located at different camps and subjected to a severe discipline. The most prominent of these was camp Dick Robinson, in Garrard county, south of Lexington; at Paducah, on the lower Ohio; and Munfordsville, on the Lexington and Nashville railroad.

The rebels held positions in the southern part of the state; at Columbus, on the Mississippi; at Bowlinggreen, on the Nashville railroad; at and near Cumberland Gap, at the southeastern angle of the state; and on the head waters of the Big Sandy, on the Virginia line.

Early in October, Gen. Anderson was succeeded in command of this department by Gen. W. T. Sherman. The months of anxiety and care incident upon the defense of Fort Sumter had so shattered his

health and nervous system as to render Gen. Anderson incapable of attending to the arduous duties of this position.

On the 16th, Gen. Sherman was visited by Secretary Cameron, and in the report of the interview between them, made by Adjutant-general Thomas, General Sherman gave "a gloomy picture of affairs in Kentucky." He represented that "the young men were generally secessionists and had joined the confederates, while the union men, the aged and conservatives would not enrol themselves to engage in conflict with their relations on the other side. But few regiments could be raised. He said that Buckner was in advance of Green river with a heavy force on the road to Louisville, and an attack might be daily expected, which, with the force he had, he would not be able to resist; but, nevertheless, he would fight them." He was then "of the opinion, that an army of 200,000 men would be necessary to cope with the enemy in the west."

Such was the feeble estimate of the strength of the rebels, alike by the government and the people, that this apparently exaggerated view met with unmeasured ridicule. Some of the public prints, in a spirit of malevolence, stated he was insane; and, for a time, it passed into popular belief. Sherman, who knew—as but few men know—the power, and the intense burning hate of the rebels, could but feel to the inmost depths of his strong nature the force of the couplet:

"Truths would ye teach to save a sinking land,
Most shun you, few listen, and none understand."

Stung by neglect and obloquy, this proud, earnest-hearted man resigned, and to give place to Gen. Don Carlos Buell.

Three years later, away in the far south, an union army was marching in the mud and rain over miles of dreary road, when some soldiers observing an officer laying by the path with his face hidden among the rising weeds, exclaimed, "there lies one of our generals dead drunk!" which overhearing, the latter raised upon his elbow and with a kindly voice, and in low, depressed tones, replied: "*No! drunk, boys!* but weak and weary in working *for our country and for you!*" Great events then passing, demonstrated the wisdom, and greater fields than the department of Kentucky, the transcendent genius of Sherman in war.

The secessionists of the state, in December, formed a provisional government, with Geo. W. Johnson, subsequently killed at Shiloh, as governor. They sent delegates to the rebel congress, at Richmond; and that body recognized Kentucky as a member of the southern confederacy.

Skirmishes.—During the autumn, various skirmishes occurred at different points in Kentucky, between the rebels and unionists. The most prominent of these occurred to the union forces under General Schoepf, at camp Wild Cat, in Laurel county, on the 21st of October. This was a position in south-eastern Kentucky, on the route to Cumberland Gap, selected to give protection to the union men of that mountain region. A hill, half a mile east of the camp, was occupied by detachments of the 33d Indiana, 17th and 14th Ohio, and Wolford's Kentucky cavalry. They were attacked by several regiments of Gen. Zollicoffer's command, who made two separate, resolute, and unsuccessful attempts to carry the position. The union loss was 4 killed and 21 wounded; that of the enemy was much greater, as 19 corpses were found on the field. Two days later Gen. Harris' 2d Ohio, supported by two 6-pounders and a company of cavalry, surprised a body of 700 rebels, at West Liberty, in Morgan county, killing 10 of them, and scattering the remainder. On the 8th of November, Col. John S. Williams, who had gathered about 2,000 rebels at Ivy creek, in Pike county, near the Virginia line, was attacked and routed by a

part of Nelson's brigade, consisting of the 2d and 21st Ohio and Metcalfe's Kentuckians. The enemy's loss was about 60.

Disastrous Retreat.—Gen. Schoepf's brigade, called "the Wild-cat brigade," at this period, were stationed at London, in Laurel county, the object being to ultimately make an attack on Cumberland Gap, and enter East Tennessee to give relief to the unionists of that region. For this purpose, several hundred loyal Tennesseans had joined them.

On the 13th, Gen. Schoepf received orders to retreat with all possible expedition to Crab Orchard, and to bring on his sick, of whom he had a large number. The retreat was disastrous, over the mountain roads and in the rain, bearing in its aspects the appearance of a routed and pursued army. It continued through three days. The sick were jostled in open wagons over horrible roads, and through swollen mountain torrents. The officers, without tents or shelter, were exposed day and night to the cold wintry rains of that elevated region. The sufferings of the men were so severe that several died from pure exhaustion; while others revived with shattered health and ruined constitutions. The Tennesseans, who had been brought up with the hope of soon returning to their homes, were especially indignant at this retrograde movement.

Whole platoons and companies of them at first refused to march. "Some lay upon the ground weeping like school-children, many madly cursed, as they broke from the ranks, and a few stood with folded arms, leaning upon their muskets, while the contending passions of a soldier's fidelity and a love of home were fighting for mastery in their breasts."

The order for this retreat was given in consequence of a report that the enemy were about to advance from Bowlinggreen in force, on Louisville. The sufferings and losses by it were equal to a defeat. The moral effect was disastrous, for the rebel mountaineers who had been overawed, soon again arose in swarms, ready for mischief.

Fight at Munfordsville.—The first earnest fight in Central Kentucky took place, on the 17th of December, on Green river, near Munfordsville, at which point was stationed the division of Gen. McCook. The enemy attacked the pickets, consisting of four companies of the 32d Indiana, Willich's German regiment, under Lieut.-Col. Von Treba. Col. Terry's regiment of Texas rangers made several desperate charges; but were received with cool courage by the Germans. One of the companies, Capt. Welshbillig's, consisting of about 50 men, were drawn up in a solid square, received three successive charges of some 200 of the rangers, led on by Col. Terry, who, seeming frantic with rage, rode up to the points of the bayonets, under the impression, doubtless, that they could trample down the squad before them. At the third attack, their colonel was killed, upon which the whole column broke and fled in dismay. The Germans lost the brave Lieut. Sachs, of Cincinnati, 8 killed and 10 wounded. The killed, alone, of the enemy was 33.

Marshall's Defeat.—Early in the year (1862) Col. Humphrey Marshall, an ex-member of congress from central Kentucky, had collected a force of 3,500 rebels in northeastern Kentucky, in the valley of the Big Sandy, near Prestonburg. On the 10th of January, he occupied a position, defended by three cannon, on the summit of a hill at the forks of Middle creek. He was attacked in the morning by Col. J. A. Garfield with 900 men, consisting of parts of the 40th and 42d Ohio, and 14th and 22d Kentucky. The fight lasted from eight o'clock in the morning, until half past four in the afternoon, when the enemy retreated—driven from every point in great disorder, burning his

stores, and leaving 85 of his number dead on the field. He acknowledged to a loss of 125 killed, and a greater number wounded; 25 prisoners were taken. The union loss was only 1 killed, and 20 wounded.

This victory was owing to the admirable dispositions of Garfield, the inefficient fire-arms of the enemy, and the miserable firing of their artillery. Aside from this, they were attacked from a lower position, the smoke slowly ascending, first disclosing the lower part of their bodies to the union soldiers beneath them, while the latter were concealed from view.

This Col. Garfield was born near Cleveland, Ohio, in 1831.

At the beginning of the war he was a clergyman and president of a collegiate institution, at Hiram, in northern Ohio. Physically, he is one of the most powerful of men. He remained with his brigade on the Big Sandy for several months, winning laurels by his daring and energy against the enemy, whose camps he surprised and broke up, finally producing quiet in that mountain region. He rose rapidly in the service, became chief of staff to Rosecrans; and was made major-general for distinguished services at Chickamauga. Later, he represented the northeastern district of Ohio in congress, and by a greater majority than any other member in the house. He at once won there a national reputation for eloquence and force of character.

VICTORY AT MILL SPRINGS OR LOGAN'S CROSS ROADS.

In the beginning of the winter, Gen. Felix K. Zollicoffer, of Tennessee, crossed to the north side of Cumberland river, and built a fortified camp at Beech Grove. From this point, Zollicoffer had issued a proclamation to the people of southeastern Kentucky, calling upon them to strike with the south for independence. He said they had come to repel the northern hordes who were attempting their subjugation, with an ultimate design of freeing and arming their slaves and giving them political and social equality with the whites.

Beech Grove is some 12 miles south of Somerset, in Pulaski, co., and 80 miles due south of Lexington. The position was a very strong one by nature, being across a bend of the Cumberland, and it was greatly strengthened by earthworks. Three days before the battle, one of his officers wrote: "Our forces are, 10,000 infantry, 1,800 cavalry, and 16 pieces of artillery. We are waiting for an attack. If they do not attack us, we shall advance upon them: we can whip 50,000."

At this time Gen. Schoepf had a few regiments at Somerset. It was arranged that Gen. Thomas, who with his brigade was stationed at Columbia, 35 miles west of this point, should join his command with that at Somerset, and the combined forces unite in an attack on the camp of the enemy. On Saturday, January 18th, part of the troops of both these officers, in all amounting to about 7000 men, had formed a junction at Logan Cross Roads, seven miles north of Zollicoffer's camp, and under Gen. Thomas. That night, an old lady of secession fancies, who had seen only one or two regiments of the union troops, as they forded the stream by her cabin, mounted her pony and rode into the rebel camp with the pleasing tidings of an opportunity to surprise and "bag" the invaders. This confirmed, in their view, the intelligence received that afternoon from their own scouts, as to the small body of their enemy in front. Major Gen. George B. Crittenden (son of Hon. J. J. Crittenden), who had arrived and taken the chief

command, called a council. It was resolved to march out and make the attack at daybreak. In perfect silence, at midnight, the march of the force began, consisting of 8 infantry regiments, viz: 6 Tennessee, 1 Alabama, and 1 Mississippi, and 2 batteries of artillery, a large force of cavalry, and several independent companies of infantry.

About half past 5 o'clock, the next (Sunday) morning, the pickets from Wolford's Kentucky cavalry being driven in, gave intelligence of the approach of the rebels. Fry's 4th Kentucky, Manson's 10th Indiana, and Wolford's cavalry, then engaged the enemy at the point where the road, from the camp of the latter to Somerset, forked. The enemy were advancing through a cornfield, and evidently endeavoring to gain the left of the 4th Kentucky, which was with spirit maintaining its position. McCook's 9th Ohio, under the immediate command of Major Kaemmerling and Van Cleve's 2d Minnesota came to the support of the others, while a section of Kinney's battery took a position on the edge of the field to the left of the 4th Kentucky, and opened an efficient fire on the advancing Alabama regiment. As the 4th Kentucky and 10th Indiana were by this time nearly out of ammunition, the 2d Minnesota took their position, while the 9th Ohio, at the same time, occupied the right of the road, both regiments being under the command of Col. Robt. L. McCook, of the 9th Ohio, acting brigadier. At this time, Hoskins' 12th Kentucky, and some of the men of the Tennessee brigade reached the field, to the left of the Minnesota regiment, and opened fire on the right of the enemy, who then began to fall back. The key to the enemy's position was in front of the 9th Ohio and 2d Minnesota, and the contest there was maintained bravely on both sides. Says McCook in his report:

"On the right of the Minnesota regiment the contest, at first, was almost hand to hand; the enemy and the 2d Minnesota were poking their guns through the same fence at each other. However, before the fight continued long in this way, that portion of the enemy contending with the 2d Minnesota regiment, retired in good order to some rail piles, hastily thrown together, the point from which they had advanced upon the 4th Kentucky. This portion of the enemy obstinately maintaining its position, and the balance, as before described, a desperate fight was continued for about 30 minutes with seemingly doubtful result. The importance of possessing the log house, stable and cornerib being apparent, companies A, B, C and D of the 9th Ohio, were ordered to flank the enemy upon the extreme left, and obtain possession of the house. This done: still the enemy stood firm to his position and cover. During this time, the artillery of the enemy constantly overshot my brigade. Seeing the superior number of the enemy, and their bravery, I concluded the best mode of settling the contest was to order the 9th Ohio regiment to charge the enemy's position with the bayonet, and turn his left flank. The order was given the regiment to empty their guns and fix bayonets. This done, it was ordered to charge. Every man sprang to it, with alacrity and vociferous cheering. The enemy seemingly prepared to resist it, but before the regiment reached him, the lines commenced to give way; but few of them stood, possibly ten or twelve. This broke the enemy's flank, and the whole line gave way in great confusion, and the whole turned into a perfect rout." This is remarkable for having been the *first* bayonet charge of the war.

The entire division soon advanced under Gen. Thomas, and the enemy, with scarcely the show of resistance, were driven into their intrenchments, where they were cannonaded until dark. That night they secretly withdrew across the Cumberland, and fled into the interior. The Union forces, next morning, marched into their camp and took





The People of Louisville, mostly Women and Children, frightened from the City on the approach of Bragg's Invading Army, camping on the Indiana bank of the Ohio, on the night of Sept. 23d. 1862.

possession. The total union loss was 246, of whom 39, less than one sixth, were killed; the small proportion of the latter, was owing to the inefficient arms of the enemy, many of whom bore only shot guns. Among our severely wounded were Col. McCook and his aid, Lieut. A. S. Burt. The enemy's loss in killed alone, as far as known, was 190; which, with the wounded and prisoners that fell into our hands, made a total of 349. The number of the enemy actually engaged was estimated at 7000, and the union forces at half that number. Spoils to the value of half a million of dollars fell into our hands—horses, mules, wagons, tents, cannon, arms, etc. This was the battle in which the distinguished Gen. Geo. H. Thomas won his first laurels.

INCIDENTS.—Early in the action, while attempting to make a flank movement, *Gen. Zollicoffer* was killed, which greatly disheartened the enemy.

His body fell into our hands, and was found with several wounds. The fatal shot was from a pistol in the hands of Col. S. S. Fry, of the 4th Kentucky. His body was subsequently returned, under a flag of truce, in an elegant coffin to his friends. He was about 48 years of age, and had been a member of congress from Tennessee. He was a man of elegant form, and a general favorite in his state. Parson Brownlow said of him: "Now that he is dead and gone, I take occasion to say, that I have known him for twenty-five years, and a more noble, high-toned, honorable man, was never killed in any battle-field. He was a man who never wronged an individual out of a cent in his life—never told a lie in his life; as brave a man personally as Andrew Jackson ever was, and the only mean thing I ever knew him to do was to join the Southern Confederacy and fight under such a cause as he was engaged in when he fell."

Baillie Peyton, jr., another of the rebel dead, was shot while bravely urging on his men: "He was the son of a venerable Virginian, well known to the nation. Young Peyton, like his father, long struggled against disunion. He was hissed and insulted in the streets of Richmond, after the fall of Sumter, for telling his love of the old union." Col. Allan Battle, who commanded a Tennessee regiment, was another unwilling convert. He was educated at an Ohio college, and married into one of the best known and respected Ohio families. In the summer previous he took his young wife to Nashville, intending soon to return north: but his father and brothers were in the secession army, and he succumbed to the pressure, although he said he "hated the war, and felt unwilling to fight the best friends he had in the world, outside of his own family."

A gentleman who was on the field, just after the battle, gives these interesting particulars:

My own brave boy was either among the slain or pursuing the flying foe. In which of these positions I might find him, I knew not. With all the anxieties common to parents, I searched for his well-known countenance among the slain. So close was the resemblance in many cases, that my pulse quickened, and my brain began to reel. I remembered that he wore a pair of boots of peculiar make, and before I looked in the face of a corpse I looked at the boots, till at last I felt confident I had found what I sought. I looked again and again before I dared to let my eyes rest upon the face. There was a mark—not on his.

I passed on in haste, but suddenly felt compelled to stop once more; against a tree, leaned back in the most classic composure, was the fairest and most beautiful countenance I ever saw in death. No female complexion could be more spotless. The silky locks of wavy auburn hair fell in rich profusion upon fair temples, and a faultless forehead. Some friendly hand had parted his garments, baring his breast, from which the red current of life flowed out, and had bathed his temples, which were still warm, but had ceased to throb forever. O, ye winds, bear these tidings softly to the loved ones at home."

In the "old fields" among the rebels, some of the scenes were horrid and re-

volting in the extreme. Several of the dead were old and gray-headed men. A dark complexioned man, with a heavy black beard, who said he was from Mississippi, was lying on the ground with a broken thigh. He was stern and sullen—he had only one favor to ask—that was that some one of us would kill him. I said to him, we will soon take you to the surgeon, and do all we can to relieve you, for we are satisfied you have been deceived by wicked men, and do not know what you have been doing. To which he meekly replied—"that is possible." A young man, quite a boy, begged me not to let the Lincolnites kill him. A lad of fourteen, with a mashed ankle, protested his innocence, and begged to be taken care of. He said he was pressed into the service, and had never fired a gun at a union man, and never would. Numbers of rebels made in effect the same declaration.

The Enemy's Camp.—On entering the enemy's entrenchments, we found the camp surrounded by a breastwork over a mile in circumference, with a deep ditch in front.

"Within it seemed a city: houses, streets, lanes, stores, stables, everything complete, except the inhabitants. Chickens, pigs and turkeys were as numerous as are to be seen about a thrifty farmer's barn-yard. Over five hundred neat and well built log houses were to be seen, with all the conveniences of house-keeping to be found about them—beds and bedding, clothing and furniture, trunks and boxes, provisions and groceries, were left untouched."

"Everything bore the appearance of the proprietors having just stepped out, for a moment, to soon again return. Horses were left hitched in the stables, and wagons left standing ready for necessary use. Every tent was left standing as when the master was at home. On going to the river bank, the number of three hundred wagons was there found standing, all loaded with camp equipage, etc. Here, also, were found fourteen pieces of artillery, in perfect order for use; they not even taking time to spike them, while on their flight."

The Panic.—The enemy fled across the country, and scattered into the interior in a terrible panic and state of demoralization. The impassable condition of the roads, prevented a successful pursuit.

A very graphic account of the retreat is thus given by a lady living on the road, a short distance above Monticello:

Early on Monday morning, they commenced passing along the road, and through the fields, some riding, some on foot. Some wagons had passed during the night. All who could seemed inclined to run.

During the forepart of the day, men passing on foot had taken every horse, often without bridle or saddle; at times a string was used in place of bridles. Not a horse was left along the road. One of their wagons would be passing alone a high road. Any one who would come along, cut a horse loose, mount and a way. Another would follow suit, until the wagoner was left with his saddle horse, and he would follow. She often saw as many as three men on one horse. About 11 o'clock in the morning they commenced calling on her for food—said they had not tasted food since early Sunday morning. Strange looking men would lean against the yard fence, and call for a morsel of bread. "Oh," said they, "we have lost everything, we are ruined," and cried like children. One old man from Alabama, with two sons, stopped to rest a few moments. He could scarcely totter to a seat. He had been sick for months. When he started to go on she invited him to stay. "No," he said, "the Yankees are close after me, and will catch and kill me." Many others, sick and wounded, would stop a few moments, but none would remain. The dread Yankees would catch and kill them.

She told them Yankees never killed a captured foe; but, it had all no effect to check their mortal fear. One man passed with his brother on his back. Two would be leading and supporting one. Three or four would be packing one. A great many wounded passed. One had an arm shot off, tied up with a rag, some of his wounds appeared to have been dressed by a surgeon.

About 3 o'clock in the afternoon, some 400 had halted in a field near by. Some guns were fired off up the road, they rushed around, and into her house and kitchen, holding up their hands in terror, saying, they would be all killed for they could run no further, and their guns were thrown away. The firing was found to be a few of their own men shooting off their guns to re-load; it was a wet day, and they were constantly expecting an attack.

"Well," said I, "Mrs. H., how did it affect you?"

She said she would have helped to hang the last one, as they went up, with a good will,

but their terrible fear and distressed condition made her forget, for the time, their being enemies, and she and her negroes cooked and fed, and occasionally dressed their wounds, till long into the night.

Had the enemy been victorious, they would have had but little difficulty in marching upon Lexington, for the time crushing the union strength in the heart of Kentucky. The moral effect of this victory can scarcely be overestimated. It was the first of that chain of triumphs in the West, which opened the new year, and continued on without interruption until after the fall of New Orleans.

CAPTURE OF FORTS HENRY AND DONELSON.

These forts, though both in Tennessee, just south of the state line, are so intimately connected with the history of the war in Kentucky, as to necessarily belong to it.

Fort Henry was taken by the gun-boat fleet, under Com. Foote, on the 6th of February, 1862, after a brisk engagement of one hour. The terms of the surrender were unconditional, and the victory, though almost a bloodless one, proved to be of vast importance. When the attack was made, seven or eight thousand rebel soldiers were in the rifle pits, and behind the breastworks; but they became terror stricken—officers and men alike lost all self-control—they ran to escape the fearful storm of shot and shell, leaving arms, ammunition, tents, blankets, trunks, clothes, books, letters, papers, pictures, everything. All fled, excepting a brave little band in the fort.

Com. Foote, who in this and subsequent engagements gained so much *eclat*, was born in Connecticut, the son of one of its governors, and had been in the service about forty years.

At the beginning of the war he was transferred from the command of the navy yard, at Brooklyn, to that of the western flotilla. The religious characteristics of this veteran were remarkable. The Sunday after taking the fort, he attended the Presbyterian church, at Cairo, and in the unexpected absence of the pastor, he officiated, seeming to be as much at home in preaching as in fighting. He extemporized an excellent discourse from the text, "Let not your hearts be troubled; ye believe in God, believe also in me." He raised his voice in humble acknowledgment to heaven for the victory, asked for future protection, and showed that happiness depends upon purity of life, and a conscientious performance of duty.

The capture of Fort Donelson was an affair of much more magnificent proportions, and, beyond question, one of the grandest operations of this, or any other war.

In the early summer of 1861, the rebels began the erection of a fort on the west bank of the Cumberland, 107 miles from its mouth; 12 miles east from Fort Henry, and a few miles south of the Kentucky line, which they named from the Andrew Jackson Donelson family of Tennessee. It was made the best military work on the southern rivers. Its object was to control the river navigation, and defend Nashville and central Tennessee.

The water batteries, the most important, as commanding the river, were two, an upper and lower, excavated in the hill sides. They were very formidable, the lower especially, in which were eight 32-pounders, and one 10-inch columbiad, throwing a 120-pound ball. It was protected against an enfilading fire by strong traverses left between the guns. Elevated thirty feet above the water, it gave a fine com-

mand of the river, and rendered an attack in front extremely arduous. The main fort, occupying many acres, was in the rear of these batteries, on a high hill cloven by a deep gorge toward the south. The outworks were rifle-pits, extending in a semicircular form from the river bank about a mile below, to the bank about a mile above the fort, embracing within its upper limits the town of Dover—in all, an



FORT DONELSON.

The view was taken on the day after its occupation by the union troops. The interior of the fort is like a town with its multitude of log houses; in the foreground are officers' quarters, and on the extreme right Cumberland river.

immense area. "It took me," writes one, "three hours to go around, my horse walking fast." Along the front of this extensive line, the trees had been felled, and the brush cut and bent over breast high, making a wide *abatis* very difficult to pass through. The line of rifle-pits ran along an abrupt ridge of seventy-five or eighty feet, which was, in places, cut through by ravines making for the river. Hundreds of large, comfortable log-cabins, about 30 feet square, were within the area, with plenty of windows, chinked and daubed, presenting the appearance of a populous frontier village. They were built with immense labor, without any expectation of a forcible ejection by their sanguine architects. The nature of the ground was broken and irregular, inside and outside of the rifle-pits, made up of steep and lofty hills and ravines, with scarcely a level spot large as a parlor-floor in the whole of it. Within the works, the woods had been generally cleared, and for a small space outside of it. Its topography was unknown to the union commanders.

The Battle.—On Wednesday, the 12th of February, Gen. Grant left Fort Henry with about 15,000 men, in two divisions, under Gens. McClelland and Smith, for the vicinity of Fort Donelson, where they arrived at noon; the distance across between the two rivers being twelve miles. He had sent six regiments under the convoy of one of the gun-boats around by water. As these last had not arrived, the remainder of the day and all of the next was passed in skirmishing, in which the gun-boat Carondelet, under the direction of Gen. Grant, took part, and was repulsed after two hours' cannonading.

The investment, when completed, was made by Gen. McClelland's division, forming the upper part of the extended line, his right resting on Dover; that of Gen. Smith formed the lower part with a sub-

division under Gen. Lew. Wallace in the center. By Friday morning the reinforcements and fleet of gun-boats had arrived with the transports, from both Cairo and Fort Henry, adding about 10,000 fresh troops. That afternoon—the 14th—the gun-boats under Foote gallantly attacked the water batteries, and after a spirited battle of an hour and a half were repulsed. Upon this, Gen. Grant determined to strengthen his position and await the repair of the gun-boats; but the enemy did not allow this procrastination, for on the next (Saturday) morning, the 16th, soon after daybreak, they advanced under cover of a deadly fire of artillery, and hurled themselves in an immense body against the extreme right, on McClelland's forces, striking first against the 8th and 41st Illinois, who received the shock with coolness, but eventually had to give way before superior numbers, who then succeeded in capturing two batteries. The 18th, 29th, 30th, and 31st Illinois coming to their aid, with desperate valor retook all but three of the captured guns. Getting out of ammunition, they, too, were, like their comrades, compelled to fall back; when the enemy, with loud cheers, pressing on outflanked their right. Col. Cruft with the 17th and 25th Kentucky, and 31st and 44th Indiana came to their aid; when the 25th Kentucky, by a sad mistake, poured a slaughtering volley into the 31st Illinois, causing a terrible loss, and increasing the confusion, and inspiring the enemy to press on with redoubled vigor.

Gen. W. H. L. Wallace, a little later, came up with the 11th, 20th, 45th, and 48th Illinois, but was compelled to fall back, so completely had the enemy massed their forces. The enemy had accomplished all this, not by superior fighting qualities in the men, but by concentrating a superior force upon a single point and overwhelming McClelland's brave Illinoisans in detail; no troops could have long withstood the shock.

These operations had occupied all the earlier part of the day. Things looked gloomy here, the union troops had been driven from their position with the loss of 6 pieces of artillery; 4 colonels had been severely wounded; 3 lieut.-colonels killed and several more wounded; a great number of company officers killed and wounded, and several regiments almost annihilated.

At this juncture, Gen. Lewis Wallace thrust his 3d brigade in front of some retiring regiments, retreating in excellent order, and only retreating from exhaustion of their ammunition. These formed in his rear and replenished their cartridge-boxes. The new front thus formed, consisted of a Chicago artillery company under Lieut. P. P. Wood, the 1st Nebraska, 58th Illinois, 58th Ohio, and Davidson's company of the 32d Illinois. In their rear, within supporting distance, were the 76th Ohio, 46th, and 57th Illinois. "Scarcely had this formation been made," reports General Lewis Wallace, when some regiments of the enemy, "attacked, coming up the road and through the shrubs and trees, on both sides of it, and making the battery and the 1st Nebraska the principal points of attack. They met this storm, no man flinching, and their fire was terrible. To say they did well is not enough; their conduct was splendid. They, alone, repelled the charge." The body of the enemy then fled pell-mell and in confusion.

The enemy still held their gained position on our right whence they had driven McClelland's main body. Gen. Grant hastened to

meet the emergency by ordering Gen. Smith to assault the enemy's works on our left, and carry them at all hazards, while preparations were made on the right to gain the ground lost in the morning. Cooke's brigade, comprising the 7th, 50th, and 52d Illinois, the 12th Iowa, and 13th Missouri, were ordered against one portion of the enemy's lines and Lauman's brigade, comprising the 2d, 7th, and 14th Iowa, and 25th Indiana were led by Gen. C. F. Smith in person against another part of the works.

The 2d Iowa, followed by the other regiments of the brigade, led the advance of the column of attack, without firing a gun—the skirmishers only doing that; and charged into the works, carrying the position, at an immense loss, at the point of the bayonet. The colors of the 2d Iowa occupied the post of honor, the result of the desperate struggle, inspiring the wildest enthusiasm.

Against the extreme right, Col. Smith shortly after moved the 8th Missouri, and 11th Indiana, supported by the 31st and 44th Indiana, under Col. Cruft. Skirmishers led in the advance: the enemy obstinately contested the ground; assailant and assailed, in several instances, sought cover behind the same tree. Up a lofty hill with outcropping rock and dense underbrush, they drove them step by step. The woods cracked with musketry. The 8th and 11th finally cleared the hill, driving the rebel regiments before them for nearly a mile, into their intrenchments. It was now nearly sunset. The battle of Fort Donelson had been fought. The next morning the enemy surrendered, to the number of about 10,000, with Gen. Buckner at their head. In the preceding night, Generals Pillow and Floyd, with some 2,000 men, had escaped across the river in steamboats.

The rebel garrison consisted of 30 complete regiments of infantry; of which 13 were from Tennessee; 9 from Mississippi, 4 from Virginia, 2 from Kentucky, 1 from Arkansas, and 1 from Texas. Besides, there were 2 or 3 battalions from Alabama and elsewhere; 2 battalions of cavalry, and 8 batteries of light artillery: in all, as reported by Gen. Pillow, about 12,000 men. They were commanded by Gen. Floyd, with Generals Pillow, Buckner and Johnson, under him. The union loss was 1,517; viz., killed, 321; wounded, 1,046, and missing, 150. The rebel killed and wounded was unknown.

Details and Incidents.—In the gun-boat attack on Thursday, the same order was observed as in that upon Fort Henry—the boats forming two lines. The plunging shot of the enemy were too much for them. The contest was maintained for an hour and a half with great spirit, when the St. Louis became unmanagable, and others so much shattered that the commodore ordered the squadron to drop away. He was in the pilot-house during the action giving his orders. One ball entered it, killed the pilot, and badly wounded the Commodore. When he saw that he was compelled to retreat, it is said, the old veteran wept.

A big bush-fight has been applied as describing this battle. It was fought like most of the battles in this war, for the most part in the forest, with a thick undergrowth beneath, and regiments acted, generally, on the principle of hitting a head wherever they could see it.

The nights were passed without tents in the open air, and their nearness to the enemy rendered the building of fires dangerous. The sol-

diers suffered greatly from the cold; on Friday night, a sleety rain turned to snow, and their wet clothing grew stiff with ice. By morning, two inches of snow covered the ground.

The wounded, in many instances, were not found under several days, for the line of battle extended several miles, over rough, uneven ground, rugged cliffs, high hills, deep valleys, thick underbrush, and some swamps, which made the labor of hunting up and bringing them in exceedingly tedious. Many died from want of prompt assistance. The wounded became stiff with cold, and covered with sleet and snow. Part of the time the thermometer had been only ten degrees above zero. It is doubtful if suffering was greater, although it was longer, in the retreat of the French from Moscow.

Eye witnesses give us many details.

One says: "The snow was so thoroughly saturated with blood, that it seemed like red mud as you walked around in it. Men writhing in agony, with their feet, arms, or legs torn off, many begging to be killed, and one poor fellow I saw delirious, who laughed hideously as he pointed to a mutilated stump, which had, an hour ago, been his arm. One old man, dressed in homespun, with hair white as snow, was sitting, moaning feebly, against a wall. A fragment of shell had struck him upon the head, bursting off his scalp, as if detached from the skull by a knife, and causing it to hang suspended, from the forehead, over his face." And another writes:—A dark-haired young man, of apparently twenty-two or three, I found leaning against a tree, his breast pierced by a bayonet. He said he lived in Alabama; that he had joined the rebels in opposition to his parents' wishes; that his mother, when she had found he would go into the army, had given him her blessing, a Bible, and a lock of her hair.

The Bible lay half opened upon the ground, and the hair, a dark lock tinged with gray, that had been between the leaves, was in his hand.

Tears were in his eyes, as he thought of the anxious mother, pausing, perhaps, amid her prayers, to listen for the long-expected footsteps of her son, who would never more return.

In the lock of hair, even more than in the sacred volume, religion was revealed to the dying young man; and I saw him lift the tress, again and again, to his lips, as his eyes looked dimly across the misty sea that bounds the shores of life and death; as if he saw his mother reaching out to him with the arms that had nursed him in his infancy, to die, alas! fighting against his country and her counsels whose memory lived latest in his departing soul.

The letters found on their dead soldiers turn our ideas into another channel. They are from fathers, sisters, and wives—mostly from the latter. The wife writes about home; she sends cakes, pies, and clothing; almost every one so many twists of tobacco; one sends apples—the largest one is from the wife, the next in size from the oldest child, and so on to the youngest one. Some tell how the work goes on; that Jo and Tom (slaves) are drawing rails, or grubbing, but it has rained so much they could do little. They have got so many pounds of sugar from Memphis, or they are using rye instead of coffee, and they like it just as well. One wants shoes for Andy, and she sends the measure. I have it before me now. Alas, for Andy's shoes; and the pair he sent her fit her, and she thanks him for them. One wants her husband to take care of his health, and to keep himself well-supplied with good, warm socks. They relate the news of neighborhoods, and there are some scandalous stories. Such writers, I dare say, lead laughing lives. They seldom speak of the war or its cause; they seem wholly taken up with domestic cares. Several mention danger in connection with Cumberland Gap; and that troops are hurried thither. A father writing to his son speaks of the union men as "cowardly scamps." Every wife shows that she loves her husband; she prays for him; but all fear, all are in distress, and lie awake nights thinking of them. A fear of something dreadful, as likely to happen runs through all their letters, whether written by men or women. They are plainly written; the spelling is not often good, but there is no mistaking the fact that they are warm with affection—that they have human feelings.

"Show that you have human feelings
'Ere you proudly question ours,"

exclaims the African captive. They have shown it.

These letters are addressed to those now dead. Ten thousand other men, to whom similar letters have been addressed, are carried away captive. It may be long before their families will learn whether those they love so well are prisoners in a cold, northern clime, or whether they lie in the cold, undistinguished grave. Many will die before peace returns. What agonizing hearts, what hopes long-delayed, will be found through the length and breadth of Middle Tennessee! O Heavens! these are they who have separated families without a sigh—who have sold children, some of them of their own blood, to go to the plains of Texas, fathers to the rice swamps of the Carolinas, and mothers to the cotton fields of Mississippi and Alabama.

The surrender was unexpected to our army, who were prepared, on Sunday morning, to storm the works along the whole line, and carry them at the point of the bayonet, though with the prospect of a heavy loss.

A Cincinnati colonel, a room-mate of Jefferson Davis, at West Point, gives some items.

Sunday morning, we were ordered to advance in the trenches of the enemy. I well understood the danger of the position. The men fell into ranks with cheerfulness. We marched to the top of the hill, and took position behind the embankments of the enemy. The rebels had retreated a short distance, along the ridge, to another position. While thus standing, a messenger came with a request not to fire, as they were about to surrender. To test their truth, I sent the color company, Capt. B. Wright, with the stars and the eagle (our two standards,) forward. They were allowed to proceed, and then our banners announced to all in sight that the contest was over. The enemy had surrendered, and I thanked God with deep emotion that we had thus been spared. Soon the regiments began to pour up the hill from every ravine, and, when we entered, we found large bodies of simply clad and ununiformed men, with stacked arms, in surrender. From the entire line, to the portion overlooked by the river, is about a mile and a half, and as the regiments were in sight of the river, with the gun-boats and the many steamers, cheer after cheer rose from the men in ranks who stood around.

While standing there a new cry was heard—a carrier came along crying, "Cincinnati Commercial, Gazette, and Times," and, as I sat upon my horse, I bought them and read the news from home, and this, too, within an hour after the fort had surrendered.

The enemy soon vacated their quarters, and our weary troops, after four days' hard work, were allowed the shelter of the huts our enemies occupied, and had shelter, fire, and food. Many of the prisoners, as I rode among them, appeared glad to have the matter ended; but seemed to think they ought to be allowed to go home forthwith. Officers seemed to think they should be allowed side arms, horses, servants; at any rate, we ought to allow servants to go home.

Many of our officers—another writes—have discovered in the secession captives old friends and school companions in years gone by. A federal lieutenant has found his brother in the captain of a Tennessee company, who has resided in Nashville for many years, and married a Mississippi widow. Truly is this, in more than one sense, a fraternal strife.

Gen. Ulysses S. Grant, the commander of the union forces, was forty years old at this time. He was born in Clermont county, Ohio, educated at West Point, served in the Mexican war, and was three times breveted there for gallant conduct. In 1854 he entered civil life. He went into the volunteer service from Illinois. When Buckner opened a correspondence, prior to the surrender of Donelson, he proposed an armistice of six hours, to give time to agree upon terms for capitulation. Grant refused any other "than an unconditional and immediate surrender," ending his laconic note with the words—"I propose to move immediately upon your works." This terse sentence, so crisp, sharp and resolute, was telegraphed through the land with unbounded approval, and at once took its place in history, as one of those few immortal lines that will never die.

Gen. Charles F. Smith gained great *eclat* by the splendid manner in which he led the storming party into the works of the enemy. Apparently indifferent to the storm of bullets which rained about him, he went ahead of his troops on horse-

back, and bareheaded, with his hat raised above him on the point of his sword. Such a fearless example, inspired his men with an irresistible energy, before which the enemy fled appalled. Gen. Smith was an old army officer who had seen much service. He was the son of an eminent physician of Pennsylvania, and graduated at West Point in 1825. While in command of the union troops at Paducah, like most prominent officers of the time, he fell under the ban of anonymous newspaper correspondents, who even accused him of sympathizing with the rebellion. He died shortly after the fall of Donelson.

The rejoicings over the fall of Donelson were unprecedented. It seemed, to use the then coined phrase, as if "the back bone of the rebellion" had been broken. A Cincinnati paper but expresses herein the prevailing sentiment of the country at that time.

The news which we publish to-day will cause every loyal heart in the nation to thrill with joy. That the rebellion has been broken, and that it must now rapidly run out, is not to be doubted for a moment. The loss of Bowling Green, Fort Donelson and Fort Henry, destroys the last vestige of strength that the rebels had in guarding the seceded states against a powerful invading army that will be sufficient to sweep to the Gulf, carrying before it, as a roaring hurricane, every obstacle that may impede its path. *At fort Donelson was fought the decisive battle of the war.* The blood shed there, and the victory, so nobly and so gloriously won, sealed the fate of the rebellion, and virtually re-cemented the apparently parted fragments of the union.

Hurras resounded through the streets of the cities, as the tidings of the great victory were flashed over the wires.

People collected in joyous knots, half strangers, shook hands, and a general ebullition of good feeling went all around. Among the funny incidents that occurred, was one in the rear of a store where an old merchant was reading to a friend beside him, an extra, with the glad tidings:

"*Fort Donelson surrendered—Generals Floyd, Pillow, Buckner and Johnson, and 15,000 prisoners taken!*"—In bounded an excited individual, with hat in hand, which he at first sight shied at the head of his friend. The hat missed the head and broke the window. "Oh, excuse me," he cried, "I'll get another pane put in right off." The old merchant jumped from his chair, yelled—"never mind, never mind! *Break another—break 'em all!*" And then they all shook hands around, and crowed over the great news.

The *rebel lamentations* upon this event were bitter. They consoled themselves with the statement, that they fought with desperate valor against tremendous odds.

Day after day—said the Richmond Dispatch—the multitudinous hosts of invaders, were driven back past their own camps, until our glorious Spartan band, from sheer exhaustion, became crushed by a new avalanche of reinforcements, and suffer one of those misfortunes which are common to war.

If these bloody barbarians, whose hands are now soaked to the elbows in the life blood of men defending their own homes and firesides, dream that they are now one inch nearer the subjugation of the South than when they started on their infernal mission, they prove themselves to be fools and madmen, as well as savages and murderers.

They have placed between them and us a gulf that can never be crossed by their arts or arms, and a universal determination to die, if die we must, for our country, but never permit her to be subjugated by the most malignant, the most murderous, the meanest of mankind, whose name is, at this very moment, such a by-word of scorn and reproach throughout Europe, for their combined cruelty and cowardice, that their own ambassadors can not stand the scorn of the world's contempt, and are all anxious to fly back to the United States.

EVACUATION OF BOWLING GREEN AND COLUMBUS.

Bowling Green and Columbus, like many points in this war, for awhile were prominent centers of attraction, under the expectation of their becoming the scenes of decisive events. They will be barely

noticed in history, while many others, then unknown, have become invested with a permanent interest.

On the 17th of September, 1861, Gen. Buckner seized Bowlinggreen with his rebel forces, and threatened to be in Louisville within a week, and to make his winter quarters in Cincinnati. The rebels remained five months, having at times a large force. Gen. Algernon Sidney Johnson was placed in supreme command. It was regarded as the Western Manassas, having been strongly fortified. After the fall of Fort Henry, they saw it was in immediate danger of becoming untenable, and they prepared to evacuate. Gen. Buell, with his army on the north of Green River, at the same time made ready to march upon



PUBLIC SQUARE BOWLING GREEN,
Showing the portion of the town burnt by the rebels.

it. On the 14th of February, the last train of cars were just getting under way, when Gen. Mitchell, escorted by Kennett's cavalry, heading the advance division of Buell's army, arrived on the banks of the Big Barren, opposite the town, and hurried their departure by a few rounds from Loomis' battery. They had made a narrow escape, through the unexpected early arrival of the dashing Mitchell. They set fire to the railroad depot, and to other buildings, containing a large amount of army stores, and moved off by these huge bonfires of their own kindling. When our forces reached the town it was a scene of desolation. Nearly all the inhabitants had disappeared; the secessionists from fear of the union army, the union people from the unpleasant exhibition of energy Capt. Loomis had given in throwing his shells among them. Many marks remained of rebel occupation: among these were the graves of nearly 1500 of these deluded people. From here, Mitchell immediately moved on to Nashville—the rebels still in flight. The evacuation of Columbus, on the Mississippi, which took place about two weeks later, cleared Kentucky of rebel troops, until the period of the guerrilla raids, under Morgan, in the ensuing summer.

The last of summer and early autumn of 1862 were exciting times in Kentucky. Morgan, the guerrilla, was active and dashing. He reported that, in 24 days he had traveled 1,000 miles, captured 17 towns, destroyed large amounts of government stores, dispersed 1,500 home guards, and paroled nearly 1,000 regular troops, and lost but 90 men.

The great event of the season was the invasion of the state by Generals Bragg and Kirby Smith. After the battle of Shiloh, the main rebel army under Bragg occupied the region about Chattanooga, and heavy rebel forces under Kirby Smith the country further north, in the

vicinity of Knoxville. Gen. Buell with the union army was in camp further west, on, and near the north line of Alabama. About midsummer, rumors of a rebel invasion of the state were rife; boasts of the capture of Louisville and Cincinnati were common among the rebel sympathizers. Suddenly Bragg and Smith started on their march northward. Buell also broke up camp, and the two armies entered on their long race across two states for the Ohio.

Battle of Richmond.—Toward the last of August, Kirby Smith first entered the state, and on the southeast, and with about 15,000 men—veteran soldiers. General Manson, ignorant of the superiority of the enemy, with only about 7,000 troops, undertook to give them battle. His men were new levies and undisciplined. Early on Friday, August 29, news came to Richmond that Colonel Metcalfe's Kentucky cavalry had fallen back from Big Hill, before a superior force. In the afternoon, General Manson advanced and skirmished. The rebels showed only a small part of their force; and, as a ruse, allowed the union troops to capture a piece of artillery.

Saturday's sun rose clear and bright: as the day wore on, the heat became intense, the thermometer, at noon, standing at 95 degrees in the shade. At 6 o'clock, General Manson formed his troops, mostly from Indiana, in line of battle half a mile beyond Rogersville. This is a hamlet on the Lexington turnpike, four miles south of Richmond.

The rebels formed theirs in an arc of a circle with a flanking regiment at each end, so as to bring our men between a cross fire, which no troops could stand. The details are given by an eye witness:

General Manson, unable to resist, sent to General Cruft for reinforcements. The 66th Indiana, 18th Kentucky, and 95th Ohio were ordered out, together with six field pieces belonging to Andrews' Michigan battery. The men were all eager for battle, and only grumbled for not being called out sooner.

It was now eight o'clock. The cannon roared with terrific fierceness and rapidity, on both sides, and the contest seemed hard to determine. We had two guns—the enemy eleven. Neither line wavered a particle, or evinced any signs either of victory or defeat. The most experienced of military men could not tell how the battle was going up to nine o'clock. It was not until a few deadly volleys of musketry were exchanged, that the experience and discipline of the rebel troops began to turn the fortunes of the day in their favor. The 69th Indiana, on the extreme right of our lines, replied with effect to a sharp fire from the confederate infantry; the 16th, on the left, did the same, while the artillery still roared on the center of both lines. The 95th Ohio, on its arrival, was sent to the support of the extreme right, which seemed to waver a little under the leaden hail. Col. McMillan and his men went fearlessly forward, and made a noble stand. Shortly after this, the 95th Ohio was ordered to the left to charge a battery. And here, let me ask, when, in the history of warfare, was a regiment called upon to perform such a feat two weeks after its equipment? But the undisciplined Ohioans stood up to the work, and bravely rushed where veterans might hesitate to go. But their courage and determination were more than matched by the skill and experience of their opponents, and, amid one of the most terrible fires, the ranks of the 95th were broken.

At ten o'clock, A. M., our right and left flanks, which had been very poorly protected, began to give way. The rebels were gradually encroaching upon us on both sides, and we must either fall back or be surrounded. Six thousand raw troops, after two hours' fighting, and with the consciousness of approaching defeat before them, to fall back in order! The thing is impossible.

The order to fall back was followed by a panic and stampede, and victory perched itself upon the rebel banner. Our men broke in wild disorder, amid the loud cheers of the victors. The rebels followed our men into the fields and up the

road, firing upon them from every possible point. I believe they killed a greater number in one single cornfield than fell during the engagement of three hours in the line of battle.

During all of the first engagement on Saturday, about five hundred cavalry belonging to Col. Metcalfe's, Col. Jacobs', and Col. Mundy's regiments, stood, drawn up in line, about half a mile in the rear of Rogersville, and one mile from the battle-ground, and rendered very efficient service in collecting the scattering ranks. The sight had become sorrowful. Many officers implored their men, and with tears in their eyes, to rally, crying out, "For God's sake, men! don't run off this way. Rally, men, rally."

Just as the stampede was at its height, the 12th Indiana, which had been held back as a reserve, came up the road, on the double-quick, with flying colors. The effect was admirable. The scene infused vigor into many desponding hearts, and caused hundreds of men to halt on their affrighted retreat. The 12th formed the nucleus around which the greater part of the fleeing army rallied for a second stand. The stars and stripes never looked more beautiful than upon the unsullied banner of Indiana's sons, as it waved a signal for another great effort to beat back the foes to liberty and union. The colors of the 12th were the only ones I could see upon the second battle-ground. c

But, now for a second stand of 6,000 citizens against 18,000 soldiers.

The ground selected by our men for this second stand, was about a mile from the first battle-ground. It was not the best position in the immediate neighborhood, but happening to be the point at which the scattered troops were rallied, it was chosen in preference to attempting another change and risking another stampede.

Every field officer on the ground used his best exertions to encourage the troops, implored them to stand, and not run away, in wild disorder, to be pursued and shot down. The effect, for awhile, seemed excellent. The men stood unflinchingly up to the galling fire of an overwhelming force.

The rebel artillery was reinforced for the second fight, and it seemed to be their determination to annihilate our army rather than to capture it. With fifteen pieces, they kept a continuous fire of grape, shell, and solid shot upon our reduced ranks. Our undrilled Indianians and Ohioans kept their lines unbroken. At the expiration of half an hour, the firing ceased on both sides for nearly ten minutes—from what cause I did not learn. Then commenced a musketry fire, which proved too much for our inexperienced men. It lasted for about five minutes, and ended in a second stampede. Our troops, while they stood, loaded and fired with worderful rapidity, considering their late initiation into an art which their antagonists had been practicing for a year and a half. While they fired as often as the rebels, I do not believe they did half as much execution as was done to them. Unused to taking steady aim at objects like those now before them, many of them became too much excited and too nervous for marksmanship, and discharged their guns at an angle of forty-five degrees—sending the bullets harmlessly over the heads of their opponents. The rebels took deliberate aim, fired low, and with telling effect.

The second stampede was commenced and made. It was worse than the first. The rebels, again victorious, and frantic with enthusiasm over their second triumph, separated into squads and pursued the flying host, with terrible effect. Yet, Generals Cruft and Manson determined to make a third effort to repel the enemy.

Consider the number of our forces in the morning, the fact that they had been panic-stricken twice, and that they had already lost upward of 800 men in killed and wounded, and it will be apparent that the remnant was not large enough to make a formidable stand.

But Gen. Nelson had arrived from Lexington, and was determined that the day should not be lost so early. He directed all the movements, and the result of the engagement showed the master-hand. Under his management, 3,000 federal troops did more execution in a space of time not much greater than is frequently occupied in a skirmish, than 6,000 had done in two battles of several hours' du.

ration. And amid all the danger and exposure, none was more exposed than he. He rode along the lines, giving words of encouragement to his men, while the bullets flew thicker than at any other time during the day, and he was a conspicuous mark at which shots were fired. "Keep it up men—the rebels are running. That's it. Let them have it. Fire low. Take good aim. We'll whip them yet," and similar expressions he used to make a victory, already certain, as dearly bought as possible for the enemy. He frequently said, "Reinforcements will be here right away"—and, of course, it is not for me to say that they were not on the road, though, I must say, they never came. The rebels had, evidently, resolved on finishing the work this time. They were reinforced and fought with desperation. They used but little artillery, relying, principally, upon their "unerring rifles."

I should have mentioned before now that the ground selected for the third stand was a slight elevation, about three quarters of a mile from town, and included the Richmond cemetery, whose beautiful obelisks now bear many marks of the bloody struggle. In that little city of the dead no less than seventy-five rebels fell in half an hour. They had sought refuge behind the marble, the more effectually to destroy our men and insure their own safety. Gen. Nelson discovered them, and maneuvered his troops so as to bring them under a cross-fire, which made terrible havoc among them.

This was a hotly-contested engagement, though of short duration, and one in which our men, though outnumbered, punished the enemy very severely. Had all the fighting of the day been proportionately favorable to our side, the sun would not have set upon a vanquished federal army. The union loss in this engagement was estimated at 3,000, of whom 2,000 were taken prisoners and immediately paroled.

Two days after Lexington surrendered to Kirby Smith, and on the 3d of September, Frankfort was taken. The archives and public property were removed to Louisville, where the legislature was convened. Gov. Robinson called upon every loyal citizen to rally to the defense of the state. All the able bodied citizens of Louisville were at once ordered to enroll themselves for the defense of the city. Cincinnati, Covington and Newport became excited at the approach of the enemy. Gen. Lewis Wallace assumed command; declared martial law in the three cities, and summoned the citizens for defense. The advance guard of the enemy, on the 7th, came within five miles of Cincinnati, and on the same week Maysville was entered by them.

At this time, both the armies of Bragg and Buell were entering the state, the latter having passed through Nashville on the 5th. On the 14th an advance brigade, under Gen. Chalmers, of the rebel "Army of the Mississippi," as Bragg's army was then called, reached Munfordsville.

Battle of Munfordsville.—At this place were some of the works erected to defend the Louisville and Nashville railroad bridge across Green River. The garrison consisted of 2200 men, under Col. John T. Wilder, of the 17th Indiana. On Sunday morning, the 14th, Chalmers, with one Alabama and four Mississippi regiments, attempted to carry these works by storm. Wilder reserved his fire until their first line came within about thirty yards, when he said in his official report: "I directed the men to fire and a very avalanche of death swept through the ranks, causing them first to stagger, and then run in disorder to the wood in the rear, having left all their field officers on the ground, either killed or mortally wounded." The second line also came up in the same admirable manner. Says Col. Wilder: "They were literally murdered by our terrible fire. Major Abbot sprang upon the parapet, bareheaded, with his hat in one hand and his drawn saber in the other, urging his men to stand to the work, until he was shot dead under the flag he so nobly defended. A braver man never fell. The flag had

146 bullet holes through it." From this repulse the enemy never recovered; but, at the end of two hours, sent in a flag of truce, with a demand for an unconditional surrender, to avoid further bloodshed. Wilder thank him for his compliments, and told him if he wished to avoid further bloodshed just to keep out of the range of his guns. This Chalmers was careful to do, for he had already lost nearly 1000 men in killed and wounded.

On Tuesday, Bragg, with his main army, surrounded the works and sent in a flag of truce with a statement of the facts, and requiring a surrender. This Wilder consented to do if Bragg would allow him to verify his statements by personal observation. To this singular proposition Bragg agreed, and Wilder rode around the enemy's line, counting 45 cannon in position, supported by 25,000 men. The next morning he surrendered, marching out with the honors of war.

The enemy hastily crossed his entire army here, destroyed the railroad bridge, placed a strong rear guard on the bluffs, to oppose the crossing of Gen. Buell, advancing from Bowlinggreen. The next day Buell's cavalry drove off the rear guard, and the army of Gen. Buell hastily crossed, in rapid but fruitless pursuit.

While Cincinnati was put in defense, under General Wallace, Louisville was placed in command of General Nelson, who had arrived from the unfortunate field of Richmond. He erected new fortifications, and gave life and energy to the army of hastily collected raw troops, numbering some 30000 men. He found that Gen. Bragg was pushing forward rapidly, and it seemed as if a desperate effort was to be made by Kirby Smith and Bragg to unite their forces and take Louisville, ere Buell could arrive to oppose them. In such an event he prepared to evacuate it, cross to the Indiana shore, and shell the city from that side. For this purpose he erected batteries at Jeffersonville, threw pontoon bridges across the Ohio, sent over government stores, and on the 22d of September issued the startling order: "*The women and children of this city will prepare to leave the city without delay.*"

The excitement which followed can scarcely be described. Instead of only preparing to leave, multitudes at once left; men, women and children, carrying their most precious goods with them, poured in an unbroken stream across the pontoons; and the stampede, at one time, threatened to become a panic. Thousands unable to obtain a shelter in Jeffersonville and New Albany, were compelled to live for several days in the neighboring woods and fields, until the arrival of Buell's army.

The causes of Gen. Bragg's failure to reach Louisville have thus been given:

At Munfordsville, on the 16th of September, Bragg was immediately in front of Buell, and by the action of his rear guard he was enabled to hold Buell's cavalry in check until the rebel advance was two days nearer Louisville than the union forces. Arriving with his cavalry at Elizabethtown, and his infantry at the point of convergence of the roads to that place and Hodgenville, Bragg hesitated which to take. The direct road to Louisville lay through Elizabethtown, and crossed Salt River at its mouth. Bragg argued that there was danger if he moved by this short line, that the opposition of Nelson to his crossing at Salt River, would enable Buell to come upon his rear, when a battle of unfortunate issue would leave the rebel army without a proper line of retreat. He consequently chose the longest route, by way of Bardstown, and moving with great haste to that point, deployed upon the various approaches to Louisville, and began a systematic advance from Bardstown, Taylorsville and Shelbyville. September 22d. In the meantime, Buell, reaching the turning off point of Bragg, at once chose the short line to Louisville, by the mouth of Salt River. The advance of his weary troops, under Crittenden, reached the mouth of Salt River at dusk, Sep-

tember 24th, when urgent calls came from Nelson to push on. The army was put in motion again, and by a forced march of twenty miles, it reached the city by daylight the next morning. The city was saved. Bragg was foiled, compelled to retire on Bardstown, and his great invasion thus proving a failure, he was forced to assume the defensive, and soon after began to retire.

Buell's army remained in the city a few days, and that of Nelson consolidated with it. Nelson was given the command of the center corps, but did not live to control it in the field, for he was killed at the Galt House, on the 29th instant, by a pistol shot, fired by Gen. Jefferson C. Davis, an officer under him, whom he had brutally insulted. To an overbearing disposition, Gen. Nelson united many excellent qualities. His loyalty was a passion, his bravery unsurpassed, and woe to any who attempted infringements upon the rights of his soldiers. His person was gigantic, and the Niagara of oaths with which he enforced his orders, were more feared than rebel bullets. His influence was great in saving Kentucky when she was vibrating in the scale of loyalty. His great fault was atoned for by his sudden death; but his memory will be held in honor, for his eminent services and intense patriotism. In accordance with his dying wish his remains were placed in Camp Dick Robinson, of which he was the founder.

BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE, OR CHAPLIN HILLS.

The pursuit of Bragg by the grand army of Gen. Buell began on the 1st of October, when in heavy imposing columns it marched out of Louisville.

At this time, the main body of Bragg's rebel army, composed of about 40,000 men, with some 70 pieces of artillery, was encamped in the vicinity of Bardstown. Kirby Smith had 15,000 men, at Lexington, Frankfort, and neighborhood. At Georgetown, Humphrey Marshall had 4000 men, and John Morgan and Scott had each a body of cavalry, roaming at will through central Kentucky. The aggregate strength of the enemy was hardly 60,000, inclusive of 5000 cavalry and 90 pieces of artillery.

Buell moved from Louisville, with three corps, 1st, McCook's; 2d, Crittenden's; 3d, Gilbert's. Beside the nine divisions of these three corps, he had a tenth—an independent division—that of Dumont. His entire force was nearly 80,000 strong, including about 7000 cavalry and 170 pieces of artillery. The probabilities of success were flattering. His forces were concentrated and superior; those of the enemy scattered and deficient in artillery. Many of Buell's regiments were, however, new levies.

Soon after leaving Louisville, slight skirmishing began with the enemy. On Tuesday, the 7th, it was apparent the rebels were in great force about Perryville, a hamlet some eight miles southwest of Harrodsburg. Buell designed to give them battle there the next day, with nearly his entire force. On Wednesday morning, the 8th, Bragg had three of his six divisions, half of his entire army, in line of battle, but mostly secreted from view. Buell, not being quite ready, postponed his design of bringing on a general engagement, not dreaming the enemy would attack. The latter, however, did attack; and so unfortunate was the management on the part of the union general, that the battle was fought on our side by two divisions of McCook's corps, Jackson's and Rousseau's, and Gooding's brigade. These were largely

new troops, never before in action. Gen. McCook says in his report: "Rousseau had present on the field 7000 men; Jackson, 5500. The brigade of Gooding amounted to about 1500. The battle was principally fought by Rousseau's division."

The Battle.—The battle began at 2 o'clock in the afternoon, by a fierce onset upon McCook's entire line. His two divisions were in five brigades, and stationed about as in the diagram.

Starkweather.

Terrell.

Harris.

Lytle.

Webster.

Six batteries were distributed at suitable points along the line. Gilbert's entire army corps was too in line most of the day, to the right of McCook's, his extreme left being a short distance only from Lytle's brigade. Crittenden's corps was farther to the right, resting on Gilbert. The outlines of the battle have thus been drawn:

The left and left center, under Starkweather and Terrell, first experienced a most desperate assault by a largely superior force of the enemy, manifestly bent upon carrying this all-important position, and turning our line. Gen. Jackson was with Terrell's brigade. He fell at the first fire of the rebels, and, under the tremendous volleys now poured upon Terrell's new regiments, they gave way in a few moments in the utmost confusion, and were driven pell mell from the field, leaving seven guns of a battery of eight in the hands of the enemy. Thus, in the first half-hour of the battle, one fifth of the union force engaged was virtually placed *hors du combat*, and a portion of its line broken.

This misfortune, together with the vigor of the attack and great numerical superiority of the enemy—the latter, so uniformly magnified by our generals, was, for the first time, really almost three to one—seemed to bode a speedy termination of the struggle disastrous to our troops. But happily, the stubborn gallantry of Rousseau's old troops was equal to the emergency, and eventually secured the day.

The heavy rebel line that had fallen upon and broken and scattered Terrell's brigade, immediately followed up its advantage by a succession of most determined advances upon the extreme left under Starkweather. He had only three regiments of infantry, but two splendid batteries, and with this small, though dauntless force, he repulsed attack after attack of the enemy, and maintained his position during two hours, until after his ammunition was exhausted, when he fell back under orders for several hundred yards without losing any guns. After refilling their cartridge-boxes his men resumed the contest with the enemy that had followed them, and continued it without yielding another inch until dark.

Harris' brigade, on the right center, fought with equal bravery and steadfastness. It likewise stemmed the onsets of an outnumbering enemy for several hours. After exhausting their supplies of cartridges, the men secured and fired with those of their dead and wounded comrades, and even after these were expended they did not fall back, but held their ground for some time under a heavy fire, to which they could not return a single shot, until orders reached them to retire to a position that brought them again on a line with Starkweather, whose withdrawal had preceded theirs. In this second position this brigade continued fighting until the end of the combat.

Lytle's brigade, on the extreme right, was assailed not as early as the left, but with equal violence, by superior numbers. It resisted successfully several attacks, and maintained its ground until about 4 o'clock, "when a new column of the enemy," to quote from the report of Gen. Rousseau, "moved around to its right, concealed by the undulations of the ground, turned its right flank and fell upon its right and rear, and drove it, and forced it to retire."

Gen. McCook arrived on the ground at this moment, and forthwith ordered Webster's brigade to move from the rear of the center to the support of Lytle. In carrying out this order, Col. Webster was mortally wounded as soon as he got under fire. His new regiment got into disorder after his fall, and proved of hardly any avail to the right.

Though terribly cut up, and somewhat in confusion, the brigade was reformed, after extricating itself from the enemy, some hundred yards from its first position. It was hardly once more in line, when the same body that compelled it to retire again moved upon its right. It was permitted to approach to close range, and then opened upon by the battery and infantry of the brigade. But, although fearful havoc was made upon its ranks by grape, cannister and musketry, it kept steadily moving on. At this critical moment, the long-expected reinforcements, consisting of Gooding's brigade of Mitchell's division, with a battery, arrived near Lytle's brigade, and immediately took its place. The fresh troops moved to meet the advancing enemy without delay, and after a short, but severe struggle, involving a loss of one third their number, drove the rebels back. This was just before dark, and terminated the battle. While Gooding's brigade was driving the enemy, Gen. Steadman's brigade of Gen. Schoepf's division appeared on the ground, and was put in position by Gen. McCook. It was, however too late to be of any service, firing having ceased on both sides before it was fairly formed.

Gen. McCook's two divisions had really fought the battle of the day. The divisions of Generals Mitchell and Sheridan, of Gilbert's corps, however, also bore a part, though a minor one, in it.

Simultaneously with the first attack upon McCook's line, at 2 o'clock p. m., strong columns of the enemy appeared both on the right of Mitchell, in front of Sheridan, with the apparent intention to attack. Gen. Mitchell immediately advanced a line of skirmishers from Carlin's brigade on his right, upon which movement the enemy at once fell back under cover. Gen. Sheridan thought himself so seriously threatened that he sent a message to Gen. Mitchell, stating that he needed re-inforcements. In response, Mitchell ordered Carlin's brigade to advance upon Sheridan's right. Sheridan then advanced upon the force in front of him, and after a slight contest caused it to retire. Carlin moved forward at the same time, and with commendable ardor charged upon the enemy, made them yield in confusion, and followed them nearly two miles to the very town of Perryville, its advance capturing an ammunition train of fifteen wagons, two caissons, and 3 officers and 138 privates. Finding the enemy was occupying the town with a force of infantry and artillery superior to his own, Carlin fell back to a strong position, on the west side of the town, where he kept up an artillery fight until dark.

Gen. Sheridan was no more seriously troubled after the mentioned brief affair between 2 and 3 o'clock. Later in the afternoon he fell back, in obedience to orders from Gen. Gilbert, some distance to the rear, and went into bivouac.

The causes of the disastrous issue of this battle were ascribed to Generals Buell and Gilbert, as these facts show. At 3 o'clock, Capt. Horace W. Fisher, of McCook's staff, was dispatched by that officer to Gen. Gilbert with pressing demands for assistance. Gilbert refused, but referred him to Gen. Buell. That officer was two miles in the rear, and an hour was consumed in finding him. It was 4 o'clock when Fisher reported. And how did Buell respond? He stepped out of his tent, held his ear toward the scene of action, listened for a few moments, and then turning sharply to Captain Fisher, said: "Captain, you must be mistaken; I can not hear any sound of musketry; there can not be any pressing engagement?"

Captain Fisher returned without any orders for reinforcements. After awhile, a change of wind brought the sound of musketry to Buell, and he then sent orders to Gilbert, if McCook really wanted assistance to furnish it. Thus it happened that Gooding's brigade

reached McCook at the close of the battle, two hours after he had first appealed for help to Gilbert. Grievous as was this portion of the battle, it was not the worst. The writer from whom we have previously quoted, says:

As previously stated, Sheridan was not seriously troubled by the enemy after 3 o'clock, p. m. Both he and Mitchell were ready and anxious for a forward movement upon the enemy. There was further the whole of Gen. Schoepf's splendid division of old, battle-tried troops, lying directly behind them all day without firing a shot. All the officers of the three divisions chafed under the incomprehensible management that kept them bivouacking within short cannon-range of, and in full view of, the unequal struggle on their left. Gen. Sheridan sent word to Gen. Gilbert to "beware what he was doing;" Gen. Schoepf begged and entreated permission to advance, and when refused, fairly wept in the bitterness of his disappointment. But all was of no avail. The 3d corps remained idle spectators of the desperate straits to which their valiant, bleeding, partially-broken comrades under McCook were becoming gradually reduced. And yet its position was such — there was not an intelligent officer in the corps that did not see it — that an advance of its line for less than a mile would have brought it to the very rear of the enemy that had fallen upon McCook.

The logic of all of the above-mentioned facts allows no other than these legitimate conclusions:

1. The blame for the disastrous results of the battle is divided between Generals Buell and Gilbert.

2. The share of the former consists in his failure to provide for the contingency of an attack by the enemy, through the means of instructions to Generals Gilbert and McCook, as to how to operate in case of its occurrence, and first discrediting instead of acting promptly upon the urgent appeal for relief of General McCook.

3. That of General Gilbert is the largest, and is made up, before all, of his refusal of prompt assistance to General McCook, and reference of the subject to General Buell, by which over an hour's time, full of peril, was lost. But for the unflinching valor of McCook's old troops, this delay would have resulted in the annihilation of the whole left wing. Every consideration of duty imposed it on General Gilbert to respond at once to the earnest request of General McCook. It would be hard to find a counterpart to his course in the history of any war. The second shortcoming chargeable to him is his neglect to improve his open opportunity of turning the reverse of the day into victory, by lying, with 25,000 men, in waiting for an attack, instead of undertaking one himself, which would have not only relieved Gen. McCook, but resulted in the capture and destruction of his assailants.

The question will probably occur, why General Buell did not repair, himself, to the battle-field, instead of sending an aid, to ascertain the situation? He had met with a mishap of a peculiar character the day before, that had rendered him unable to mount a horse. In trying to ride down a straggler — a practice, one would think, rather incompatible with the dignity of a general-in-chief, but frequently indulged in by General Buell — his charger had become unmanageable and threw him.

The enemy had achieved a substantial success, though at no trifling cost of life and limb. They had killed and wounded 3,500, including three general officers, and taken prisoners, 400 of our soldiers; captured 11 pieces of artillery, and held the main part of the battle-field. There had been certain chances to secure a union triumph, instead of a humiliation. They had been missed; but it was still in the power of General Buell to make up for the loss sustained by making prompt use of time, means, and circumstances. Alas! this, too, was omitted, as the after events showed.

The total losses of both armies by this battle were not far from 8,000 men — the rebels losing the most. On the next morning, our army advanced, to find the enemy gone. Of their spoils, they had carried off only two guns, and their prisoners. "The astonishing au-

dacity of the rebels in venturing into the very fangs of our army with not one half of its numbers, had not involved him in any serious detriment." General Buell still acting upon the theory that the rebels designed to fight a battle for the permanent occupation of Kentucky, remained for three days in the vicinity of Perryville. "During all this time, his army was kept in constant line of battle, as though in expectation of an attack. The whole army was puzzled by this inexplicable inactivity. There was not a man in it, from generals down to privates, outside of Buell's headquarters, that did not fret under it." In the meanwhile, Bragg's army had leisurely marched northerly through Harrodsburg, thence easterly to Bryantsville, to enable Kirby Smith to join him—thus describing two sides of a triangle—while, if Buell had simply marched across the country, easterly, on the third side, he would readily have intercepted him. It was nearly a week before Buell got to Danville, only half a day's march from Perryville by the direct route. He arrived there, *via* Harrodsburg, on Tuesday. After reaching Danville something like a pursuit was attempted: it was too late. The week's delay of Buell had given Bragg ample leisure to move southward, out of reach, by the way of Crab Orchard and Mt. Vernon. He got out of the state safely, his trains loaded down with the riches of Central Kentucky. He took millions in value—cattle, mules, hogs, clothing, boots, shoes, etc.

Buell was soon after removed from command. A more unpopular officer never commanded American soldiers: and "it was not uncommon to hear him openly denounced as a traitor, by officers and men, from generals down to privates." Gilbert was also removed and heard of no more.

Buell was acquitted of blame for the management of the campaign by a court martial: and, to this day, in the judgment of some officers exalted in public confidence, stands second to none in military ability.

Evacuation of Cumberland Gap.—The invasion of Kentucky compelled the evacuation of Cumberland Gap, which important post was held by four brigades under Gen. Morgan, of Ohio. They left on the 17th of September, and, marching north, struck the Ohio at Greenupsburg, a distance of about 230 miles, in 15 days. The march was remarkable for its privations, many of the men becoming barefooted, and destitute of pantaloons. One of the officers gives some interesting items.

The division had been on half rations for some days, and left the Gap without subsistence. Along the entire route the men subsisted on green corn, gathered in the fields by the wayside. With their bayonets they picked holes in their tin plates, cups, and canteens, speedily converted them into graters, on which they ground, or grated, their corn. While on the march, each gun could be seen with its string of corn, and no sooner would the column halt, than the men would come down to their tedious and tiresome work of grating their corn into meal. Water was very scarce. All they found was in ponds, pools, and swamps, green and stagnated. All along the route, they were harassed by the enemy, who had blocked the road with fallen timber. At many points Capt. Patterson, of the engineer corps of sappers and miners, was compelled to construct a new road through the woods and over the mountains. With the aid of blocks and tackle, our boys removed the fallen trees nearly as fast as they were felled by the rebels. At one point, Capt. Patterson informs us, that while he was removing the timber, he could

hear the rebels chopping down the trees in the woods ahead of him. The roads being badly cut up, considerable time was occupied in fitting up and repairing, in order to admit the passage of teams and artillery. The rebel Morgan, who was constantly harassing our men with a large force of his guerrilla cavalry, was frequently misled by our movements. He would block up the road at important crossings, while our sappers and miners would speedily make a cut-off, thus avoiding the difficulty. The rebels were led to believe that we were moving on Mt. Sterling, and were surprised to find that our army had taken a different course.

No event of moment occurred in Kentucky after this during the war until

FOREST'S ATTACK ON PADUCAH.

Paducah, on the Ohio, at the mouth of the Tennessee, has suffered much from the rebellion. Upon the breaking out of the war, the secession mania took strong root in the minds of its citizens. When, in September, 1861, the union forces occupied it for the first time, the streets and houses were found decorated with rebel flags, in anticipation of the arrival of Polk's army.

When attacked by the rebel General Forrest, on the 25th of March, 1864, it was garrisoned by the following forces, under command of Col. S. G. Hicks, viz.: 311 men of the 16th Kentucky; 124 of the 122d Illinois, and 250 (colored) of the 1st Kentucky artillery—in all, 685. Forrest's force consisted of about 6,000 mounted men, with eight pieces of artillery. The details of the attack and gallant defense which was made are here given by a pen familiar with them.

Upon learning that an attack would be made, Col. Hicks notified the inhabitants of that fact by special order, so when the first attack was made but few were remaining in the city. Knowing the great numerical superiority of the enemy, Col. Hicks ordered his whole command to the fort, and awaited his appearance.

The gun-boats, Paw-paw and Peosta, which were anchored out in the river, weighed and moored toward the upper end of the wharf—the one to the mouth of the Tennessee, the other a little below. These boats have a light armament, and are known on the river as “tin-clads,” their plating being only sufficiently thick to resist the missiles of small arms, and perhaps grapeshot.

A little before one o'clock the enemy's advance came in sight, and in a moment afterward the main body appeared in the act of forming line—his right extending toward the Tennessee, and being nearest to town, while the left was partially concealed by timber at long cannon range. The men on either flank were mounted, while bodies of dismounted men, who at that distance seemed to be a little in advance of the others, appeared in occasional intervals in the line, which was little less than two miles long.

The enemy seemed to have entered on his campaign with an accurate knowledge of what was to be done, and was evidently posted as to the strength of our garrison. There was no delay in the advance. He pushed his line forward, rapidly and steadily, while, at the same time, a detachment from the right flank, several hundred strong, dashed into the now deserted city, and down Market-street, and the other streets back of it, until, coming within rifle range of the fort, they opened a galling fire from the houses.

It seems that Col. Hicks, prudently, did not strain his men at the commencement of the action, and although his fire was accurate, it was delivered slowly—the range being different at almost every discharge. The necessity he was under of turning some of his guns upon the town so slackened our fire that the enemy was enabled to make a charge upon the fort. But the movement was perceived and prepared for, and the first signs of an advance were greeted with a heavy and well-directed fire, which created some confusion. The rebels continued to advance, however, and a part of them, by veering to the right, threw themselves partially under cover of the uneven ground and the suburban buildings. On they

came, with loud cheers that sounded distinctly through the now increasing roar of battle, and which were defiantly answered by our men, who now, reeking with perspiration, plied their rammers with accelerated rapidity, and hurled destruction through the advancing lines. As soon as they came within good rifle range a terribly destructive fire was opened upon them, and men toppled, reeled, and fell to the ground by scores. Although the overwhelming force continued to close upon the fort, it was now evident that there was much disorder among them, and presently a portion of the line gave way, when the whole force broke in confusion and retreated precipitately, leaving the ground strewn with not less than 200 killed and wounded. The discomfited rebels were then re-formed upon their original line.

The houses near the fort were again occupied by sharpshooters, and the rebels moved rapidly up, with increased numbers, and, apparently, a full determination to succeed. They dashed forward from behind buildings, and such other objects as served to cover their advance, while the main column rushed upon the fort, despite the murderous fire that opposed them. But their efforts were futile. The indomitable "six hundred" had no idea of being overpowered, and amid the answering thunders from fort and gun-boats, and the unbroken rattle of small arms, the enemy was again repulsed and fled from the field, disordered and whipped. Not less than 500 men, dead or wounded, covered the field, within rifle range of the fort. A more gallant defense was never made. But the fighting did not cease with this repulse. The rebels swarmed thicker and thicker in the buildings, and an unintermitting storm of lead was poured from roofs and windows, notwithstanding the houses were being perforated by shot and shell from all our guns.

Every gun in the fort was now turned upon the town, while the gun-boats took an active part in sweeping the streets and shelling the houses. The enemy, finding that our force was not strong enough to risk leaving the works, did not reform his whole line again, but sent his men by detachments, several hundred strong, into the city, some to burn and pillage, and others to reinforce those who were yet firing upon the garrison. Now was the hardest trial our brave fellows had to bear. In spite of the shells that were sent crushing through the buildings, the sharpshooters, who, by this time, must have numbered nearly 1,000, held their positions, or else falling back for a few minutes again came forward, and delivered their fire.

It was now nearly night-fall. The battle had continued from ten o'clock to after five, and yet the fate of the day remained undecided. The heroic garrison, headed by their resolute commander, still stood unfalteringly to their posts, while the enemy, conscious of the strength of his overwhelming numbers, seemed loth, although signally repulsed, to yield to the fact of his undeniable defeat.

Four hours had passed, during three of which there was an almost unbroken roar of artillery and small arms. In the mean time, the rebels had occupied every part of the town. The headquarters and quartermaster's buildings, which were in the most compactly built part of the city, had been sacked and fired. The marine ways had also been fired, and the steamer *Dacotah*, which was on the stocks for repairs, was boarded, the crew robbed of every thing, and the boat burned. Almost every store in the place was broken open, and its contents damaged, destroyed, or carried off. Clothing, and especially boots and shoes, seem to have been chiefly sought for, although an exceedingly large quantity of all styles and qualities of dry goods, groceries, and provisions was carried off. Every horse that could be found was taken, and, in fact, nothing that could suit taste or convenience was overlooked.

As the sun began to sink, the slackened fire from the buildings told that our shelling had not been without effect, and the rebels could be seen from the fort, as they left the houses by hundreds, and moved back toward the upper end of the town, bearing their dead and wounded. Many, however, remained behind, and although the firing was now light it was continuous.

By this time, the ammunition in the fort was well nigh exhausted, and it is barely possible that if the enemy had again attempted to storm the works, the small garrison might have been overpowered by sheer stress of overwhelming

numbers. But his disastrous experience of that day deterred him, and his offensive operations were confined to sharp-shooting from the buildings. This was kept up until nearly midnight, when the firing ceased entirely, and the rebels left the town. Col. Hicks' announcement to the garrison that their ammunition had almost given out, but that they would defend themselves with the bayonet, was received with loud cheers, and showed a determination to fight to the last. That was an anxious night to the occupants of the fort. The knowledge that their means of defense would not, if attacked, last much longer, that the enemy was still within gun-shot of them with a force outnumbering them nearly ten to one, and that it was very probable that a night attack would be made, disinclined all to sleep, and the peremptory order of Col. Hicks that every man should remain broad awake and stand to his post, was scarcely necessary. So the night passed, every man awaiting expectantly the anticipated attack and determined to win or die.

Next morning, the enemy was found to be still in our front, but some hundred yards in rear of his original line of the day before. Every thing pointed to another attack, and another day of trial for our gallant garrison. In view of this, Col. Hicks sent out several detachments with orders to burn all the buildings which had been occupied by the enemy's sharpshooters, on the previous day, or that could afford them a similar protection in the event of an attack on this day. This order was promptly executed, and in less than fifteen minutes that part of the town below Broadway, and between Market-street and the river, together with many other buildings outside of these limits, were in flames. Many of the finest business houses and dwellings were thus destroyed, and none who has formerly been acquainted with this once beautiful city can help regretting the sad but imperative necessity that called for its partial destruction.

The next day the enemy withdrew fairly beaten.

The rebel Brigadier-general Thompson was shot through the head, while on his horse near the fort, during the fight. After falling to the ground, a shell struck him in the abdomen, and blew him to pieces. His spinal column was found several feet from his mangled body. Before the war, he was looked upon as one of the most accomplished gentlemen in Kentucky, and was one of the most distinguished lawyers of the day. He was for a long time prosecuting attorney of his district, and attained eminent popularity in that capacity.

The rebel loss was estimated at over 1,000; the union loss was less than 80.

MORGAN'S RAIDS.

During the progress of the war, quite a number of raids were made into Kentucky, under the celebrated John Morgan, a native of the state, born and bred near Lexington; most of these were for the sake of plunder, and were far from being successful. In nearly every engagement he was defeated, and generally failed to carry off the spoils he had collected. On the 18th of August, 1862, he made a dash into the city of Lexington, killing 6, and capturing 120 unionists. He was defeated by a body of union cavalry, inferior in numbers to his own, near Hardysville, in December of the same year. He captured the union garrison at Elizabethtown, consisting of 250 men, on the 28th of December, his own force being nearly 3000; and in a few days after, was repulsed in an attack upon New Haven, Kentucky. On the 19th of March, 1863, he captured a train on the Louisville and Nashville railroad, but while engaged in plundering, was dispersed by a detachment of union troops.

On the 5th of July, with 4000 cavalry, after a battle of seven hours, he compelled Col. Hanson, with 500 men, to surrender at Lebanon. On the 7th of July, he crossed the Ohio river with a large force, nearly

all of which was captured at different points in Ohio, among them Morgan himself; who afterward escaped from the penitentiary at Columbus.

Early in June, 1864, Morgan made another raid into Kentucky. One of his men, captured at Maysville, reported, that the force in Kentucky was immediately under the command of Gen. Morgan, Col. Alston and Col. Smith; that the rebel force was about 3000, a large portion of them dismounted cavalry. They entered the state at Pound Gap, preceded by a scouting party, under Everett, to pick up horses for their dismounted men; passed through Hazelgreen, Owingsville, and Flemingsburgh, and took Maysville without resistance, robbing its citizens of money and other valuables. The farms of union men were stripped of horses, while those of rebel citizens were protected. Everett left Maysville on June 8th for Mount Sterling. The ordnance train from Frankfort was attacked near Bagdad by a rebel force under Jenkins. Mr. Sparks, a union member of the Kentucky Legislature, was killed. Gen. Burbridge, who had been following the rebels since they left Pound Gap, came up with them on the 9th at Mount Sterling, and defeated them. A portion of Morgan's command entered Lexington at 2 o'clock, on the morning of the 10th, burned the Kentucky Central Railroad depot, robbed a number of stores, and left at 10 o'clock, in the direction of Georgetown and Frankfort.

On Friday, the 10th of June, Morgan, with 3000 rebels, attacked the 168th and 171st Ohio regiments, under Gen. Hobson, at Cynthiana, and after a severe fight, compelled Hodson to surrender, on condition that his men should be immediately exchanged. These troops from Ohio were all recruits, without military experience.

The early battle was scarcely over before secession citizens threw open their doors, and invited their rebel friends in to breakfast. Many of them were old acquaintances, and scores of fond greetings took place in the streets, not a few females running out and stopping their old friends on horseback, greeting them with smiles and laughter, although they came with the blood of their neighbors warm on their hands.

Morgan remained in Cynthiana Friday night, expecting Burbridge's forces, and exultant over the defeat of Hobson. His forces were drawn up in line of battle Friday night, crossing the Millersburg pike, a mile east of the town.

At 12 o'clock, Friday night, Gen. Burbridge moved his columns in the direction of Paris, and, taking some prisoners on the road, arrived there at daylight on Saturday. He rested all day, and heard of the fight with Hobson at Cynthiana. At midnight of Sunday, he started for Cynthiana, and arrived there just before daylight. The 37th Kentucky, under command of Major Tyler, were two miles in the advance, and discovered the rebel force one mile from town, in a line of battle over a mile long. They were posted behind stone walls, in houses, and along cross-fences. The 37th Kentucky advanced along the pike, deployed as skirmishers, and fought the enemy for three quarters of an hour. Gen. Burbridge came up during the skirmish, and deliberately formed his line of battle in the face of the enemy, about four hundred yards from their advance line, placing his two twelve-pounders on the pike. The infantry was posted on the right and left of the artillery, and the cavalry on the flanks, the 7th Ohio on the left, and the 9th Michigan on the right. The cavalry simultaneously flanked the rebels, and turned back their lines, the infantry in the center advancing steadily, and forcing back the rebel lines. The right gave way first; Col. Minor charging in three lines, under a heavy rebel fire, at short range, and relying on the saber. Col. Howard Smith quailed before their advance, and turning his horse, led his men in a panic to and through the town. In charging upon the rebel left, the 9th Michigan struck too far to the right, and cut through the rebel line, driving them to the river, but leaving a gap through which Morgan and a few hundred of his men escaped, following down the river, and taking the Augusta pike. The infantry pressed back the rebel center, and repulsed handsomely a cavalry charge. The artillery meanwhile was moved up the pike, within half a mile of town, and had hardly got in position when another cavalry charge was made upon it. But a sweeping fire of canister swept men and horses before it, and the rout already be-

gun, reached its climax. One by one at first the rebels fell back through town, crossed the river and followed the Williamstown pike. The whole line closed in on them, and they rushed tumultuously through the streets. Down the railroad, over fences, up the steep banks and through the bottoms, the rebels plunged headlong in their haste to escape. Hemmed in on the east side of the river, their line of escape was over the bridge west of town, which was filled with routed and panic-stricken horsemen. A general charge, by columns down the streets, was made by Gen. Burbridge's forces, and Morgan's command completely routed. The rebels, unable to cross by the bridge, pushed into the river, great numbers of whom were killed or drowned while crossing. Those who remained together, struck off to the west, and were followed for six miles out by the pursuing force, leaving their killed and wounded at every point. In the engagement, Morgan himself commanded at first, but soon left his men under Col. Howard Smith, and escaped.

Gen. Burbridge's success was complete. Two hundred and fifty prisoners were taken, and one hundred killed or drowned. The wounded were most of them so severely injured as to be unfitted for service forever, and many of them were mortally wounded. Their rebel friends concealed their number, making it difficult to obtain a reliable estimate. The losses in Gen. Burbridge's command were sixteen killed and mortally wounded, twenty-nine wounded, and none missing. One thousand two hundred horses were captured, and a large supply of ammunition, and one hundred prisoners retaken.

Sunday night, Gen. Burbridge and staff, with four companies of the 11th Michigan cavalry, rode all night and reached Georgetown by daylight. Col. Garrard's command, which was mounted on fresh horses, and Col. Hanson's brigade, continued the pursuit. Col. Garrard's brigade followed Morgan closely to Clack Mountain, near Morehead, when further pursuit would have been fruitless. The total number who escaped with Morgan, according to reliable estimates, did not exceed 700.

This was the last of the raids of the famous John Morgan. On Sunday, the 4th of the September ensuing, Gen. Gillam surprised Morgan and his band at Greenville, East Tennessee, capturing 86 prisoners and one gun. Morgan was killed, the details of his death are thus given, as published at the time.

Morgan was at the house of Mrs. Williams, in the town, and was so suddenly surprised that he rushed out only partly dressed. As he was passing through the garden, in the rear of the house, he was shot through the body, by Andrew G. Campbell, 13th Tennessee cavalry. This man had two grievances, aside from his desire to serve his country, which made him more anxious to kill the great horse-thief. When our forces retired from that section, Capt. Keenan, of Gen. Gillam's staff, was left at the house of a widow. When Morgan came up, he cursed the woman for receiving him into her house, and took the sick man and threw him into a rough road wagon, and said, "*Haul him off like a hog*;" and our men have not heard from him since. The other grievance was that Campbell had been conscripted, and had to serve in the rebel ranks some months before he could escape. After shooting Morgan, he took the body on his horse and carried it about one fourth of a mile, and pitching it to the ground, he observed to his officers, "*There he is, like a hog.*"

Campbell for this service was promoted to a lieutenancy. Two of Morgan's staff, Captains Withers and Clay, the latter a grandson of Henry Clay, were captured in the garden of Mrs. Williams, concealed in a hole in which potatoes had been buried.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
ILLINOIS.

The attitude of several of the states of the union has been determined by the conduct of a few noble men in the hour of trial. Where men of ability faltered or proved recreant, the people of that state became divided, and all the horrors of civil war were experienced, but, where they were loyal, the people united, and the war raged far from their borders. Had Kentucky, instead of a Magoffin, had a Morton, and Missouri a Yates, instead of a Jackson, how different might have the history of those states been: what horrors they might have escaped. Illinois was peculiarly fortunate in her public men at the outbreak of the rebellion. With them love of country overruled every other consideration.

DOUGLAS, the great statesman of the west, in the hour of the nation's peril, forgot the claims of party in his devotion to his country, and spoke words that thrilled and inspired the heart of the people. Her executive was prompt, far-sighted and untiring in labor for the welfare of the soldiers of Illinois.

It was his eye that discerned in a captain of infantry those high qualities which have made the name of GRANT illustrious. And from Illinois, too, came ABRAHAM LINCOLN, that PATIENT man, who, with singular calmness and wisdom, looking serenely aloft, bore the helm in the years of the people's great trouble.

As a mournful interest now gathers around the name of DOUGLAS, we give some of his last words—the noblest of his life. On the evening of the first of May, 1861, he reached Chicago from Washington, and there, to an immense concourse, made his last speech, which, it has been said, “should be engraved upon the tablet of every patriot heart.”

I will not conceal gratification at the uncontrovertible test this vast audience presents—that what political differences or party questions may have divided us, yet you all had a conviction that when the country should be in danger, my loyalty could be relied on. That the present danger is imminent, no man can conceal. If war must come—if the bayonet must be used to maintain the constitution—I can say before God my conscience is clean. I have struggled long for a peaceful

solution of the difficulty. I have not only tendered those states what was theirs of right, but I have gone to the very extreme of magnanimity.

The return we receive is war, armies marched upon our capital, obstructions and dangers to our navigation, letters of marque to invite pirates to prey upon our commerce, a concerted movement to blot out the United States of America from the map of the globe. The question is, are we to maintain the country of our fathers, or allow it to be stricken down by those who, when they can no longer govern, threaten to destroy?

What cause, what excuse do disunionists give us for breaking up the best government on which the sun of heaven ever shed its rays? They are dissatisfied with the result of a presidential election. Did they never get beaten before? Are we to resort to the sword when we get defeated at the ballot box? I understand it that the voice of the people expressed in the mode appointed by the constitution must command the obedience of every citizen. They assume, on the election of a particular candidate, that their rights are not safe in the union. What evidence do they present of this? I defy any man to show any act on which it is based. What act has been omitted to be done? I appeal to these assembled thousands that so far as the constitutional rights of the southern states, I will say the constitutional rights of slaveholders are concerned, nothing has been done and nothing omitted of which they can complain.

There has never been a time, from the day that Washington was inaugurated first president of these United States, when the rights of the southern states stood firmer under the laws of the land, than they do now; there never was a time when they had not as good a cause for disunion as they have to-day. What good cause have they now that has not existed under every administration? . . .

The slavery question is a mere excuse. The election of Lincoln is a mere pretext. The present secession movement is the result of an enormous conspiracy formed by leaders in the Southern Confederacy more than twelve months ago. . . .

But this is no time for a detail of causes. The conspiracy is now known. Armies have been raised. War is levied to accomplish it. There are only two sides to the question. Every man must be for the United States or against it. There can be no neutrals in this war, *only patriots—or traitors.*

Thank God, Illinois is not divided on this question. I know they expected to present an united south against a divided north. They hoped in the northern states, party questions would bring civil war between democrats and republicans, when the south would step in with her cohorts, aid one party to conquer the other, and then make an easy prey of the victors. Their scheme was carnage and civil war in the north.

There is but one way to defeat this. In Illinois it is being so defeated, by *closing up the ranks.* War will thus be prevented on our soil. While there was a hope of peace, I was ready for any reasonable sacrifice or compromise to maintain it. But when the question comes of war in the cotton-fields of the south or the corn-fields of Illinois, I say the farther off the better. . . .

The constitution and its guarantees are our birthright, and I am ready to enforce that inalienable right to the last extent. We can not recognize secession. Recognize it once, and you have not only dissolved government, but you have destroyed social order, upturned the foundations of society. You have inaugurated anarchy in its worst form, and will shortly experience all the horrors of the French revolution.

Then we have a solemn duty—to maintain the government. The greater our unanimity the speedier the day of peace. We have prejudices to overcome, from the few short months since of a fierce party contest. Yet these must be allayed. Let us lay aside all criminations and recriminations as to the origin of these difficulties. When we shall have again a country with the United States flag floating over it, and respected on every inch of American soil, it will then be time enough to ask who and what brought all this upon us.

I have said more than I intended to say. [Cries of "Go on."] It is a sad task to discuss questions so fearful as civil war; but, sad as it is, bloody and disastrous as I expect it will be, I express it as my conviction before God, that it is the duty of every American citizen to rally around the flag of his country.

I thank you again for this magnificent demonstration. By it, you show you have laid aside party strife. Illinois has a proud position. United, firm, determined never to permit the government to be destroyed.

A few days later, and Stephen A. Douglas had done with all mortal conflicts. His dying words was a last message to his absent sons—*"Tell them to obey the laws, and support the Constitution of the United States."*

Looking back over four years of war, in which ILLINOIS had borne so conspicuous a part, her governor gives the following satisfactory record.

As a state, notwithstanding the war, we have prospered beyond all former precedents. Notwithstanding nearly 200,000 of the most athletic and vigorous of our population have been withdrawn from the field of production, the area of land now under cultivation is greater than at any former period, and our prosperity is as complete and ample as though no tread of armies or beat of drum had been heard in all our borders.

Appreciating, before the first gun was fired at Sumter, the determination of treasonable political leaders to inaugurate rebellion, and, when war was actually made against the government, the great preparation made by them for revolt, and the magnitude of the struggle we would be compelled to pass through, I earnestly insisted upon and urged more extensive preparation for the prosecution of the war.

After the war had progressed a year, and the mild measures which were still persistently advocated by many friends of the administration, and with all the evidence, on the part of the rebels, for complete preparation and determination to wage a long and desperate war against the government, I sent the president the following dispatch:

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, SPRINGFIELD, ILL., July 11, 1862

President Lincoln, Washington, D. C.:

The crisis of the war and our national existence is upon us. The time has come for the adoption of more decisive measures. Greater vigor and earnestness must be infused into our military movements. Blows must be struck at the vital parts of the rebellion. The government should employ every available means compatible with the rules of warfare to subject the traitors. Summon to the standard of the republic all men willing to fight for the union. Let loyalty, and that alone, be the dividing line between the nation and its foes. Generals should not be permitted to fritter away the sinews of our brave men in guarding the property of traitors, and in driving back into their hands loyal blacks, who offer us their labor, and seek shelter beneath the federal flag. Shall we sit supinely by, and see the war sweep off the youth and strength of the land, and refuse aid from that class of men, who are at least worthy foes of traitors and the murderers of our government and of our children?

Our armies should be directed to forage on the enemy, and to cease paying traitors and their abettors exorbitant exactions for food needed by the sick and hungry soldier. Mild and conciliatory means have been tried in vain to recall the rebels to their allegiance. The conservative policy has utterly failed to reduce traitors to obedience, and to restore the supremacy of the laws. They have, by means of sweeping conscriptions, gathered in countless hordes, and threaten to beat back and overwhelm the armies of the union. With blood and treason in their hearts, they flaunt the black flag of rebellion in the face of the government, and threaten to butcher our brave and loyal armies with foreign bayonets. They arm negroes and merciless savages in their behalf.

Mr. Lincoln, the crisis demands greater and sterner measures. Proclaim anew the good old motto of the republic, "liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and accept the services of *all loyal men*, and it will be in your power to stamp armies out of the earth—irresistible armies that will bear our banners to certain victory.

In any event, Illinois, already alive with beat of drum, and resounding with the tramp of new recruits, will respond to your call. Adopt this policy, and she will leap like a flaming giant into the fight.

This policy, for the conduct of the war, will render foreign intervention impossible, and the arms of the republic invincible. It will bring the conflict to a speedy close, and secure peace on a permanent basis.

RICHARD YATES,
Governor of Illinois.

We have lost thousands of our best men, and whole regiments and batteries, in the conflicts of this fearful war; but we have not to deplore the decimation of the ranks of gallant regiments, led by timid and halting generals on fruitless and purposeless campaigns, prosecuted without skill or vigor, and with the deplorable *morale* of a fear to punish traitors not actually in arms, and the employment of the best strength of their armies in protecting rebel property.

Belmont, Donelson, Island No. 10, Shiloh, Corinth, Parker's cross-roads, Port Gibson, Raymond, Champion hills, Black river, siege of Vicksburg, Perryville, Stone river, Chickamauga, Lookout mountain, Atlanta, Franklin, Nashville, and the triumphal march of Sherman, speak in thunder tones of the consolidated efforts of Illinois, vieing with the volunteers of other states in battling for the union.

Our total quota, under calls of the president, prior to Dec. 1, 1864, was, 197,360.

In prompt support of the government at home, and in response to calls for troops, the state stands pre-eminently in the lead among her loyal sisters; and every click of the telegraph heralds the perseverance of Illinois generals and the indomitable courage and bravery of Illinois sons, in every engagement of the war. Our state has furnished a very large contingent to the fighting strength of our national army. In the west, the history of the war is brilliant with recitations of the skill and prowess of our general, field, staff and line officers, and hundreds of Illinois boys in the ranks are specially singled out and commended by Generals Grant, Sherman, and other generals of this and other states, for their noble deeds and manly daring on hotly contested fields. One gallant Illinois boy is mentioned as being the first to plant the stars and stripes at Donelson; another, at a critical moment, anticipates the commands of a superior officer, in hurrying forward an ammunition train, and supervising hand grenades, by cutting short the fuses of heavy shell, and hurling them, with his own hands, in front of an assaulting column, into a strong redoubt at Vicksburg; and the files of my office and those of the adjutant-general are full of letters mentioning for promotion hundreds of private soldiers, who have, on every field of the war, distinguished themselves by personal gallantry, at trying and critical periods. The list of promotions from the field and staff of our regiments to lieutenant and major-generals, for gallant conduct and the prerequisites for efficient and successful command, compare brilliantly with the names supplied by other states, and is positive proof of the wisdom of the government in conferring honors and responsibilities; and the patient, vigilant and tenacious record made by our veteran regiments, in the camp, on the march and in the field, is made a subject of praise by the whole country, and will be the theme for poets and historians of all lands, for all time.

Prominent among the many distinguished names who have borne their early commissions from Illinois, I refer, with special pride, to the character and priceless services to the country of ULYSSES S. GRANT. In April, 1861, he tendered his personal services to me, saying, "that he had been the recipient of a military education at West Point, and that now, when the country was involved in a war for its preservation and safety, he thought it his duty to offer his services in defense of the union, and that he would esteem it a privilege to be assigned to any position where he could be useful." The plain, straightforward demeanor of the man, and the modesty and earnestness which characterized his offer of assistance, at once awakened a lively interest in him, and impressed me with a desire to secure his counsel for the benefit of volunteer organizations then forming for government service. At first, I assigned him a desk in the executive office; and his familiarity with military organization and regulations made him an invaluable assistant in my own and the office of the adjutant-general. Soon his admirable qualities as a military commander became apparent, and I assigned him to command of the camps of organization at "Camp Yates," Springfield, "Camp Grant," Mattoon, and "Camp Douglas," at Anna, Union county, at which the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, 11th, 12th, 18th, 19th and 21st regiments of Illinois volunteers, raised under the call of the president, of the 15th of April, and under the "ten regiment bill," of the extraordinary session of the legislature, convened April 23d, 1861, were rendezvoused. His employment had special reference to the organization and muster of these forces—the first six into United States, and the last three into

the state service. This was accomplished about May 10, 1861, at which time he left the state for a brief period, on a visit to his father, at Covington, Kentucky.

The 21st regiment of Illinois volunteers, raised in Macon, Cumberland, Piatt, Douglas, Moultrie, Edgar, Clay, Clark, Crawford and Jasper counties, for thirty-day state service, organized at the camp at Mattoon, preparatory to three years' service for the government, had become very much demoralized, under the thirty days' experiment, and doubts arose in relation to their acceptance for a longer period. I was much perplexed to find an efficient and experienced officer to take command of the regiment and take it into the three years' service. I ordered the regiment to Camp Yates, and after consulting Hon. Jesse K. Dubois, who had many friends in the regiment, and Col. John S. Loomis, assistant adjutant-general, who was at the time in charge of the adjutant-general's office, and on terms of personal intimacy with Grant, I decided to offer the command to him, and accordingly telegraphed Captain Grant, at Covington, Kentucky, tendering him the colonelcy. He immediately reported, accepting the commission, taking rank as colonel of that regiment from the 15th day of June, 1861. Thirty days previous to that time the regiment numbered over one thousand men, but in consequence of laxity in discipline of the commanding officer, and other discouraging obstacles connected with the acceptance of troops at that time, but six hundred and three men were found willing to enter the three years' service. In less than ten days, Colonel Grant filled the regiment to the maximum standard, and brought it to a state of discipline seldom attained in the volunteer service, in so short a time. His was the only regiment that left the camp of organization on foot. He marched from Springfield to the Illinois river, but, in an emergency requiring troops to operate against Missouri rebels, the regiment was transported by rail to Quincy, and Colonel Grant was assigned to command for the protection of the Quincy and Palmyra, and Hannibal and St. Joseph railroads. He soon distinguished himself as a regimental commander in the field, and his increased rank was recognized by his friends in Springfield, and his promotion insisted upon, before his merits and services were fairly understood at Washington. His promotion was made upon the ground of his military education, fifteen years' service as a lieutenant and captain in the regular army, (during which time he was distinguished in the Mexican war,) his great success in organizing and disciplining his regiment, and for his energetic and vigorous prosecution of the campaign in north Missouri, and the earnestness with which he entered into the great work of waging war against the traitorous enemies of his country. His first great battle was at Belmont,—an engagement which became necessary to protect our southwestern army in Missouri from overwhelming forces being rapidly consolidated against it from Arkansas, Tennessee and Columbus, Kentucky. The struggle was a desperate one, but the tenacity and soldierly qualities of Grant and his invincible little army, gave us the first practical victory in the west. The balance of his shining record is indelibly written in the history of Henry, Donelson, Shiloh, Corinth, Vicksburg, Chattanooga, the Wilderness, siege of Richmond, and the intricate and difficult command as lieutenant-general of the armies of the union—written in the blood and sacrifices of the heroic braves who have fallen, following him to glorious victory—written upon the hearts and memories of the loyal millions who are at the hearth-stones of our gallant and unconquerable "boys in blue." The impress of his genius stamps our armies, from one end of the republic to the other; and the secret of his success in executing his plans, is in the love, enthusiasm and confidence he inspires in the soldier in the ranks, the harmony and respect for and deference to the wishes and commands of the president, and his sympathy with the government in its war policy.

As evidence of the materials of the State of Illinois for war purposes, at the beginning of the war, and a pleasing incident of Grant's career, I refer to an article in a Vicksburg paper, the *Weekly Sun*, of May 13, 1861, which ridicules our enfeebled and unprepared condition, and says: "An official report made to Gov. Yates, of Illinois, by one *Captain Grant*, says that after examining all the state armories he finds the muskets amount to just nine hundred and four, and of them only sixty in serviceable condition." Now, the name of that man, who was looking up the rusty muskets in Illinois, is glory-crowned with shining victories,

and will fill thousands of history's brightest pages to the end of time. I know well the secret of his power, for, afterward, when I saw him at headquarters, upon the march, and on the battle-field, in his plain, thread-bare uniform, modest in his deportment, careful of the wants of the humblest soldier, personally inspecting all the dispositions and divisions of his army, calm and courageous amid the most destructive fire of the enemy, it was evident that he had the confidence of every man, from the highest officer down to the humblest drummer boy in his whole command. His generalship rivals that of Alexander and Napoleon, and his armies eclipse those of Greece and Rome, in their proudest days of imperial grandeur. He is a gift of the Almighty Father to *the nation*, in its extremity, and he has won his way to the exalted position he occupies through his own great perseverance, skill and indomitable bravery, and it is inexcusably vain for any man to claim that he has made Grant, or that he has given Grant to the country, or that he can control his great genius and deeds for the private ends of selfish and corrupt political ambition.

With regard to our future course, I am here to-day to say in behalf of the loyal millions of Illinois, and I trust this general assembly is prepared to say, and to throw into the face of Jeff. Davis and of his minions, and of all traitors who would destroy our union, the determined response that in the booming thunders of Farragut's cannon, in the terrible onslaught of Sherman's legions, in the flaming sabers of Sheridan's cavalry, and in the red battle glare of Grant's artillery, our voice is still for war—war to the knife—all the dread enginery of war—persistent, unrelenting, stupendous, exterminating war, till the last rebel shall lay down his arms, and our flag float in triumph over the land.

And when our own Illinois, upon some national holiday, shall meet all our returning soldiers, as they shall pass in serried ranks, with their old battle-scarred banners and shivered cannons, and rusty bayonets and sabers—with rebel flags and rebel trophies of every kind—at this mighty triumphal procession, surpassing the proudest festivals of ancient Rome and Greece, in their palmiest days, then the loud plaudits of a grateful people will go up: All hail to the veterans who have given our flag to the God of storms, the battle and the breeze, and consecrated our country afresh to union, liberty and humanity.

The spirit of the people may be learned from the action of some of its religious bodies. The Synod of Illinois at its meeting in Jacksonville, passed, unanimously, a series of resolutions, of which the following is the last.

“And, finally, we urge all the members of our churches to sustain with a generous confidence the government and all who do its biddings, and to cherish such a view of the momentous importance and sacredness of our cause that they will bear with cheerfulness all the sacrifices which the war imposes; and whether it be long or short, cheerfully pour out, if needs be, the *last ounce of gold*, and the *last drop of blood*, to bring the contest to a righteous issue.”

How, as the war progressed, sympathy with the south was met, is well-illustrated by the following account of a scene which took place in the state legislature. The writer says:

A great sensation was created by a speech by Mr. FUNK, one of the richest farmers in the state, a man who pays over \$3,000 per annum taxes toward the support of the government. The lobby and gallery were crowded with spectators. Mr. Funk rose to object to trifling resolutions, which had been introduced by the democrats to kill time and stave off a vote upon the appropriations for the support of the state government. He said:

Mr. Speaker, I can sit in my seat no longer and see such by-play going on. These men are trifling with the best interests of the country. They should have asses' ears to set off their heads, or they are traitors or secessionists at heart.

I say that there are traitors and secessionists at heart in this senate. Their actions prove it. Their speeches prove it. Their gibes and laughter and cheers here, nightly, when their speakers get up to denounce the war and the administration, prove it.

I can sit here no longer and not tell these traitors what I think of them. And while so telling them, I am responsible, myself, for what I say. I stand upon my own bottom. I am ready to meet any man on this floor in any manner from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon upon this charge against these traitors. I am an old man of sixty-five, I came to Illinois a poor boy, I have made a little something for myself and family. I pay \$3,000 a year taxes. I am willing to pay \$6,000, aye, \$12,000, [the old gentleman striking the desk with a blow that would knock down a bullock, and causing the inkstand to fly in the air,] aye, I am willing to pay my whole fortune, and then give my life to save my country from these traitors that are seeking to destroy it.

Mr. Speaker, you must please excuse me, I could not sit longer in my seat and calmly listen to these traitors. My heart, that feels for my poor country, would not let me. My heart, that cries out for the lives of our brave volunteers in the field, that these traitors at home are destroying by thousands, would not let me. Yes, *these traitors and villains in this senate* [striking his clenched fist on the desk with a blow that made the senate ring again], *are killing my neighbors' boys now fighting in the field.* I dare to say this to these traitors right here, and I am responsible for what I say to any one or all of them. Let them come on now, right here. I am sixty-five years old, and I have made up my mind to risk my life right here, on this floor, for my country. [Mr. Funk's seat is near the lobby railing, and a crowd collected around him, evidently with the intention of protecting him from violence, if necessary. The last announcement was received with great cheering, and I saw many an eye flash, and many a countenance grow radiant with the light of defiance.]

These men sneered at Col. Mack a few days since. He is a small man. But I am a large man. I am ready to meet any of them, in place of Col. Mack. I am large enough for them, and I hold myself ready for them now and at any time.

Mr. Speaker, these traitors on this floor should be provided with hempen collars. They deserve them. *They deserve hanging,* I say, [raising his voice and violently striking the desk,] *the country would be the better for swinging them up. I go for hanging them, and I dare to tell them so, right here to their traitorous faces. Traitors should be hung. It would be the salvation of the country to hang them.* For that reason I must rejoice at it. Mr. Speaker, I beg pardon of the gentlemen in this senate who are not traitors, but true, loyal men, for what I have said. I only intend it and mean it for secessionists at heart. They are here in this senate. I see them gibe, and smirk, and grin at the true union man. Must I defy them? I stand here ready for them, and dare them to come on. What man, with the heart of a patriot, could stand this treason any longer? I have stood it long enough. I will stand it no more. I denounce these men and their aiders and abettors as rank traitors and secessionists. *Hell itself could not spew out a more traitorous crew than some of the men that disgrace this legislature, this state, and this country.* For myself, I protest against and denounce their treasonable acts. I have voted against their measures; I will do so to the end. I will denounce them as long as God gives me breath; and I am ready to meet the traitors themselves here or anywhere, and fight them to the death.

I said I paid \$3,000 a year taxes. I do not say it to brag of it. It is my duty, yes, Mr. Speaker, my privilege, to do it. But some of these traitors here, who are working night and day to put their miserable little bills and claims through the legislature to take money out of the pockets of the people, are talking about high taxes. They are hypocrites as well as traitors. I heard some of them talking about high taxes in this way, who do not pay five dollars to the support of the government. I denounce them as hypocrites as well as traitors.

The reason they pretend to be afraid of high taxes is that they do not want to vote money for the relief of the soldiers. They want to embarrass the government and stop the war. They want to aid the secessionists to conquer our boys in the field. They care about high taxes! They are picayune men any how, and pay no taxes at all, and never did, and never hope or expect to. This is an excuse of traitors.

Mr. Speaker, excuse me. I feel for my country, in this her hour of danger, from the tips of my toes to the ends of my hair. That is the reason I speak as I

do. I can not help it. I am bound to tell these men, to their teeth, what they are, and what the people, the true, loyal people, think of them. [Tremendous cheering. The speaker rapped upon his desk, apparently to stop it, but really to add to its volume, for I could see by his flushed cheek and flashing eye that his heart was with the brave and loyal old gentleman.]

Mr. Speaker: I have said my say; I am no speaker. This is the only speech I have made, and I do not know that it deserves to be called a speech. I could not sit still any longer and see these scoundrels and traitors work out their hellish schemes to destroy the union. They have my sentiments; let them one and all make the most of them. I am ready to back up all I say, and I repeat it, to meet these traitors in any manner they may choose, from a pin's point to the mouth of a cannon. [Tremendous applause, during which the old gentleman sat down, after he had given the desk a parting whack, which sounded loud above the din of cheers and clapping of hands.]

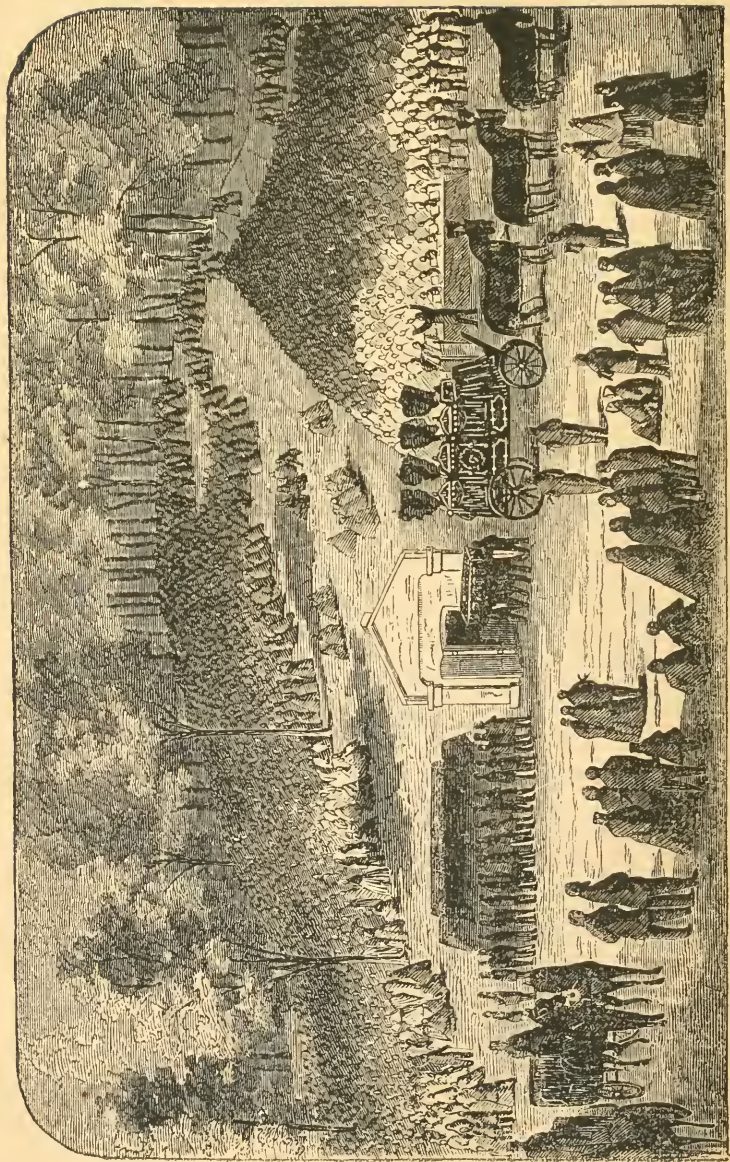
I never before witnessed so much excitement in an assembly. Mr. FUNK spoke with a force of natural eloquence, with a conviction and truthfulness, with a fervor and pathos which wrought up the galleries and even members on the floor to the highest pitch of excitement. His voice was heard in the stores that surround the square, and the people came flocking in from all quarters. In five minutes, he had an audience that packed the hall to its utmost capacity. After he had concluded, the republican members and spectators rushed up and took him by the hand to congratulate him.

In the month of August, 1863, a riot took place at Danville, the details of which were thus given at the time:

The difficulty grew out of a long-standing hostility, fed and aggravated by the copperhead leaders of the neighborhood, which sooner or later would have produced, as it has produced in many places in this state, collisions, and riots, but the immediate cause seems to have been a fuss between a Colonel Hawkins, of Tennessee, and a copperhead, about a butternut emblem worn by the latter on Friday. A melee followed in which Colonel Guinup, who was a spectator and took no part, was hit with a large stone by a copperhead, and repaid the compliment by whipping his assailant badly. Here the disturbance ended, and might have staid ended, if the copperheads had not been bent on war. On Saturday, Hawkins made a speech, in pursuance of an appointment previous to the fight. The union men, desirous to avoid all chances of collision, urged him not to speak, but a good many people having come into town from the country to hear him, he spoke. There was no disturbance, and nothing to make it, but the copperheads prepared for battle. The *Courier* says:

Saturday and Sunday passed without any open demonstration, though there were evidences on every hand of "something going on" among the copperheads. Horsemen came clattering into town after midnight, signal shots were heard at intervals until after daylight, in the direction of the mines. The union men were cool and collected. They had been so clearly in the right and had sacrificed so much for the sake of peace, that forbearance had ceased to be a virtue, and maintaining the defensive, they were prepared for anything that might transpire. On Monday morning, before daylight, the signal guns were more frequent, and lights were observed in the houses of well-known copperheads residing in the town. Before ten o'clock, rumors were rife of a grand rally of the Knights of the Golden Circle a few miles distant, and, about noon, they came marching into town in regular line of battle, armed with shot-guns, rifles, picks, axes, shovels, spades, clubs, corn-cutters, hatchets, and every conceivable weapon. Three fourths of the motley army were coal-diggers. They marched to the public-square. The union men, in order to gain time, entered into a protracted negotiation, in which they agreed to deliver up certain leading unionists, who were especially obnoxious to the copperheads. This, of course, was a ruse to gain time, and the leading rebels suspecting as much, precipitated a collision.

It was not positively known which fired the first shot, they began and followed in such quick succession. Payne, the original cause of the difficulty, fell, pierced through the heart at the first discharge. The copperheads fired wildly and at



PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S FUNERAL.—BURIAL SERVICE AT OAK RIDGE, NEAR SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS.

random, while the union men took deliberate aim and made up in accuracy what they lacked in numbers. Myers, another copperhead, was shot through the heart, and ran about a hundred yards, when he expired. An Irishman, whose name our informant did not learn, was also killed. Others were wounded. Shortly after Payne received his quietus, his brother, who is the sheriff of the county and a virulent copperhead, was wounded in the arm. The provost marshal attempted to summon a *posse* to quell the disturbance. Wm. Lamb, an old and highly esteemed citizen and a leading merchant, was summoned among others. He was armed for the defense of his family and property against the raid which had been threatened for two days, but, up to this moment, had taken no part. He advanced toward the curbstone, when a well-known copperhead, whose name we have forgotten, took deliberate aim and shot him through the heart. He fell and instantly expired. Here we record an act of atrocity akin to the inhuman butchery of Colonel O'Brien, by a brutal mob in the streets of New York, but without another parallel outside of rebeldom. While he lay motionless and dead upon the ground, he was shot a second time, and, after this, another copperhead came up with a huge club and crushed the head of the corpse by a tremendous blow.

Colonel Hawkins had a finger shot off. Colonel Guinup seemed to bear a charmed life. He was in the thickest of the fight, but escaped with a slight scratch from a half-spent ball. A number were wounded, but none mortally, beyond those abovementioned. The union men remained in possession of the town, and the copperheads rallied at their place of rendezvous outside of the corporation. Meanwhile, Captain Park, provost marshal of this district, had been summoned by telegraph to send a military force to Danville, and left about eight o'clock, with one hundred men of the 104th, under command of Captain Dutch, a veteran soldier. Upon his arrival, everything was reported quiet. The copperheads were still in camp, however, and the union men, exasperated by the murder of Mr. Lamb and the brutal outrages to which his dead body had been exposed, were determined upon an attack. This was the situation at daylight, and we have watched every click of the telegraph from the west to-day with intense interest. But, happily for all concerned, better counsels have prevailed, and a dispatch reports all quiet and the excitement subsiding.

How Gov. Yates regarded those guilty of acts of hostility against the government may be learned from the following letter.

STATE OF ILLINOIS, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, }
SPRINGFIELD, July 15, 1862. }

John W. Bosworth, Oskaloosa, Ill.:

DEAR SIR: I have just received yours of the 10th of July, in which you say that the pole from which floated the stars and stripes on the Fourth of July, was cut down by secessionists, and that at a picnic which you are to have, it is threatened that the flag shall be taken down, and you ask me whether you would be justifiable in defending the flag with fire-arms?

I am astonished at this question. As much so as if you were to ask me whether you would have a right to defend your property against robbers or your life against murderers.

You ask me what you shall do? I reply, do not raise the American flag merely to provoke your secession neighbors—do not be on the aggressive—but whenever you raise it on your own soil, or on the public property of the state or county, or at any public celebration, from honest love to that flag, and patriotic devotion to the country which it symbolizes, and any traitor dares to lay his unhallowed hand upon it to tear it down, then, I say, shoot him down as you would a dog, and I will pardon you for the offense.

RICHARD YATES, Governor.

Another eminent son of Illinois, Gen. JOHN A. LOGAN, just from the conquest of Vicksburg, in which he bore a distinguished part, addressed the people of his state in words of great power and feeling. On one of these occasions, he said:

Now, fellow-citizens, I have detained you on all these points at as great length as I desire. This lengthy speaking in the open air will, I am afraid, do me a great deal of injury, from the way I feel. But I want to say a few words to you in reference to our soldiers. I have no eulogies to pass, so far as I am concerned,

upon their conduct, more than what that conduct shows itself entitled to. The country knows it; so far as the conduct of the soldiers of the United States is concerned, they know all about it. But I want to appeal to you in behalf of these men, that while they are traveling and marching about through the rebellious states almost naked, without food sometimes, in the burning sun and in the dreaching storm, in the night and in the day—while they are sleeping upon the cold, wet ground, while they are suffering all the toils and privations of camp life such as no other soldiers ever endured before, while they are doing that which they honestly believe to be their duty to themselves and their country, and to you as their countrymen, I want you, as citizens of a loyal country, as citizens of the noble State of Illinois, to, at least, extend to them your sympathy, to, at least, feel in common with them that their cause is just, to, at least, think, if you can not alleviate their sufferings and lessen their privations in the field, that your feelings are with them. Say to them, "go on, boys, God bless you," and let the brave fellows know how you feel toward them.

Let us have no more letters written from home to the boys who are in the field, grumbling and growling, and telling them you wish the unholy war had never begun, and that you wish they were at home, and all that sort of thing; for you only encourage them to desert the cause of their country. Let us have no more letters written to the army from parents, telling their children that if they come home, to come by a certain man's house, and he will tell them the best way to get where they can meet other deserters, and be protected. Let us have no more of this. Write to them in this way: say to them, my son, as long as there is an armed rebel in the government, as long as there is a traitor in arms against the United States, be true to the flag of your country; be true to the oath you took when you entered the army. Do your duty, and when your country needs you no longer in the field, come home, and we will welcome you with outstretched arms. If you die, my brave son, be buried as a faithful soldier, whose last act was in discharge of a patriot's duty. *Let history render your name immortal as one of the gallant men who died that your country might live.* Let your country be proud to inscribe your name upon its banners as one of the heroic dead. *Let your prayer be that the American flag may be your winding sheet, while your spirit wings its way to the haven of rest reserved for the brave soldiers of the American union.*

Talk that way to your boys, to your husbands, to your friends, and you will hear such a shout of joy come up from the camps in the land of the foe, as will do your hearts good. Let the poor soldiers feel that in the performance of their arduous and fatiguing duties, they have comfort at home, as well as cheers in the army. Let men reflect that the graves of these many boys—some seven or eight thousand—that we lost in our campaign this summer, who were fighting for their country—only remember that their gaping wounds, while they lay weltering in their gore, like empty mouths, spoke out in thunder tones to their friends at home, "Dear friend and companion of mine, here, look at this bleeding gash that has been made by traitorous hands. Will you not avenge my blood? Will you not unfurl the banner of your country and lift a single joyous anthem to the tune of this union, while the shouts of victory are going up from each and every battlefield in the land? Will you not avenge the blood of your brothers or your sons, killed by men who are attempting to destroy our national existence? Swear that you will—that while there is a remnant of that battle-torn flag left, you will strike such blows as will assist my country in ridding the land of all its foes."

You, citizens of Perry and Franklin counties, who are assembled here to-day, let the words of dying Dollins, and a dying Reese speak to you. Let the last words of the noble boys who fell as brave soldiers in the ranks, speak in thunder tones to you, in reference to your conduct in future. Listen to the words of Col. Dollins, in the last agonies of death. He was a brave, true patriot, as ever bled for his country's cause. When he was pierced by the leaden messenger of death, he sank back, and said he, "Boys, go on, let me see the flag of my country planted on the enemy's ramparts." The brave Reese said: "Tell Logan to tell the people at home that I died an honest man and a brave soldier." So help me God, I will tell them as long as I live, that he died an honest man and a brave soldier. My countrymen, do not the words of such men as that speak to you with a voice

that can not be misunderstood? They died because of traitorous hands. They died because of a rebellion against the best government on earth. They died because they were patriots and loved their country and their friends—loved peace, harmony and good will. They died for that reason only; and when in their graves, and a little board is put at their heads to mark the spot where they sleep the sleep of the fallen brave, you find inscribed upon it: This man died at the battle of so-and-so; a loyal man, a true, union soldier, fighting under the flag of his country. Can Jeff. Davis have such a history written on the head-board of his grave? Can it be said, he died a patriot and a lover of his country? No. But, in a few brief words, his history may be written on the head-board that will mark the grave where he will lie—A traitor sleeps here! This is the difference that there is between a patriot and the men who are at war against the government.

If you could only have seen the daring deeds performed by some of your sons and friends, you would never be heard again to utter a sentence against the cause they are engaged in. It would not do for me to attempt to describe them. The most magnificently grand history that can be written of the daring deeds of many men, is written on the flag that has been sent to Perry county, by the colonel of the old 31st regiment. It was planted upon the bulwarks and ramparts of Vicksburg. The staff was cut down three times, and three times was put together again. One hundred and sixty-three bullet-holes through a flag is the grandest history of heroic deeds that can be written or made by any set of men. Let all look at that flag. These men, however, have not excelled others. There are men who have done just as daring deeds. In fact, all have performed the same kind of heroic actions. They have all won for themselves a name as brave, good, faithful and true soldiers of the union. They are united in a common cause, heart and hand; they are truly a band of brothers. That little army is indeed a band of brothers. They live together, they love one another, they fight for one another, and they would die for one another. All they ask on earth is, that when they die they may be buried side by side one another.

But there are many who object to the prosecution of this war. I hear it said, that enough blood has been spilt already; that we ought to stop it; that this war ought to cease. I hear of men making speeches around through the country, and appealing to the women and children to know if this war has not gone on long enough, and if it ought not to be stopped before any more blood is shed? They appeal to the old, gray-headed men, and they say, you have lost your brothers, your sons, and grandsons. The soil is wet with their blood. It is a bloody war, an unnatural war, hence let us stop it. Fellow-citizens, it is true that many a brave man has been lost. *We have lost many a brave soldier.* Perry county has buried many of her cherished sons. *On the soil of the south we have buried many more, who there sleep the sleep that knows no waking. But we have buried them with honor. They have died like true patriots and soldiers, shouting, "let me die like a soldier of the union."* I would rather die like a soldier than live like a traitor. They want to stop the war to prevent the further effusion of blood. Fellow-citizens, this government is a government that we all love or once loved. We love the people, the country, the rivers, the rocks, the trees, every thing in it. They are ours. It is our people, our rivers, our lakes, our shores, our rocks, our mountains, our rills, our hollows. It is our people, our government—the best and brightest that ever existed on earth, and before I would see this war stop until the government is restored in all its former supremacy, I would rather see the graves of ourselves, our sons and our brothers, mountains high. I would rather see carcasses sufficient to make bridges across the widest streams, before this war should stop, until the true soldier of the union could wave his saber in his strong right hand and cleave the head from every traitor in the land. This government is worth fighting for. It is worth generations and centuries of war. It is worth the lives of the best and noblest men in the land, and may they all be sacrificed before the war shall stop and leave an armed traitor in the land. We will fight for this government, for the sake of ourselves and our children. OUR LITTLE ONES SHALL READ IN HISTORY OF THE MEN WHO STOOD BY THE GOVERNMENT IN ITS DARK AND GLOOMY HOURS, AND IT SHALL BE THE PROUD BOAST OF MANY THAT THEIR FATHERS FELL IN THIS GLORIOUS STRUGGLE FOR AMERICAN LIBERTY.

At the first great battle in the west—the taking of Fort Donelson—an unusual proportion of the soldiers of Illinois took part; and so conspicuously that an eastern poet made it a subject of some congratulatory verses, under the caption of

NEW ENGLAND'S GREETING TO ILLINOIS.

O, gales that dash th' Atlantic's swell
 Along our rocky shores;
 Whose thunders diapason well
 New England's glad hurrahs,—

Bear to the prairies of the west
 The echoes of our joy;
 The prayer that springs in every breast,
 "God bless thee—Illinois!"

O, awful hours, when grape and shell
 Tore through th' unflinching line;
 "Stand firm, remove the men who fell,
 Close up and wait the sign."

It came at last: "Now, lads, the steel!"
 The rushing hosts deploy;
 "Charge, boys!"—the broken traitors reel—
 Huzza for Illinois!

In vain thy rampart, Donelson,
 The living torrent bars;
 It leaps the wall, the fort is won,
 Up go the stripes and stars.

Thy proudest mother's eyelids fill,
 As dares her gallant boy,
 And Plymouth Rock and Bunker Hill,
 Yearn to thee—Illinois.

A few years ago, Abraham Lincoln left Springfield to assume duties the most responsible that have ever fallen to the lot of man. At the depot, upon leaving his quiet village home, to assume the presidency of this great nation, he said: "A duty devolves upon me which is perhaps greater than that which has devolved upon any other man since the days of Washington. I hope you, my friends, will all PRAY that I may receive DIVINE ASSISTANCE, without which, I can not succeed; but with which success is CERTAIN." "Yes, yes, we will pray for you," was the response of his townsmen, as barcheaded and in tears, they bade him the farewell, from which he was never to return, except to his burial, the most sublime and solemn in history. How he discharged those duties, has its answer in the hearts of the American people. On the 14th of April, 1865, Abraham Lincoln was assassinated. Never was such grief known since the world was. Never before had a human being accomplished so great a good. Such was the lot of this plain man, whom Illinois gave to the Nation in her day of sore trouble. Washington is called the FATHER of his country; Lincoln its SAVIOR. As the memory of Washington is the most VENERATED, so the memory of Lincoln is the most BELOVED of mortals.

On an adjoining page is his last message to his countrymen; the most sublime document of the kind ever written. It is a sacred LEGACY of elevated Christian wisdom, of tender, beautiful benevolence.

PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S INAUGURAL ADDRESS, MARCH 4, 1865.

FELLOW-COUNTRYMEN:—

At this second appearing to take the oath of the presidential office, there is less occasion for an extended address than there was at the first. Then, a statement, somewhat in detail, of a course to be pursued, seemed fitting and proper. Now, at the expiration of four years, during which public declarations have been constantly called forth on every point and phase of the great contest which still absorbs the attention and engrosses the energies of the nation, little that is new could be presented. The progress of our arms, upon which all else chiefly depends, is as well known to the public as to myself; and it is, I trust, reasonably satisfactory and encouraging to all. With high hope for the future, no prediction in regard to it is ventured.

On the occasion corresponding to this four years ago, all thoughts were anxiously directed to an impending civil war. All dreaded it—all sought to avert it. While the inaugural address was being delivered from this place, devoted altogether to SAVING the Union without war, insurgent agents were in the city seeking to DESTROY it without war—seeking to dissolve the Union, and divide effects, by negotiation. Both parties deprecated war; but one of them would MAKE war rather than let the nation survive; and the other would ACCEPT war rather than let it perish. And the war came.

One-eighth of the whole population were colored slaves, not distributed generally over the Union, but localized in the southern part of it. These slaves constituted a peculiar and powerful interest. All knew that this interest was, somehow, the cause of the war. To strengthen, perpetuate, and extend this interest, was the object for which the insurgents would rend the Union, even by war, while the Government claimed no right to do more than to restrict the territorial enlargement of it. Neither party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the CAUSE of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces: but let us judge not, that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered—that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Wo unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but wo to that man by whom the offense cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war, as the wo due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said: "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With MALICE toward none; with CHARITY for all; with FIRMNESS in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for HIM who shall have BORNE THE BATTLE, and for HIS WIDOW, and HIS ORPHAN—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations.

Lincoln has been termed a second Washington. He was second to no man. There can be no second Washington, more than a second Moses, or Euclid, or Luther, or Shakspeare, or Napoleon, or even a Lincoln. Providence in its illimitable diversity has no such contracted powers as to require a repetition. Once created, men of especial qualities perform their predestined work, pass away and are seen no more.

Washington and Lincoln are often compared. Rarely have two men been so much alike. Rarely have two men been so much unlike. In opportunities for beneficence, in moral greatness; in that rare combination of common qualities included in the simple word Wisdom, they were alike; in all else unlike. It is the misfortune of the American people that of the private and domestic life of Washington, they have only slight knowledge. A full truthful record of a few days of familiar and unrestricted intercourse with him by his fireside would more than include it all. The literary gentleman to whom was committed his papers for publication, with a narrowness, the common result of an exclusively student life, suppressed all the improprieties and presented to us the man Washington as one without blemish. He was a God not a man. It is refreshing to know from other sources, that he was like other mortals. He occasionally wrote in bad grammar, often spelt incorrectly, was unduly sensitive to public opinion, and when his soul was aroused by sight of wrong, although a praying man, sometimes uttered oaths. Even his accepted portrait, the famous picture by Gilbert Stuart, is erroneous. It presents us as Washington, a round faced, rosy cheeked man. The late venerable Josiah Quincy, Sr., who saw him often, writing in 1859, said his face was long and colorless, his complexion dark and sallow. The Salem portrait which Mr. Quincy testified "satisfied his recollection" so represents him, showing a countenance long and thin, a long aquiline nose, and the general expression grave and of a severe and almost forbidding dignity.

Washington was reared among the courtly Virginia planters, English gentry, living in an English colony, surrounded by their servitors of a sable hue, and was the noblest specimen of the slaveholder ever known. His sense of justice led him to condemn the institution, and he, by will, gave freedom to his people. We saw in 1862, in the alcove containing his private library, in the Boston Athenæum, a small book with the name of G. Washington written in it, and entitled "RUM and SLAVERY." Washington was one of the most reserved, dignified of men. The majesty of his presence awed beholders. He looked more like a King than any King on record. Pre-eminently grave, few ever saw him laugh, and it is not known that he ever perpetrated a witicism. It is told that an acquaintance, on a wager, greeted him on the street with a familiar slap between the shoulders. The great man turned and gave such a withering look to the intruder as to forever prevent a repetition, accompanying it with the vehement exclamation: "What have I done, sir, that you should insult me in this manner?" Washington was a born subject of royalty, a courtly gentleman, impressed with the nicest sense of etiquette, and when residing in Philadelphia as President, not only

had his own boots polished like a mirror, but even the hoofs of the horse that he rode! Washington's greatness was mainly moral and in his well balanced intellect. His character was one that appealed to the imagination by his exclusiveness and extraordinary dignity.

This was united to such rare modesty, such self-sacrificing patriotism, such magnanimity, such moderation, such forbearance, such benignancy, such a nice sense of justice and humanity, that among all the great leaders that have appeared upon this earth, in the general estimation, no character towers so grandly, with such perfect symmetry in all its proportions, with such full satisfaction to one's senses of all that is complete and noble in manly dignity and moral greatness as that which is associated with the name and person of George Washington. But withal he was without genius. Not a single sentence he ever uttered or wrote possessed the magnetic force to remain embalmed in the memory of this people. It seems almost like sacrilege to mention it, so delightful is the emotion of reverence when exercised toward his memory, that any thing is shocking which intrudes upon its full enjoyment. Yet man worship is not the highest wisdom, and history loses its utility just wherein it has concealments.

What different emotions arise when we think of the plain, homely, uncouth, philosophic Abraham Lincoln, whose presence never impressed any body. He bore the weight of the nation's sorrows upon his shoulders, and grew to be one of the most sad of men, he that had been one of the most jocose. But for his Christian faith and the flashes of humor that lighted up and relieved his most gloomy hours, he must have been crushed before the assassin's bullet reached him.

He was a backwoodsman, born and bred with a great brain and a great tender loving heart. He philosophized with an integrity so rare, that he seemed like one who had mapped a subject on a globe, and then revolving it, brought the whole of it successively before him to obtain a true view of its relations and proportions. In political questions that in ordinary men take such a deep hold upon the feelings as to prevent the inlet of opposing truths, he would mentally enter the enemy's country and take part in his battles, that he might see with his eyes, and so learn charity for his opinions while he corrected the errors of his own. It was genius that led him to predict that "the Nation could not endure half slave and half free." His history is full of instances of almost feminine tenderness. How beautiful is the anecdote that is told of him, where fearful that a messenger already dispatched, would fail of his mission, he hurries from the Presidential mansion in the night and through the storm to the distant camp to save the life of an humble soldier condemned to die!

Regarding himself, while President, as only Abraham Lincoln, of Illinois, doing business at the capitol for the people, the dignity of the station never seemed to have occurred to him. Hence he was neglectful of the proprieties. One day when abroad in company with a collection of elegant gentlemen, he suffers his footsteps to be arrested by the importunities of a poor woman. He listens and then seating himself upon the ground, takes off his hat and thus barehead-

ed pencils on its crown, on a loose slip of paper, a message of mercy. While living no man was more the subject of opprobrium. Malignancy and ingenuity combined to create the most foul expressions of contempt. He was an ape, a hyena, a grinning satyr, and the White House, at Washington, but a den where the baboon of Illinois, and his disgusting satellites held their loathsome orgies. Going through our lower market one morning during the war, our ears were greeted with an expression of hate that was new to us. We turned to see the speaker, and there before us stood an immense fat, blowsy faced market woman, evidently from the Kentucky side of the Ohio, half a mile distant. It was she that had just belched forth in coarse bitter tones the epithet, "*Old Link.*" Some among us, now that Abraham Lincoln has passed away, can not speak of his memory with equanimity, and for such we give the following incident in our personal experience.

On a hot summer's day in 1842—just a quarter of a century since, we were toiling up on foot a mountain bearing our knapsack. It was in New Jersey, within a few miles of the spot where the Delaware passes through lofty ridges. We paused for a cup of cold water at a dilapidated brown house on its summit, and there was beguiled into a chat upon old times with a very aged man whom we found seated before the door. "There is one person," said he "whose character I tell my neighbors has been very much mistaken, and that is George Washington. I lived in his day and knew him to have been one of the *greatest scoundrels* in existence!" It was a surprise to us, such an extraordinary opinion, but we felt a satisfaction in the reflection that in all probability our eyes rested upon, in the person of this miserable old sinner, the last of the **TORIES** of the American Revolution.

About the year 1935, some seventy years hence, a young man yet to be born, may experience a similar surprise in a like expression in regard to the character of Abraham Lincoln. If so, we trust he may obtain a similar satisfaction in the reflection that it has come from the last of the **COPPERHEADS** of the American Rebellion.

A plain, succinct narrative of what is known as "**THE CHICAGO CONSPIRACY**" has not been written. An interesting article upon it was published in the *Atlantic Monthly* for July, 1865, which presents the main facts, though too fanciful in details of conversations and some other matters to be all accepted as veritable history. Such as it is we present it here entire, with the simple remark that the charge has been brought, though we know not whether justly, that it gives undue prominence to the agency of Col. Sweet in exposing and suppressing the plot.

THE CHICAGO CONSPIRACY.

On the eve of the last general election, the country was startled by the publication of a Report from the Judge Advocate of the United States, disclosing the existence of a wide-spread conspiracy at the West, which had for its object the overthrown of the Union. This

conspiracy, the Report stated, had a military organization, with a commander-in-chief, general and subordinate officers, and five hundred thousand enrolled members, all bound to a blind obedience to the orders of their superiors, and pledged to "take up arms against any government found waging war against a people endeavoring to establish a government of their own choice."

The organization, it was said, was in every way hostile to the Union, and friendly to the so-called Confederacy; and its ultimate objects were "a general rising in Missouri," and a similar "rising in Indiana, Ohio, and Kentucky, in co-operation with a rebel force which was to invade the last-named State."

Startling and incredible as the report seemed, it told nothing but the truth, and it did not tell the whole truth. It omitted to state that the organization was planned in Richmond; that its operations were directed by Jacob Thompson, who was in Canada for that purpose; and that wholesale robbery, arson, and midnight assassination were among its designs.

The point marked out for the first attack was Camp Douglas, at Chicago. The eight thousand rebel soldiers confined there, being liberated and armed, were to be joined by the Canadian refugees and Missouri "Butternuts" engaged in their release, and the five thousand and more members of the treasonable order resident in Chicago. This force, of nearly twenty thousand men, would be a nucleus about which the conspirators in other parts of Illinois could gather; and, being joined by prisoners liberated from other camps, and members of the order from other States, would form an army a hundred thousand strong. So fully had every thing been foreseen and provided for, that the leaders expected to gather and organize this vast body of men within the space of a fortnight! The United States could bring into the field no force capable of withstanding the progress of such an army. The consequence would be, that the whole character of the war would be changed; its theater would be shifted from the Border to the Free States; and Southern independence, and the beginning at the North of that process of disintegration so confidently counted on by the rebel leaders at the outbreak of hostilities, would have followed.

What saved the nation from being drawn into this whirlpool of ruin? Nothing but the cool brain, sleepless vigilance, and wonderful sagacity of one man—a young officer never read of in the newspapers—removed from field duty because of disability, but commissioned, I verily believe, by Providence itself to ferret out and foil this deeper-laid, wider-spread, and more diabolical conspiracy than any that darkens the page of history. Other men—and women, too—were instrumental in dragging the dark iniquity to light; but they failed to fathom its full enormity, and to discover its point of outbreak. He did that; and he throttled the tiger when about to spring, and so deserves the lasting gratitude of his country. How he did it I propose to tell in this paper. It is a marvelous tale; it will read more like romance than history; but, calling to mind what a good man once said to me, "Write the truth—let people doubt, if they will," I shall narrate the facts.

There is nothing remarkable in the appearance of this young man. Nearly six feet high, he has an erect, military carriage, a frank, manly face, and looks every inch a soldier—such a soldier as would stand up all day in a square hand-to-hand fight with an open enemy; but the keenest eye would detect in him no indication of the crafty genius which delights to follow the windings of wickedness when burrowing in the dark. But if not a Fouché or a Vidéocq, he is certainly an able man; for, in a section where able men are as plenty as apple-blossoms in June, he was chosen to represent his district in the State Senate, and, entering the army a subaltern officer, rose, before the battle of Perryville, to the command of a regiment. At that battle a rebel bullet entered his shoulder, and crushed the bones of his right elbow. This disabled him for field duty, and so it came about that he assumed the light blue of the veterans, and on the second of May, 1864, succeeded General Orme in command of the military post at Chicago.

When fairly settled in the low-roofed shanty which stands, a sort of mute sentry, over the front gateway of Camp Douglas, the new commandant, as was natural, looked about him. He found the camp—about sixty acres of flat, sandy soil, inclosed by a tight board fence, an inch thick, and fourteen feet high—had a garrison of but two regiments of veteran reserves, numbering, all told, only seven hundred men fit for duty. This small force was guarding eight thousand rebel prisoners, one third of whom were Texas rangers, and guerrillas who had served under Morgan—wild, reckless characters, fonder of a fight than of a dinner, and ready for any enterprise, however desperate, that held out the smallest prospect of freedom. To add to the seeming insecurity, nearly every office in the camp was filled with these prisoners. They served out rations and distributed clothing to their comrades, dealt out ammunition to the guards, and even kept the records in the quarters of the commandant. In fact, the prison was in charge of the prisoners, not the prisoners in charge of the prison. This state of things underwent a change. With the exception of a very few, whose characters recommended them to peculiar confidence, all were at once placed where they belonged—on the inner side of the prison fence.

A post-office was connected with the camp, and this next received the commandant's attention. Every thing about it appeared to be regular. A vast number of letters came and went, but they all passed unsealed, and seemed to contain nothing contraband. Many of them, however, were short epistles on long pieces of paper, a curious circumstance among correspondents with whom stationery was scarce and greenbacks not over plenty. One sultry day in June, the commandant builded a fire, and gave these letters a warming; and lo! presto! the white spaces broke out into dark lines breathing thoughts blacker than the fluid that wrote them. Corporal Snooks whispered to his wife, away down in Texas, "The forth of July is comin', Sukey, so be a man; fur I'm gwine to celerbrate. I'm gwine up loike a rocket, ef I does come down loike a stick." And Sargeant Blower said to John Copperhead of Chicago, "Down in 'old Virginia' I used to think the fourth of July a humbug, but this prison has made me a

patriot. Now I'd like to burn an all-fired sight of powder, and if you help me, and God is willing, I shall do it." In a similar strain wrote half a score of them.

Such patriotism seemed altogether too wordy to be genuine. It told nothing, but it darkly hinted at dark events to come. The commandant bethought him that the Democratic Convention would assemble on the fourth of July; that a vast multitude of people would congregate at Chicago on that occasion; and that, in so great a throng, it would be easy for the clans to gather, attack the camp, and liberate the prisoners. "Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty," and the young commandant was vigilant. Soon Prison-Square received a fresh installment of prisoners. They were genuine "Butternuts," out at the toes, out at the knees, out at the elbows, out every where, in fact, and of every thing but their senses. Those they had snugly about them. They fraternized with Corporal Snooks, Sergeant Blower, and others of their comrades, and soon learned that a grand pyrotechnic display was arranged to come off on Independence day. A huge bonfire was to be built outside, and the prisoners were to salute the old flag, but not with blank cartridges.

But who was to light the outside bonfire? That the improvised "Butternuts" failed to discover, and the commandant set his own wits to working. He soon ascertained that a singular organization existed in Chicago. It was called "The Society of the Illini," and its object, as set forth by its printed constitution, was "the more perfect development of the literary, scientific, moral, physical, and social welfare of the conservative citizens of Chicago." The commandant knew a conservative citizen whose development was not altogether perfect, and he recommended him to join the organization. The society needed recruits and initiation-fees, and received the new member with open arms. Soon he was deep in the outer secrets of the order; but he could not penetrate its inner mysteries. Those were open to only an elect few who had already attained to a "perfect development"—of villiany. He learned enough, however, to verify the dark hints thrown out by the prisoners. The society numbered some thousands of members, all fully armed, thoroughly drilled, and impatiently waiting a signal to explode a mine deeper than that in front of Petersburg.

But the assembling of the Chicago Convention was postponed to the twenty-ninth of August, and the fourth of July passed away without the bonfire and the fireworks.

The commandant, however, did not sleep. He still kept his wits a-working; the bogus "Butternuts" still ate prisoners' rations; and the red flame still brought out black thoughts on white-letter paper. Quietly the garrison was reinforced, quietly increased vigilance was enjoined upon the sentinels; and the tranquil, assured look of the commandant told no one that he was playing with hot coals on a barrel of gunpowder.

So July rolled away into August, and the commandant sent a letter giving his view of the state of things to the commanding general. This letter has fallen into my hands, and, as might sometimes makes

right, I shall copy a portion of it. It is dated August 12, and, in the formal phrase customary among military men, begins:

"I have the honor respectfully to report, in relation to the supposed organization at Toronto, Canada, which was to come here in squads, then combine, and, attempt to rescue the prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, that there is an armed organization in this city of five thousand men, and that the rescue of our prisoners would be the signal for a general insurrection in Indiana and Illinois.....

"There is little, if any, doubt that an organization hostile to the Government and secret in its workings and character exists in the States of Indiana and Illinois, and that this organization is strong in numbers. It would be easy, perhaps, at any crisis in public affairs, to push this organization into acts of open disloyalty, if its leaders should so will.....

"Except in cases of considerable emergency, I shall make all communications to your headquarters on this subject by mail."

These extracts show that, seventeen days before the assembling of the Chicago Convention, the commandant had been convinced that mail-bags were safer vehicles of communication than telegraph-wires; that five thousand armed traitors were then domiciled in Chicago; that they expected to be joined by a body of rebels from Canada; that the object of the combination was the rescue of prisoners at Camp Douglas; and that success in that enterprise would be the signal for a general uprising throughout Indiana and Illinois. Certainly, this was no little knowledge to gain by two months burrowing in the dark. But the conspirators were not fools. They had necks which they valued. They would not plunge into open disloyalty until some "crisis in public affairs" should engage the attention of the authorities, and afford a fair chance of success. Would the assembling of the Convention be such a crisis? was now the question.

The question was soon answered. About this time, Lieutenant-Colonel B. H. Hill, commanding the military district of Michigan, received a missive from a person in Canada who represented himself to be a major in the Confederate service. He expressed a readiness to disclose a dangerous plot against the Government, provided he were allowed to take the oath of allegiance, and rewarded according to the value of his information. The Lieutenant-Colonel read the letter, tossed it aside, and went about his business. No good, he had heard, ever came out of Nazareth. Soon another missive, of the same purport, and from the same source, came to him. He tossed this aside also, and went again about his business. But the Major was a Southern Yankee—the "cutest" sort of a Yankee. He had something to sell, and was bound to sell it, even if he had to throw his neck into the bargain. Taking his life in his hand he crossed the frontier; and so it came about that, late one night, a tall man, in a slouched hat, rusty regimentals, and immense jack-boots, was ushered into the private apartment of the Lieutenant-Colonel, at Detroit. It was the Major. He had brought his wares with him. They had cost him nothing, except some small sacrifice of such trifling matters as honor, fraternal feeling, and good faith toward brother conspirators, whom they might send to the gallows; but they were of immense value—

would save millions of money and rivers of loyal blood. So the Major said, and so the Lieutenant-Colonel thought, as, coolly, with his cigar in his mouth and his legs over the arm of his chair, he drew the important secrets from the rebel officer. Something good might, after all, come out of Nazareth. The Lieutenant-Colonel would trust the fellow—trust him, but pay him nothing, and send him back to Toronto to worm out the whole plan from the rebel leaders, and to gather the whole details of the projected expedition. But the Major knew with whom he was dealing. He had faith in Uncle Sam, and he was right in having it; for, truth to tell, if Uncle Sam does not always pay, he can always be trusted.

It was not long before the Major reappeared with his budget, which he duly opened to the Lieutenant-Colonel. Its contents were interesting, and I will give them to the reader as the Union officer gave them to the General commanding the Northern Department. His communication is dated August 16. It says:

"I have the honor to report that I had another interview last evening with Major —, whose disclosures in relation to a rebel plot for the release of the prisoners at Camp Douglas I gave you in my letter of the 8th instant. I have caused inquiries to be made in Canada about Major —, and understand that he does possess the confidence of the rebel agent, and that his statements are entitled to respect.

"He now informs me that he proceeded to Toronto, as he stated he would when I last saw him; that about two hundred picked men, of the rebel refugees in Canada, are assembled at that place, who are armed with revolvers and supplied with funds and transportation-tickets to Chicago; and that already one hundred and fifty have proceeded to Chicago. That he (Major —) and the balance of the men are waiting for instructions from Captain Hines, who is the commander of the expedition; that Captain Hines left Toronto last Thursday for Chicago, and all this time is doubtless at Niagara Falls, making the final arrangements with the chief rebel agents.

"Major — states that Saunders, Holbrook, and Colonel Hicks were at Toronto while he was there, engaged in making preparations, etc. The general plan is to accomplish the release of the prisoners at Camp Douglas, and in doing so they will be assisted by an armed organization at Chicago. After being released, the prisoners will be armed, and being joined by the organization in Chicago, will be mounted and proceed to Camp Morton (at Indianapolis), and there accomplish a similar object in releasing prisoners. That for months rebel emissaries have been traveling through the Northwest; that their arrangements are fully matured; and that they expect to receive large accessions of force from Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois. They expect to destroy the works at Ironton.

"Major — says further that he is in hourly expectation of receiving instructions to proceed to Chicago with the balance of the party; that he shall put up at the City Hotel, corner of Lake and State streets, and register his name as George —; and that he will then place himself in communication with Colonel Sweet, commanding at Chicago."

The Major did not "put up at the corner of Lake and State streets," and that fact relieved the Government from the trouble of estimating the value of his services, and, what is more to be deplored, rendered it impossible for the commandant to recognize and arrest the rebel leaders during the sitting of the Chicago Convention. What became of the Major is not known. He may have repented of his good deeds, or his treachery may have been detected and he put out of the way by his accomplices.

It will be noticed how closely the rebel officer's disclosures accorded with the information gathered through indirect channels by the astute commandant. When the report was conveyed to him, he may have smiled at this proof of his own sagacity; but he made no change in his arrangements. Quietly and steadily he went on strengthening the camp, augmenting the garrison, and shadowing the footsteps of all suspicious new comers.

At last the loyal Democrats came together to the great Convention, and with them came Satan also. Bands of ill-favored men, in bushy hair, bad whisky, and seedy homespun, staggered from the railway stations, and hung about the street corners. A reader of Dante or Swedenborg would have taken them for delegates from the lower regions, had not their clothing been plainly perishable, while the devils wear everlasting garments. They had come, they announced, to make a Peace President, but they brandished bowie-knives, and bellowed for war even in the sacred precincts of the Peace Convention. But war or peace, the commandant was ready for it.

For days reinforcements had poured into the camp, until it actually bristled with bayonets. On every side it was guarded with cannon, and, day and night, mounted men patrolled the avenues to give notice of the first hostile gathering. But there was no gathering. The conspirators were there, two thousand strong, with five thousand Illini to back them. From every point of the compass—from Canada, Missouri, Southern Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, New York and even loyal Vermont, bloody minded men had come to give the peace candidate a red baptism. But "discretion is the better part of valor." The conspirators saw the preparations and disbanded. Not long afterward one of the leaders said to me, "We had spies in every public place—in the telegraph office, the camp itself, and even *close by* the commandant's headquarters, and knew, hourly, all that was passing. From the observatory, opposite the camp, I myself saw the arrangements for our reception. We outnumbered you two to one, but our forces were badly disciplined. Success in such circumstances was impossible; and on the third day of the Convention we announced from headquarters that an attack at that time was impracticable. It would have cost the lives of hundreds of the prisoners, and perhaps the capture or destruction of the whole of us." So the storm blew over, without the leaden rain, and its usual accompaniment of thunder and lightning.

A dead calm followed, during which the Illini slunk back to their holes; the prisoners took to honest ink; the bogus "Butternuts" walked the streets clad like Christians, and the Commandant went to

sleep with only one eye open. So the world rolled around into November.

The Presidential election was near at hand,—the great contest on which hung the fate of the Republic. The commandant was convinced of this, and wanted to marshal his old constituents for the final struggle between Freedom and Despotism. He obtained a furlough to go home and mount the stump for the Union. He was about to set out, his private secretary was ready, and the carriage waiting at the gateway, when an indefinable feeling took possession of him, holding him back, and warning him of coming danger. It would not be shaken off, and reluctantly he postponed the journey till the morrow. Before the morrow facts were developed which made his presence in Chicago essential to the safety of the city and the lives of the citizens. The snake was scotched, not killed. It was preparing for another and a deadlier spring.

On the second of November, a well known citizen of St. Louis, openly a secessionist, but secretly a loyal man, and acting as a detective for the Government, left that city in pursuit of a criminal. He followed him to Springfield, tracked him from there to Chicago, and on the morning of November 4th, about the hour the commandant had the singular impression I have spoken of, arrived in the latter city. He soon learned that the bird had again flown.

"While passing along the street" (I now quote from his report to the Provost Marshal General of Missouri), "and trying to decide what course to pursue—whether to follow this man to New York, or return to St. Louis—I met an old acquaintance, a member of the order of 'American Knights,' who informed me that Marmaduke was in Chicago. After conversing with him awhile, I started up the street, and about one block further on met Dr. E. W. Edwards, a practicing physician in Chicago (another old acquaintance), who asked me if I knew of any Southern soldiers being in town. I told him I did; that Marmaduke was there. He seemed very much astonished, and asked how I knew. I told him. He laughed, and then said that Marmaduke was at his house, under the assumed name of Burling, and mentioned, as a good joke, that he had a British passport, *vised* by the United States Consul under that name. I gave Edwards my card to hand to Marmaduke (who was another 'old acquaintance'), and told him I was stopping at the Briggs House.

"That same evening I again met Dr. Edwards on the street, going to my hotel. He said Marmaduke desired to see me, and I accompanied him to his house." There in the course of a long conversation, "Marmaduke told me that he and several rebel officers were in Chicago to co-operate with other parties in releasing the prisoners of Camp Douglas, and other prisoners, and in inaugurating a rebellion at the North. He said the movement was under the auspices of the order of 'American Knights' (to which order the Society of Illini belonged), and was to begin operations by an attack on Camp Douglas on election day."

The detective did not know the commandant, but he soon made his acquaintance, and told him the story. "The young man," he says, "rested his head upon his hand, and looked as if he had lost his

mother." And well he might! A mine had opened at his feet; with but eight hundred men in the garrison it was to be sprung upon him. Only seventy hours were left! What would he not give for twice as many? Then he might secure reinforcements. He walked the room for a time in silence, then, turning to the detective, said, "Do you know where the other leaders are?" "I do not." "Can't you find out from Marmaduke?" "I think not. He said what he did say voluntarily. If I were to question him, he would suspect me." That was true, and Marmaduke was not of the stuff that betrays a comrade on compulsion. His arrest, therefore, would profit nothing, and might hasten the attack for which the commandant was so poorly prepared. He sat down and wrote a hurried dispatch to his General. "Troops! troops! for God's sake, troops!" was its burden. Sending it off by a courier—the telegraph told tales—he rose, and again walked the room in silence. After a while, with a heavy heart, the detective said, "Good night," and left him.

What passed with the commandant during the next two hours I do not know. He may have prayed—he is a praying man—and there was need of prayer, for the torch was ready to burn millions of property, the knife whetted to take thousands of lives. At the end of the two hours, a stranger was ushered into the apartment where the commandant was still pacing the floor. From the lips and pen of this stranger I have what followed, and I think it may be relied on.

He was a slim, light-haired young man, with fine regular features, and that indefinable air which denotes good breeding. Recognizing the commandant by the eagle on his shoulder, he said, "Can I see you alone, sir?" "Certainly," answered the Union officer, motioning to his secretary to leave the room. "I am a Colonel in the rebel army," said the stranger, "and have put my life into your hands, to warn you of the most hellish plot in history." "Your life is safe, sir," replied the other, "if your visit is an honest one. I shall be glad to hear what you have to say. Be seated."

The rebel officer took the proffered chair, and sat there till far into the morning. In the limits of a magazine article I can not attempt to recount all that passed between them. The written statement the rebel Colonel has sent to me covers fourteen pages of closely written foolscap; and my interview with him on the subject lasted five hours, by a slow watch. He disclosed all that Judge Holt has made public, and a great deal more. Sixty days previously he had left Richmond with verbal dispatches from the Rebel Secretary of War to Jacob Thompson, the rebel agent in Canada. These dispatches had relation to a vast plot, designed to wrap the West in flames, sever it from the East, and secure the independence of the South. Months before, the plot had been concocted by Jeff. Davis at Richmond; and in May previous, Thompson, supplied with two hundred and fifty thousand dollars in sterling exchange, had been sent to Canada to superintend its execution. This money was lodged in a bank at Montreal, and had furnished the funds which fitted out the abortive expeditions against Johnson's Island and Camp Douglas. The plot embraced the order of "American Knights," which was spread all over the West, and numbered five hundred thousand men, three hundred and

fifty thousand of whom were armed. A force of twelve hundred men—Canadian refugees, and bushwhackers from Southern Illinois and Missouri—was to attack Camp Douglas on Tuesday night, the 8th of November, liberate and arm the prisoners, and sack Chicago. This was to be the signal for a general uprising throughout the West, and for a simultaneous advance by Hood upon Nashville, Buckner upon Louisville, and Price upon St. Louis. Vallandigham was to head the movement in Ohio, Bowles in Indiana, and Walsh in Illinois. The forces were to rendezvous at Dayton and Cincinnati in Ohio, New Albany and Indianapolis in Indiana, and Rock Island, Chicago and Springfield in Illinois; and those gathered at the latter named place, after seizing the arsenal, were to march to aid Price in taking St. Louis. Prominent Union citizens and officers were to be seized and sent South, and the more obnoxious of them were to be assassinated. All places taken were to be sacked and destroyed, and a band of a hundred desperate men was organized to burn the larger Northern cities not included in the field of operations. Two hundred Confederate officers who were to direct the military movements, had been in Canada, but were then stationed throughout the West, at the various points to be attacked, waiting the outbreak at Chicago. Captain Hines, who had won the confidence of Thompson by his successful management of the escape of John Morgan, had control of the initial movement against Camp Douglas; but Colonel Grenfel, assisted by Colonel Marmaduke and a dozen other rebel officers, was to manage the military part of the operations. All of these officers were at that moment in Chicago, waiting the arrival of the men, who were to come in small squads, over different railroads, during the following three days. The rebel officer had known of the plot for months, but its atrocious details had come to his knowledge only within a fortnight. They had appalled him; and though he was betraying his friends, and the South which he loved, the humanity in him would not let him rest till he had washed his hands of the horrible crime.

The commandant listened with nervous interest to the whole of this recital; but when the Southern officer made the last remark, he almost groaned out,—

“Why did you not come before?”

“I could not. I gave Thompson my opinion of this, and have been watched. I think they have tracked me here. My life on your streets to-night would n't be worth a bad half dollar.”

“True; but what must be done?”

“Arrest the ‘Butternuts’ as they come into Chicago.”

“That I can do; but the leaders are here, with five thousand armed Illini to back them. I must take them. Do you know them?”

“Yes; but I do not know where they are quartered.”

At two o'clock the commandant showed the rebel officer to his bed, but went back himself, and paced the floor until sunrise. In the morning his plan was formed. It was a desperate plan; but desperate circumstances require desperate expedients.

In the prison was a young Texan who had served on Bragg's staff, and under Morgan in Kentucky, and was, therefore, acquainted with Hines, Grenfel, and the other rebel officers. He fully believed in the

theory of State Rights—that is, that a part is greater than the whole—but was an honest man, who, when his word was given, could be trusted. One glance at his open, resolute face showed that he feared nothing; that he had, too, that rare courage which delights in danger, and courts heroic enterprise from pure love of peril. Early in the war, he had encountered Colonel De Land, a former commandant of the post, on the battle-field, and taken him prisoner. A friendship then sprang up between the two which, when the tables were turned, and the captor became the captive, was not forgotten. Colonel De Land made him chief clerk in the medical department, and gave him every possible freedom. At that time it was the custom to allow citizens free access to the camp; and among the many good men and women who came to visit and aid the prisoners was a young woman, the daughter of a well-known resident of Chicago. She met the Texan, and a result as natural as the union of hydrogen and oxygen followed. But since Adam courted Eve, who ever heard of wooing going on in a prison? “It is not exactly the thing,” said Colonel De Land; “had you not better pay your addresses at the lady’s house, like a gentleman?” A guard accompanied the prisoner; but it was shrewdly guessed that he staid outside, or paid court to the girls in the kitchen.

This was the state of things when the present commandant took charge of the camp. He learned the facts, studied the prisoner’s face, and remembered that he, too, once went a courting. As he walked his room that Friday night, he bethought him of the Texan. Did he love the State better than he loved his affianced wife? The commandant would test him.

“But I shall betray my friends! Can I do that in honor?” asked the Texan.

“Did you ask that question when you betrayed your country?” answered the commandant.

“Let me go from camp for an hour. Then I will give you my decision.”

“Very well.”

And unattended the Texan left the prison.

What passed between the young man and the young woman during that hour, I do not know, and could not tell, if I did know—for I am not writing romance, but history. However, without lifting the veil on things sacred, I can say that her last words were, “Do your duty. Blot out your record of treason.” God bless her for saying them! and let “Amen” be said by every American woman! On his return to camp, the Texan merely said, “I will do it,” and the details of the plans were talked over. He was to escape from the prison, ferret out and entrap the rebel leaders. How to manage the first part of the dangerous programme was the query of the Texan. The commandant’s brain is fertile. An adopted citizen, in the scavenger line, makes periodical visits to the camp in the way of his business, and him the commandant sends for.

“Arrah, yer Honor,” the Irishman says, “I ha’n’t a tr-raitor. Bless your beautiful sowl; I love the kintry; and besides, it might damage me good name and my purty pfeession.”

He is assured that his name will be all the better for dieting a few weeks in a dungeon, and—did not the same thing make Harvey Birch immortal?

Half an hour before sunset the scavenger comes into camp with his wagon. He fills it with dry bones, broken bottles, decayed food, and the rubbish of the prison; and down below, under a blanket, he stows away the Texan. A hundred comrades gather around to shut off the gaze of the guard; but outside is the real danger. He has to pass two gates, and run the gauntlet of half a dozen sentinels. His wagon is fuller than usual; and the late hour—it is now after sunset—will of itself excite suspicion. It might test the pluck of a brave man; for the sentries' bayonets are fixed, and their guns at the half-trigger; but he reaches the outer gate in safety. Now St. Patrick help him! for he needs all the impudence of an Irishman. The gate rolls back; the commandant stands nervously by, but a sentry cries out—

"You can't pass; it's agin orders. No wagins kin go out arter drum-beat."

"Arrah, don't be a fool! Don't be after obstructin' a honest man's business," answers the Irishman, pushing on into the gateway.

She soldier is vigilant, for his officer's eye is on him.

"Halt!" he cries again, "or I'll fire!"

"Fire! Waste yer powder on yer friends, like the bloody-minded spalpeen ye are!" says the scavenger, cracking his whip, and moving forward.

It is well he does not look back. If he should, he might be melted to his own soap-grease. The sentry's musket is leveled; he is about to fire, but the commandant roars out—

"Don't shoot!" and the old man and the old horse trot off into the twilight.

Not an hour later, two men, in big boots, slouched hats, and brownish butternuts, come out of the commandant's quarters. With muffled faces and hasty strides, they make their way over the dimly lighted road into the city. Pausing, after awhile, before a large mansion, they crouch down among the shadows. It is the house of the Grand Treasurer of the Order of American Knights, and into it very soon they see the Texan enter. The good man knows him well, and there is great rejoicing. He orders up the fatted calf, and soon it is on the table, steaming hot, and done brown in the roasting. When the meal is over, they discuss a bottle of champaign and the situation. The Texan can not remain in Chicago, for there he will surely be detected. He must be off to Cincinnati by the first train; and he will arrive in the nick of time, for warm work is daily expected. Has he any money about him? No, he has left it behind, with his Sunday clothes, in the prison. He must have funds; but the worthy gentleman can lend him none, for he is a loyal man; of course he is! was he not the "people's candidate" for Governor? But no one ever heard of a woman being hanged for treason. With this he nods to his wife, who opens her purse, and tosses the Texan a roll of greenbacks. They are honest notes, for an honest face is on them. At the end of an hour good night is said, and the Texan goes out to find a hole to hide in. Down the street he hurries, the long dark shadows following.

He enters the private door of a public house, speaks a magic word, and is shown to a room in the upper story. Three low, prolonged raps on the wall, and—he is among them. They are seated about a small table, on which is a plan of the prison. One is about forty-five—a tall, thin man, with a wiry frame, a jovial face, and eyes which have the wild, roving look of the Arab. He is dressed after the fashion of English sportsmen, and his dog—a fine gray bloodhound—is stretched on the hearth-rug near him. He looks a reckless, desperate character, and has an adventurous history. In battle he is said to be a thunderbolt—lightning harnessed and inspired with the will of a devil. He is just the character to lead the dark, desperate expedition on which they are entered. It is St. Leger Grenfel.

At his right sits another tall, erect man, of about thirty, with large, prominent eyes, and thin black hair and moustache. He is of dark complexion, has a sharp, thin nose, a small, close mouth, a coarse, harsh voice, and a quick, boisterous manner. His face tells of dissipation, and his dress shows the dandy; but his deep, clear eye and pale, wrinkled forehead denote a cool, crafty intellect. This is the notorious Captain Hines, the right-hand man of Morgan, and the soul and brains of the conspiracy. The rest are the meaner sort of villains. I do not know how they looked, and if I did, they would not be worth describing.

Hines and Grenfel spring to their feet and grasp the hand of the Texan. He is a godsend—sent to do what no man of them is brave enough to do—lead the attack on the front gateway of the prison. So they affirm, with great oaths, as they sit down, spread out the map, and explain to him the plan of operations.

Two hundred rebel refugees from Canada, they say, and a hundred "Butternuts" from Fayette and Christian counties, have already arrived; many more from Kentucky and Missouri are coming; and by Tuesday they expect that a thousand or twelve hundred desperate men, armed to the teeth, will be in Chicago. Taking advantage of the excitement of election-night, they propose, with this force, to attack the camp and prison. It will be divided into five parties. One squad, under Grenfel, will be held in reserve a few hundred yards from the main body, and will guard the large number of guns already provided to arm the prisoners. Another, command of which is offered to the Texan, will assault the front gateway, and engage the attention of the eight hundred troops quartered in Garrison Square. The work of this squad will be dangerous, for it will encounter a force four times its strength, well armed and supplied with artillery; but it will be speedily relieved by the other divisions. Those under Marmaduke, Colonel Robert Anderson of Kentucky, and Brigadier General Charles Walsh of Chicago, Commander of the American Knights, will simultaneously assail three sides of Prison Square, break down the fence, liberate the prisoners, and, taking the garrison in rear, compel a general surrender. This accomplished, small parties will be dispatched to cut the telegraph wires and seize the railway stations; while the main body, reinforced by the eight thousand and more prisoners, will march into the city and rendezvous in Court House Square, which will be the base of further operations.

The first blow struck, the insurgents will be joined by the five thousand Illini (American Knights), and, seizing the arms of the city—six brass field-pieces and eight hundred Springfield muskets—and the arms and ammunition stored in private warehouses, will begin the work of destruction. The banks will be robbed, the stores gutted, the houses of loyal men plundered, and the railway stations, grain elevators, and other public buildings burned to the ground. To facilitate this latter design, the water-plugs have been marked, and a force detailed to set the water running. In brief, the war will be brought home to the North; Chicago will be dealt with like a city taken by assault, given over to the torch, the sword and the brutal lust of a drunken soldiery. On it will be wreaked all the havoc, the agony, and the desolation which three years of war have heaped upon the South; and its upgoing flames will be the torch that shall light a score of other cities to the same destruction.

It was a diabolical plan, conceived far down in hell amid the thick blackness, and brought up by the arch-fiend himself, who sat there, toying with the hideous thing, and with his cloven foot beating a merry tune on the death's-head and cross-bones under the table.

As he concludes, Hines turns to the new comer—

"Well, my boy, what do you say? Will you take the post of honor and of danger?"

The Texan takes a long breath, and then, through his barred teeth blurts out—

"I will?"

On those two words hang thousands of lives, millions of money!

"You are a trump!" shouts Grenfel, springing to his feet. "Give us your hand upon it!"

A general hand-shaking follows, and during it, Hines and another man announces that their time is up:

"It is nearly twelve. Fielding and I never stay in this d—d town after mid-night. You are fools, or you would n't."

Suddenly, as these words were uttered, a slouched hat, listening at the key hole, pops up, moves softly through the hall, and steals down the stairway. Half an hour later the Texan opens the private door of the Richmond House, looks cautiously around for a moment, and then stalks on toward the heart of the city. The moon is down, the lamps burn dimly, but after him glide the shadows.

In a room at the Tremont House, not far from this time, the commandant is walking and waiting, when the door opens, and a man enters. His face is flushed, his teeth are clenched, his eyes flashing. He is stirred to the depths of his being. Can he be the Texan?

"What is the matter?" asked the commandant.

The other sits down, and, as if only talking to himself, tells him. One hour has swept away the fallacies of his lifetime. He sees the rebellion as it is, the outbreak and outworking of that spirit which makes hell horrible. Hitherto, that night, he has acted from love, not duty. Now he bows only to the All-Right and the All-Beautiful, and in his heart is that psalm of work, sung by one of old, and by all true men since the dawn of creation: "Here am I, Lord! Send me!"

The first gray of morning is streaking the east, when he goes forth

to find a hiding-place. The sun is not up, and the early light comes dimly through the misty clouds, but about him still hang the long, dark shadows. This is a world of shadows. Only in the atmosphere which soon inclosed him is there no night and no shadow.

Soon the Texan's escape is known at the camp, and a great hue-and-cry follows. Handbills are got out, a reward is offered, and by that Sunday noon his name is on every street corner. Squads of soldiers and police ransack the city and invade every rebel asylum. Strange things are brought to light, and strange gentry dragged out of dark closets; but nowhere is found the Texan. The search is well done, for the pursuers are in dead earnest; and Captain Hines, if you don't trust him now, you are a fool, with all your astuteness!

So the day wears away and the night cometh. Just at dark a man enters the private door of the Tremont House, and goes up to a room where the commandant is waiting. He sports a light rattan, wears a stove-pipe hat, a Sunday suit, and is shaven and shorn like unto Samson. What is the commandant doing with such a dandy? Soon the gas is lighted; and lo, it is the Texan! But who in creation would know him? The plot, he says, thickens. More "Butternuts" have arrived, and the deed will be done on Tuesday night, as sure as Christmas is coming. He has seen his men—two hundred, picked, and every one clamoring for pickings. Hines, who carries the bag, is to give him ten thousand greenbacks, to stop their mouths and stuff their pockets, at nine in the morning.

"And to-morrow night we'll have them, sure! And, how say you, give *you* shackles and a dungeon?" asks the commandant, his mouth wreathing with grim wrinkles.

"Anything you like. Anything to *blot out my record of treason.*"

He has learned the words—they are on his heart, not to be razed out forever.

When he is gone, up and down the room goes the commandant, as is his fashion. He is playing a desperate game. The stake is awful. He holds the ace of trumps—but shall he risk the game upon it? At half past eight he sits down and writes a dispatch to his General. In it he says:

"My force is, as you know, too weak and much overworked—only eight hundred men, all told, to guard between eight and nine thousand prisoners. I am certainly not justified in waiting to take risks, and mean to arrest these officers, if possible, before morning."

The dispatch goes off, but still the commandant is undecided. If he strikes to-night, Hines may escape, for the fox has a hole out of town, and may keep under cover till morning. He is the king-devil, and much the commandant wants to cage him. Besides, he holds the bag, and the Texan will go out of prison a penniless man among strangers. Those ten thousand greenbacks are lawful prize, and should be the country's dower with the maiden. But are not republics grateful? Did not one give a mansion to General McClellan? Ah, Captain Hines, that was lucky for you, for, beyond a doubt, it saved your bacon!

The commandant goes back to camp, sends for the police, and gets his blue coats ready. At two o'clock they swoop to the prey, and

before daybreak a hundred birds are in the talons of the eagle. Such another haul of buzzards and night-hawks never was made since Gabriel caged the devil and the dark angels.

Since the foregoing was written the commandant's official report has been published. In reference to these arrests, he says, in a dispatch to General Cook, dated Camp Douglas, November 7th, four o'clock, A. M.:

"Have made during the night, the following arrests of rebel officers, escaped prisoners of war, and citizens in connection with them:

"Morgan's Adjutant General, Colonel G. St. Leger Grenfel, in company with J. T. Shanks (the Texan), an escaped prisoner of war, at Richmond House; Colonel Vincent Marmaduke, brother of General Marmaduke; Brigadier General Charles Walsh, of the 'Sons of Liberty;' Captain Cantrill, of Morgan's command; Charles Traverse (Butternut). Cantrill and Traverse arrested in Walsh's house, in which were found two cart-loads of large size revolvers, loaded and capped, two hundred stands of muskets loaded, and ammunition. Also seized two boxes of guns concealed in a room in the city. Also arrested Buck Morris, Treasurer of 'Sons of Liberty,' having complete proof of his assisting Shanks to escape, and plotting to release prisoners at this camp.

"Most of these rebel officers were in the city on the same errand in August last, their plan being to raise an insurrection and release prisoners of war at this camp. There are many strangers and suspicious persons in the city, believed to be guerrillas and rebel soldiers. Their plan was to attack the camp on election night. All prisoners arrested are in camp. Captain Nelson and A. C. Coventry, of the police, rendered very efficient service.

B. J. SWEET, Col. Com."

In relation to the general operations I have detailed, the commandant in this report writes as follows:

"Adopting measures which proved effective to detect the presence and identify the persons of the officers and leaders and ascertain their plans, it was manifest that they had the means of gathering a force considerably larger than the little garrison then guarding between eight and nine thousand prisoners of war at Camp Douglas, and that, taking advantage of the excitement and the large number of persons who would ordinarily fill the streets on election night, they intended to make a night attack on and surprise this camp, release and arm the prisoners of war, cut the telegraph wires, burn the railroad depots, seize the banks and stores containing arms and ammunition, take possession of the city, and commence a campaign for the release of other prisoners of war in the States of Illinois and Indiana, thus organizing an army to effect and give success to the general uprising so long contemplated by the 'Sons of Liberty.'"

At the Richmond House Grenfel was taken in bed with the Texan. They were clapped into irons, and driven off to the prison together. A fortnight later, the Texan, relating these details to a stranger, while the commandant was sitting by at his desk writing, said:

"Words can not describe my relief when those handcuffs were put upon us. At times before, the sense of responsibility almost over-

powered me. Then I felt like a man who has just come into a fortune. The wonder to me now is, how the Colonel could have trusted so much to a rebel."

"Trusted!" echoed the commandant, looking up from the writing. "I had faith in you; I thought you would n't betray me; but I trusted your own life in your own hands, that was all. Too much was at stake to do more. Your every step was shadowed, from the moment you left this camp till you came back to it in irons. Two detectives were constantly at your back, sworn to take your life, if you wavered for half a second."

"Is that true?" asked the Texan in a musing way, but without moving a muscle. "I did n't know it, but I felt it in the air!"

In the room at the Richmond House, on the table around which were discussed their hellish plans, was found a slip of paper, and on it, in pencil, was scrawled the following:

"COLONEL—You *must* leave this house *to-night*. Go to the Briggs House. J. FIELDING."

Fielding was the assumed name of the rebel who burrowed with Hines out of town, where not even his fellow-fiends could find him. Did the old fox scent the danger? Beyond a doubt he did. Another day, and the Texan's life might have been forfeit. Another day, and the camp might have been sprung upon a little too suddenly! So the commandant was none too soon; and who that reads this can doubt that through it he was led and guided by the good Providence that guards his country?

But what said Chicago when it awoke in the morning? Let one of its own organs answer.

"A shiver of genuine horror passed over Chicago yesterday. Thousands of citizens, who awoke to the peril hanging over their property and their heads in the form of a stupendous foray upon the city from Camp Douglas, led by rebel officers in disguise and rebel guerrillas without disguise, and concocted by home Copperheads, whose houses had been converted into rebel arsenals, were appalled as though an earthquake had opened at their feet. . . . Who can picture the horrors to follow the letting loose of nine thousand rebel prisoners upon a sleeping city, all unconscious of the coming avalanche? With arms and ammunition stored at convenient locations, with confederates distributed here and there, ready for the signal of conflagration, the horrors of the scene could scarcely be paralleled in savage history. One hour of such a catastrophe would destroy the creations of a quarter of a century, and expose the homes of nearly two hundred thousand souls to every conceivable form of desecration."

But the men of Chicago not only talked, they acted. They went to the polls and voted for the Union; and so told the world what honest Illinois thought of treason.

More arrests were made, more arms taken, but the great blow was struck and the great work over. Its head gone, the conspiracy was dead, and it only remained to lay out its lifeless trunk for the burial. Yet, even as it lay in death, men shuddered to look on the hideous thing out of which had gone so many devils.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
MICHIGAN.

DURING the first two years of the war, Michigan sent over 40,000 troops to the field; and to the last, answered promptly all calls. Like her sister states of the great Northwest she engaged earnestly in the contest, and struck many heavy blows in defense of the national life. In the armies of the East and West alike, her sons have made an honorable record.

The venerable LEWIS CASS, the most eminent citizen known to her history, at the outbreak of the war, thus spoke at a meeting of the people of Detroit.

FELLOW CITIZENS:—I am sorry you have not selected a chairman to preside over your assemblage more accustomed to such a task and more competent to fill it than I am. But while feeling my incompetency I am encouraged by the hope that I shall find in your kind regard an excuse for any errors I may commit—believing it is my duty, while I can do but little, to do all I can to manifest the deep interest I feel in the restoration to peace and good order and submission to the law of every portion of this glorious republic.

I can not take this seat without contrasting the situation in which I now find myself with that in which I was placed on this very spot almost fifty years ago.

Then in the days of our weakness we were subjected to dishonorable capitulation, brought about by the imbecility of the leader, while now in the days of our strength, neither treason nor weakness can permanently affect the holy cause to which all hands and hearts are pledged.

Then our contest was legitimate war, waged with a foreign foe, our war to-day is a domestic one, commenced by and bringing in its train acts which no right feeling man can contemplate without most painful regret. But a few short months since we were the first and happiest nation on the face of the globe. In the midst of this prosperity, without a single foe to assail us, without a single injury at home, caused by the government to affect us, this glorious union acquired by the blood and sacrifices of our fathers, has been disowned and rejected by a portion of the states composing it. Union, which has given us more blessings than any previous government ever conferred upon man.

Here, thank God, its ensign floats proudly and safely, and no American can see its folds spread out to the breeze, without feeling a thrill of pride at his heart, and without recalling the splendid deeds it has witnessed in many a contest, from the day of Bunker Hill to our time. And that flag your worthy mayor has by the direction of the municipal authority hung out upon the dome above us. The

loyal American people can defend it, and the deafening cheers which meet us to-day are a sure pledge that they will defend it. A stern determination to do so, is evinced by the preparations and patriotic devotion which are witnessed around us, and in the echoes which are brought here by every wind that blows.

You need no one to tell you what are the dangers of your country, nor what are your duties to meet and avert them. There is but one path for every true man to travel, and that is board and plain. It will conduct us, not indeed without trials and sufferings, to peace and the restoration of the union. He who is not for his country is against her. *There is no neutral position to be occupied.* It is the duty of all to zealously support the government in its efforts to bring this unhappy civil war to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion, by the restoration, in its integrity, of that great charter of freedom bequeathed to us by Washington and his compatriots. His ashes, I humbly trust, will ever continue to repose in the lowly tomb at Mount Vernon, and in the United States of American which he loved so well, and did so much to found and build up. Manifest your regard for his memory by following, each with the compass of his power, his noble example, and restore his work as he left it, by devoting heart, mind and deed to the cause.

Michigan furnished her share of valuable officers. SHERIDAN, whose name has become a household word, before he commanded armies, was assigned to the command of the 2d regiment of cavalry raised by this state. The very first man in Michigan to volunteer for the union was Major General ALPHEUS S. WILLIAMS, who at one period for several years was editor of the *Detroit Daily Advertiser*. He was born in Connecticut, graduated at Yale, and had been lieutenant colonel of the 1st Michigan volunteers in the Michigan war. The governor, accepted his services, and he organized the first four regiments that Michigan sent into the field to suppress the rebellion.

In October, 1861, he was placed in command of a brigade under Banks, on the upper Potomac. At the first battle of Winchester he commanded Banks' division, and then led the advance in the pursuit of Stonewall Jackson, up the valley. Throughout the retreat of Banks, in May, 1862, from Winchester, before the overwhelming forces of Jackson, "Williams, with his splendid troops, covered the rear, and was known through the command as 'Banks' right hand.'" Advancing again into the valley, his veteran division, the succeeding August, sustained the brunt of the shock of his old opponent, Jackson, but at the terrible cost of a loss of a third of his old brigade. He gained additional luster as a tactician while in command of Pope's rear, in his retreat down the Rappahannock. Succeeding to the command of Banks' corps, he led them with success at Antietam. On the disastrous field of Chancellorsville, when the 11th corps was routed and flying, his corps, the 12th, filled the gap, and stayed the bloody onset. He again, on the historic field of Gettysburg, commanded his corps on the right wing, against which the enemy dashed in vain as against a rock. The 11th and 12th corps were after this consolidated into the 20th corps, under Hooker in Sherman's Atlanta campaign, in which Williams commanded the 1st division. On the retirement of Hooker he was temporarily in command of the 20th corps, and led one of its divisions through those wonderful campaigns of Sherman, that will live as long as war has its history and its romance. "Old Alph," as his soldiers affectionately called him, has an iron constitution, immense good humor and a kind disposition.

Major General O. B. WILCOX, who obtained deserved distinction, was the first colonel of the 1st Michigan regiment of infantry. His career has thus been sketched:

He was the real captor of Alexandria when Ellsworth fell, which he accomplished with his regiment, a section of Sherman's battery and Stoneman's company of cavalry. He then took prisoners Ball's company of Virginia cavalry, which was the first capture of rebels in the war. Three days before the battle of Bull Run, he took the first colors in the east; this was from an Alabama regiment, at

Fairfax station. At Bull Run, he commanded a brigade of Heintzelman's division, recaptured Rickett's guns and fell wounded into the hands of the rebels, 300 yards in advance of that battery. After thirteen months' imprisonment, he succeeded Stevens in the command of the 1st division, 9th corps, which he handled skillfully at South Mountain, Antietam and Fredericksburg. At Knoxville, he commanded the left wing, and made a masterly retreat from Bull's Gap to Cumberland Gap, in presence of a superior force. He was breveted major general for distinguished services in Grant's Virginia campaigns.

In all the artillery service of the union armies there was not a single battery so distinguished as the 1st Michigan, generally known as **LOOMIS' BATTERY**. In West Virginia, Kentucky, Tennessee, Alabama and Georgia, it rendered most efficient service, and when lost was lost with honor. We chronicle a few of its many deeds—first at Murfreesboro'. A correspondent from there thus speaks of Loomis battery fight:

Colonel C. O. Loomis—he was a captain at Perryville, and won his eagle there—is the envy of all artillerists. He is not only the quickest among them, but the most lucky of artillerists. On Friday morning the calm was broken by an attack being made upon his artillery, in Rousseau's division, in which Loomis commands four batteries. They drove in our pickets with a small force of infantry, and planted two batteries on either side of the Murfreesboro' road, and opened briskly upon Rousseau's camp. Loomis immediately ordered out Captain Stone's 1st Kentucky and his own famous 1st Michigan battery and replied to them. The cannonading for a few moments was terrific. From my position to the right, and out of danger, I could very plainly see the rebel guns, and beyond them as distinctly the town of Murfreesboro', and a redoubt about a mile this side. The whole rebel line flew to arms at this tremendous cannonading, as did our own, and the men felt that another terrible drama was about to be enacted. But the infantry were restrained, and the artillery left to do its work. Gen. Rousseau, who knew the stuff of which Loomis was composed, sent him word not to let them go away unharmed. Loomis promised to obey, and kept his word. After a quarter of an hour's work five pieces of a brass gun battery were dismounted, and the battery almost destroyed. The remaining gun limbered up and disappeared. The second battery was receiving admonitions to leave, which they took in good part and disappeared to the right, leaving the road, along which our shots fell thick and fast, in utter disgust. I can not say what the rebels lost here in killed and wounded, but can speak positively as to the loss of five guns. Our own loss in killed was reported to me at twenty-three, and one hundred and twenty-seven wounded. When the War Department comes to sum up its heroes and the honors to be conferred, let it not, if heroes overbalance the honors, blot out the name of that admirable soldier and unflinching patriot who bears the name of Loomis.

Loomis was with Mitchell in Alabama, and took part in the capture of Bridgeport:

As the two pieces of Loomis' came up the hill, they—he says—instinctively turned nose on the feasting crowd, and demandad to be let loose. The whole line halted as they saw the enemy before them, and each man drew a good breath and shook himself—a very natural movement, I assure you. Loomis stepped forward on the summit of the hill, and within ten or twenty feet of him were the guards. In an instant their shot guns were leveled at his breast, but when he drew his revolver the two rebels fled toward the camp to give the alarm. But Loomis had swifter messengers than the guards, and the rebels were apprised of their danger long before the latter messengers reached them. Simultaneous with the cry of alarm uttered by the guards, the "bull dogs" spoke, and the canister and shell fell in the midst of them, scattering death among them and creating a consternation that was comical to behold. They grabbed their muskets and ran in every direction, some even coming in the direction of the line of battle which we had formed. A few attempted to stand, and did, until the second round, when away they went after the main body, which had fled to the bridge for safety.

The order was now given, and away we went down the hill for a charge, and with a yell. I concluded to keep myself a *leetle* in the rear, and I saw the grand charge through the field, and into the very breastworks of the enemy. But the enemy had gone, and had too fine a start ever to be caught, except by Loomis, who, finding they had gotten beyond the range of cannister, tried them with shell. This only accelerated their speed, and they hardly stopped to fire the bridge effectually. They left the portion of the bridge west of the island untouched, but fired that part beyond. General Mitchell sent men to the island and saved the most of it. Loomis continued to pour in his shell, and the enemy to put in their best licks. A locomotive and train disappeared in the distance, with a *toot, toot, toot*, excessively unpleasant to hear when a man feels he's too late for the train, and no doubt so felt by the rebels, the aggravation being increased by the knowledge that they had done their best running to catch it.

No sooner had the enemy disappeared on the further shore than Loomis ran his pieces into the valley, and across it into the rebel breastworks. He placed them in position and waited the appearance of the advance. He had not long to wait. Down the road at double quick came infantry and cavalry—the latter in splendid style, and looking very imposing. They had heard the firing, and had come down to engage in it. But when the men in the intrenchments opened upon them, they were more astonished than the reserve had been. An officer or two ran forward and cried out not to fire on our own men, but they quickly saw their mistake when Loomis let them have another round of cannister, and the infantry a round of musketry. Away they went helter skelter, and our men after them. The battle had lasted twenty minutes, perhaps, not more.

The story of the loss of these guns is a sad but glorious one. It is thus told by a correspondent writing from Chickamauga:

I rode for a considerable portion of the march at the head of the renowned 1st Michigan battery, engaged in low conversation with the manly and intelligent officer who commanded it, Lieutenant Van Pelt. He seemed more than usually confident and cheerful, little anticipating, poor fellow! the fate which awaited him on the morrow.

"Do you think," said he to me, "that we shall engage the enemy?"

"If we can avoid it," I replied; "I feel pretty sure we will not."

"Why then this movement?" he asked.

"Doubtless," said I, "to prevent the enemy from turning our left flank, which they have all day been threatening to do."

He looked at me earnestly. "Then you believe they are endeavoring to bring on a battle?"

"I certainly believe they are," I answered.

"Do you know anything of their strength?" he next inquired.

"Not certainly," I replied; "but in addition to Bragg's old army, Longstreet's corps from Virginia, and at least twenty thousand men from Johnston's army are in front of us."

"No matter," said he, "we shall beat them. Men fighting in a cause like ours must conquer in the end."

Just then General Baird came riding by with some members of his excellent staff. I recognized them by the light of one of the fires.

"General," said I, "shall we go to Chattanooga to-night?"

"No," he replied. "We shall go a mile or two further, take position upon the left, and await the enemy."

"Then," said I, turning to Van Pelt, "a battle to-morrow is inevitable."

"Very well," he remarked, "*we shall all have an opportunity to show again our devotion to our country.*"

At last the weary march came to an end, the artillery was wheeled into position, and the marching columns facing to the right, stood in order of battle, looking toward the east.

During the fight, the battery was attached to Scribner's brigade, who, when surrounded, had succeeded in infusing into them his own magnanimous and gallant

spirit. Gathering together their broken ranks, under the infernal fire which every instant mowed them down, and following their heroic leader, they charged the dense legions surrounding them, and like a whirlwind in a forest, tore their way through.

But, alas! the guns of the immortal 1st Michigan battery were left behind—those black, stern-looking rifled cannon, each one of whom I had come to regard with a feeling of almost reverential awe, because upon a dozen battlefields I had seen them flinging destruction into the ranks of traitors, and never knew them once turned against a legion of my country's enemies which they did not scatter like leaves before the blast. Even in the opinion of the rebels themselves, Loomis had made these guns invincible. They were commanded now by a young man who, possessing naturally the noblest qualities, had thoroughly learned the lessons of his teacher, and promised to prove a most worthy successor, even to Loomis himself—Lieutenant Van Pelt. Van Pelt loved his pieces with the same unselfish devotion which he manifested for his wife. In the desperate conflict which broke around Scribner's brigade he managed the battery with much dexterity and coolness, and for some moments rocked the very trees over the heads of the rebels by the fiery blasts from his guns. But his horses were shot down. Many of his artillerist were killed or wounded. The infantry supporting him had been compelled to turn and cut their way through the enemy, and a horde of traitors rushed up to the muzzles of the now harmless pieces. Van Pelt, almost alone, stationed himself in front of them and drew his sword. "Scoundrels," said he, "dare not to touch these guns!" The miserable barbarians, unable to appreciate true heroism, brutally murdered him where he stood. The history of the war, furnishes not an incident more touching or more sublime than the death of Lieutenant Van Pelt. All the guns of the battery, save one, fell into the enemy's hands.

One of the members of this battery, Henry D. Norrington, early in the war, volunteered on a mission of great peril. The following are its incidents:

After the battle of Carnifex Ferry, in West Virginia, had been fought, the rebels cut off all communication between the Federal camp at Elkwater, and that on the summit of Cheat Mountain, by seizing and holding the only road that connected them.

It was at once apparent that the communication must be re-established, several trusty scouts were sent out, one after another, to Colonel Kimball, on the mountain top, from General Reynolds' camp at Elkwater. But such was the untiring vigilance of the enemy, that each one in turn was shot ere reaching his destination. The danger to the Elkwater camp was imminent, and a volunteer was asked for to open up a correspondence with Colonel Kimball. A young man of great courage, immediately started with high hopes of success; but he, too, fell, and was never heard of again.

The commanding general, then stating fairly and fully the perils attending the task, asked for another volunteer. The command, which had been drawn up for the purpose of hearing the proposal, remained immovable, and not a soldier stirred from his place for several minutes. During the silence that reigned, faces were turned continually up and down the line, to see if there was any one bold enough to undertake the task. These few minutes seemed an age to every one, and the general, with disappointment marked on his features, was turning away, when private Henry D. Norrington, of Loomis's Michigan battery, stepped from his rank, and offered to go upon the perilous errand.

He was immediately ordered to report himself at headquarters, where, receiving his orders, and instructions, and dispatches to Colonel Kimball, he started for his destination. With the most admirable tact and caution, our hero succeeded in eluding the first picket-line of the rebels, after passing which, he traveled *nearly the whole distance beyond, crawling on his hands and knees*. In case of surprise and failure, he had his dispatches rolled up in his mouth, and ready to swallow. In this manner he reached Colonel Kimball's camp, on the top of

Chest Mountain, and safely delivered his dispatches in the hands of that commander.

And now he had completed but half of the fearful task he had undertaken, for, to complete it all, it was necessary that he should carry back a dispatch from Colonel Kimball to General Reynolds. The desperate character of the enterprise may be inferred from the fact that Kimball's whole command shook hands with our hero before he started upon his return, never expecting to see him again.

He set out, however, at night, traveling in the same cautious manner as he did before, and holding himself ready for any emergency. The north star was his guide, and it did not deceive him, for in due time he arrived within a few miles of Elkwater. Thus far on his journey, he congratulated himself that he had succeeded, and that his perils were over; but even as those joyous thoughts passed through his mind, his quick eye discerned a rebel cavalry horse, tied in a stake, some distance ahead. So sudden and unexpected was this, that Norrington's hope was for a moment dashed to earth, but only for a moment.

The next instant, our hero was crawling like a panther toward the animal, intending to capture him, and thus insure his own escape, provided the owner or his friends were not too close at hand. Coming within reach of the steed, which was already saddled, the scout cautiously peered around him to see if the danger was too great. Unable to catch the slightest glimpse of any foe, he sprang to the bridle, unlatched the horse, vaulted into the saddle and the next moment was galloping away toward Elkwater at the top of his speed.

Ere he was out of range, several men, who doubtless had been close at hand, bounded into the road and raising their pieces, sent a volley of rifle balls after him, which, although they whistled disagreeably near, did him no injury. He did not stop to return the compliment, but continued to urge forward the horse, on whose steadiness all now depended. The steed was a splendid charger, full-blooded, and as spirited as a lion, and right gallantly did he carry his new master into the union lines, within whose protection the scout was safe.

He had thus succeeded in his perilous mission, and, delivering Colonel Kimball's message and letter to General Reynolds, he received the most lavish praise and thanks from the latter officer. We are happy to add, also, that his reward did not end here, for, besides being promoted to the general's staff, as mounted orderly, Norrington received from General Reynolds an elegant revolver, from Captain Lewis a handsome sword, from the assistant adjutant-general a complimentary notice in his official report to the War Department, and at dress parade, nine rousing cheers from his comrades. Five men had been killed in attempting the task which he successfully accomplished to the discomfiture of the rebels.

The women of Michigan have furnished some remarkable examples of female heroism.

Miss Anna Etheridge was born in Detroit, Michigan, and is now twenty-three years of age. Her father was once a man of wealth, and her early youth was passed in the lap of luxury, with no wish ungratified, and no want uncared for. But misfortune came and swept away his property, and, broken in fortune and depressed in spirit, he removed to Minnesota, where he died, leaving our heroine, at the age of twelve years, in comparative poverty and want. On the breaking out of the rebellion, she was visiting her friends in this city.

Colonel Richardson was then engaged in raising the 2d Michigan volunteers, and she and nineteen other females volunteered to accompany the regiment as nurses. Every other has returned home or been discharged, but she has accompanied the regiment through all its fortunes, and declares her determination to remain with it during its entire term of service. She has for her use a horse, furnished with a side-saddle, saddle-bags, etc. At the commencement of a battle she fills her saddle-bags with lint and bandages, mounts her horse, and gallops to the front, passes under fire, and regardless of shot and shell, engages in the work of staunching and binding up the wounds of our soldiers. In this manner she has passed through every battle in which the regiment has been engaged, commencing with the battle of Blackburn's Ford, preceding the first battle of Bull

Run, including the battles of the Peninsula, and terminating with the battle of Fredericksburg.

General Berry, the present commander of the brigade to which her regiment is attached, and who highly distinguished himself for bravery and gallantry in all these fights, declares that she has been under as hot a fire of the enemy as himself. On one occasion a soldier was torn to pieces by a shell while she was in the act of binding up his wounds previously received, and on many occasions her dress has been pierced by bullets and fragments of shell, yet she has never dismounted and never been wounded. Her regiment belongs to the brigade commanded by the lamented General Kearney till his death, and in consideration of her dauntless courage and invaluable services in saving the lives of his men, General Kearney commissioned her as a regimental sergeant. When not actively engaged on the battle-field or in the hospital, she superintends the cooking at the headquarters of the brigade. When the brigade moves, she mounts her horse and marches with the ambulances and surgeons, administering to the wants of the sick and wounded, and at the bivouac she wraps herself in her blanket, and sleeps upon the ground with all the hardihood of a true soldier.

Anna is about five feet three inches in height, fair complexion (now somewhat browned by exposure), brown hair, vigorous constitution, and decidedly good looking. Her dress on entering into battle, is a riding garment, so arranged as to be lopped up when she dismounts. Her demeanor is perfectly modest, quiet and retiring, and her habits and conduct are correct and exemplary, yet on the battle-field she seems to be as one possessed and animated with a desire to be effective in saving the lives of the wounded soldiers. No harsh word was ever known to be uttered by her, and she is held in the highest veneration and esteem by the soldiers, as an angel of mercy. She is, indeed, the idol of the brigade, every man of which would submit to almost any sacrifice in her behalf. She takes the deepest interest in the result of this contest, eagerly reading all the papers to which she can obtain access, and keeping thoroughly posted as to the progress of the war. She says she feels as if she stood alone in the world, as it were, and desires to do good. She knows that she is the instrument of saving many lives, and alleviating much suffering in her present position, and feels it her duty to continue in so doing.

These facts can be substantiated by testimony of the highest character, and they deserve to go forth to the world to show that if England can boast of the achievements of a Florence Nightingale, we of America can present a still higher example of female heroism and exalted acts of humanity in the person of Anna Etheridge.

Another of these Spartan-like women was Mrs. L. L. Deming, who proved to be a kind of good Samaritan—Amazonian attache to the army. The *Cleveland Herald* said of this truly excellent woman:

She is the adopted daughter of the 10th Michigan regiment, in which her husband is captain. Mrs. Deming has followed the fortunes of her husband since the regiment entered the service. She has nursed the sick, cheered the wounded, sang for the low-spirited, and made herself worth her weight in gold in all those offices which an energetic, fearless woman knows how to perform. She can ride her sixty miles on horseback without dismounting but once, she can march with the best of them. She is as familiar with the music of shell and ball as with her own notes, and she is enthusiastically devoted to the war. She was with the army before Corinth, was under fire repeatedly, but never turned her back on the foe but once, when she was ordered to skedaddle, as one of our own batteries was placed right in the rear of her own tent, which was sure to go by the board at the first fire. Mrs. Deming wore her uniform while in the camp, having a haversack, canteen, and belt with revolvers.

One of the Michigan regiments, was composed of engineers and mechanics. Among the Western troops were several of these pioneer regiments. This element contributed greatly to the success of our

campaigns. Generally in the advance, laboring in the very front of danger, the calm heroism of these working men almost surpasses belief. A single incident illustrates this, which occurred in Sherman's Atlanta campaign. Two pioneers were chopping on opposite sides of the same tree. In the midst of a storm of whistling bullets, the measured cadence of their manly blows was heard above conflicting sounds. Suddenly one of the two dropped dead at the foot of the tree, shot by a ball through the head. His companion did not falter at his task one instant; did not so much as lose a single stroke; when a third man instantly stepped out from the ranks, took the ax from the hands of his dead comrade and filled his place. In this connection it gives us pleasure to present a picture of Western soldiers: and to none is it more applicable than to "the boys" of Michigan.

If there are men in the world gifted with the most thorough self-reliance, western soldiers are the men. To fight in the grand anger of battle seems to me to require less manly fortitude, after all, than to bear, without murmuring, the swarm of little troubles that vex camp and march. No matter where or when you halt them they are at once at home. They know precisely what to do first and they do it. I have seen them march into a strange region at dark, and almost as soon as fires would show well, they were twinkling all over the field, the Sibley cones rising like the work of enchantment everywhere, and the little dog tents lying snug to the ground, as if, like the mushrooms, they had grown there, and the aroma of coffee and tortured bacon, suggesting comforts, and the whole economy of life in canvas cities moving as steadily as if it had never intermitted. The movements of regiments, you know, are blind as fate. Nobody can tell to-night where he will be to-morrow; and yet, with the first glimmer of morning, the camp is astir, and preparations begin for staying there forever: cozy little cabins of red cedar, neatly fitted are going up; here a boy is making a fire-place, and quite artistically plastering it with the inevitable red earth; he has found a crane somewhere and swung up thereon a two-legged dinner-pot; there a fellow is finishing out a chimney with brick from an old kiln of secession proclivities; yonder a bower-house, closely woven, of evergreen is almost ready for the occupants; tables, stools, and bedsteads are tumbled together by the roughest of carpenters; the avenues, between the tents are cleared and smoothed—"policed," in camp phrase—and little seats with cedar awnings in front of the tents, give a cottage-look, while the interior, in a rude way, has a genuine home-like appearance. The bit of a looking-glass hangs against the cotton wall—a handkerchief of a carpet just before the "bunk" marks the stepping off place to the land of dreams—a violin-case is strung up on a convenient hook, flanked by a gorgeous picture of some hero of somewhere, mounted upon a horse, rampant and saltant, "and what a length of tail behind!"

The business of living has fairly begun again. There is hardly an idle moment, and save here and there a man brushing up his musket, getting that "damned spot" off his bayonet, burnishing his revolver, you would not suspect that these men had but one terrible errand. They are tailors, they are tinkers, they are writers; fencing, boxing, cooking, eating, drilling—those who say that camp life is a lazy life know little about it. And then there reconnoissances "on private account;" every wood, ravine, hill, field, is explored; the productions, animal and vegetable, are inventoried, and one day renders them as thoroughly conversant with the region round about, as if they had been dwelling there a lifetime. They have tasted water from every spring and well, estimated the corn to an acre, tried the watermelons, bagged the peaches, knocked down the persimmons, milked the cows, roasted the pigs, picked the chickens; they know who lives here and there and yonder, the whereabouts of the native boys, the names of the native girls. If there is a curious cave, a queer tree, a strange rock anywhere about, they know it. You can see them with chisel, hammer and haversack, tugging up the mountain or scrambling down the ravine in a geological passion that would have won the right hand of fellowship from Hugh Miller, and home they come loaded with



B. BONDY EC.

CAPTURE OF JEFFERSON DAVIS, BY MICHIGAN CAVALRYMEN.

specimens that would enrich a cabinet. I have in my possession the most exquisite fossil buds just ready to open; beautiful shells, rare minerals, collected by these rough and dashing naturalists. If you think the rank and file have no taste and no love for the beautiful, it is time you remembered of what material they are made. Nothing will catch a soldier's eye quicker than a patch of velvet moss, or a fresh little flower, and many a letter leaves the camps enriched with faded souvenirs of these expeditions. I said that nothing will catch an old campaigner's eye quicker than a flower, but I was wrong; a dirty, ragged *baby* will. I have seen a thirteen dollar man expend a dollar for trinkets to hang about the dingy neck of an urchin, that at home, and three years ago, he would hardly have touched with a tongs. Do you say it is for the mother's sake? You have only to see the bedraggled, coarse, lank, tobacco-chewing dam—is it wicked for me to use that word in such a fashion?—to abandon that idea, like a foundling, to the tender mercies of the first door-step.

But to come back to camp; talk of perfumed cloud of incense, there is to me nothing sweeter than a clear, bright red cedar fire; the mountain air is fairly laden with the fragrance. Everything is red cedar, and a prairie man, as he sees the great camp fires, fed with hewn timbers of the precious wood, would about as soon think of cutting up his grand piano—seven octave or so—into fuel for the kitchen stove. Writing of fuel, you should see the fences melt away anywhere within a mile of camp; up goes the red cedar again, like a prophet, in a chariot of fire, and not enough left for a bow and arrow.

The work of improvement goes briskly on; a week has passed, and the boys seem settled in life. Just before tattoo, some night, down comes an order to march at five in the morning. A fine, drizzling rain has set in; a thick blanket of fog has been snugly tucked about the camp; the fires look large and red and cheerful; the boys are just ready "to turn in," when down comes the order. Nothing is as you would think; no complaints, no murmurings, no watching the night out. They are not to be cheated out of their sleep—not they; it takes your green recruits to do that; every bundle of a blanket has a sleeping soldier in it; every knapsack has a drowsy head on it. At three the roll of a drum straggles through the gloom; the camp is awake; tents are struck, knapsacks packed, baggage wagons loaded, mules untangled. Soldiers have notions, and among them is the destruction of their "improvement;" the bower house crackles like a volley of musketry, the cedar cottages are in flames, the stools and tables are glowing coals, and if they don't fiddle, as Nero did, while their Rome is burning—and as much of a Rome, too, as that was in the time of the lupine brothers—at least they *eat*. A soldier can starve patiently, but when he has a chance he eats potently. Huddled around their little fires, in the thick and turbid morning, the clink of the bayonets betokens the coffee to come; the smutty kettles bubble with the Arabic decoction as black as the tents of the Sheik who threw dust on the beard of his father; unhappy pork sizzles from ramrods, and the boys take breakfast.

Some wise man proposed in Congress, you remember, the substitution of tea for coffee in the army, and told the people that the soldiers would welcome the change! A tolerably fair specimen of theoretical, stay-at-home wisdom, and not worth a Sabbath day's journey of the Queen of Sheba to look at. Why, coffee is their true *aqua vite*; their solace and mainstay. When a boy can not drink his coffee, you may be sure he has done drinking altogether. On a march, no sooner is a halt ordered than little fires begin to twinkle along the line; they make coffee in five minutes, drink it in three, take a drill at a hard cracker, and are refreshed. Our comrades from "der Rhine" will squat phlegmatically anywhere, even in line of battle. No sooner has the storm swept to some other part of the field, than the kettles begin to boil, and amid stray bullets and shattering shell, they take great swallows of heart and coffee together. It is Rhine wine, the soul of Gambrianus, "Switzer" and "Limberg" in one.

But it is five o'clock and a dingy morning; the regiments march away in good cheer; the army wagons go streaming and swearing after them; the beat of the drum grows fainter; the canvas city has vanished like a vision. On such a morning and amid such a scene I have loitered till it seemed as if a busy city had

been passing out of sight, leaving nothing behind for all that life and light but empty desolation. Will you wonder much if I tell you that I have watched such a vanishing with a pang of regret; that the trampled field looked dim to me, worn smooth and beautiful by the touch of those brave feet, whose owners have trod upon thorns with song—feet, alas, how many—that shall never again, in all this coming and going world, make music up the old thresholds? And how many such sites of perished cities this war has made; how many bonds of good fellowship have been rent to be united no more.

At home anywhere, I wrote, and I might well have added, and used to anything the boys are. You would wonder, I think, to see me lie down in the dusty road, under the full noon sun of Tennessee and Alabama, and fall asleep in a minute. I have passed hundreds of such sleepers. A dry spot is as good as a mattress; the flap of a blanket quite a downy pillow. You would wonder, I think, to see a whole army corps, as I have, without a shred of a tent to bless themselves with, lying anywhere and everywhere in an all night rain, and not a growl nor a grumble. I was curious to see whether the pluck and good nature were not washed out of them, and so I made my way out of the snug, dry quarters, I am ashamed to say I occupied, at five in the morning, to see what water had done for them. Nothing! Each soaked blanket hatched out as jolly a fellow as you would wish to see—muddy, dripping, half-foundered, forth they came, wringing themselves out as the went, with the look of a troop of "wet-down" roosters in a fall rain-storm, plumage at half mast, but hearts trumps every time. If they swore—and some did—it was with a half laugh; the sleepy fires were stirred up; then came the—coffee, and they were as good as new. "Blood is thicker than water." I could never tire of telling you how like iron—wrought iron—men can get to be, and half the sympathy I had corked and labeled for the hardships of soldiers evaporated when I came to see how like rugged oaks they toughened into knots under them. True, there is another light to the picture. The regiment twelve hundred strong now stacks five hundred muskets. Bullets did not do it, as you would think, but just the terrible sifting process; the regiment is screened like grain; the sturdiest manhood alone remains. Writing of downy pillows, I noticed, on that rainy morning, that one of the boys did not hug mother earth quite as closely as the rest; his head was well up, and when he shook himself, and whisked off the blanket he had lain upon, I saw his pillow, and no duck ever dressed such plumage; it was a little triangular piece of iron, the fragment of some bit of machinery, through which were thrust three iron rods some six inches in length. It was first this queer tripod of a pillow, then a corner of a blanket, then a pouring rain, and then a good, hearty all night sleep. Never mind that feather the wrong way in your pillow; thank God for the one feather, pleasant dreams and good night!

We do not know that any other state has furnished an instance like the following:

Sergeant John Clem, 22d Michigan volunteer infantry, is the youngest soldier in our army. He is twelve years old, and small even for his age. He first attracted the notice of General Rosecrans at a review at Nashville, when he was acting as marker for his regiment. The general, won by his youth and intelligence, invited him to call upon him, whenever they were in the same place. Rosecrans saw no more of Clem until his return to Cincinnati, when one day, coming to his rooms at the Burnet House, he found the boy awaiting him. He had seen service in the mean while. He had gone through the battle of Chickamauga, where he had three bullets through his hat. Here he killed a rebel colonel. The officer, mounted on horseback, encountered the young hero, and called out, "*Stop you little Yankee devil!*" By way of answer, the boy halted and dropped his piece to "order;" thus throwing the colonel off his guard. In another moment the piece was cocked, brought to an aim, and fired, when the officer fell dead from his horse. For this achievement Clem was promoted to the rank of sergeant, and Rosecrans bestowed upon him the Roll of Honor.

We have a similar anecdote of a Michigan drummer boy, connected

with the army of the Potomac under Burnside. Shortly after the battle of Fredericksburg he was one of the occupants of the platform at a great union meeting in New York :

He belonged to the 8th Michigan, and when one hundred men of that regiment volunteered to cross at Fredericksburg, he wished to go, but was told he was too small. He, however, hung on to the stern of the boat, and passed over in the water. When over he killed a rebel, took his gun, and came back with the volunteers. General Burnside complimented him for his bravery. Some friends had given him a new drum, and he beat the tattoo for the audience, to their great delight. His name is Robert Hendershot.

Scarcely is there a limit to the anecdotes that could be given of the bravery of Michigan troops in battle. One we adduce here, the charge of the 4th Michigan, near Shepherdstown, Va. :

The division of General Morell was moved down to the brink of the river, and as the 4th Michigan, in the advance, was about to cross, a battery of six guns suddenly opened upon them from the top of the bluff commanding the ford. Of course a slight movement resembling a panic at first manifested itself, but the moment the order was given to cross the stream, ascend the hill and take the battery, a shout went up which echoed and re-echoed through the gorge, and filled with consternation the men at the guns. The hill was gained in the face of a deadly fire, the guns reached, the gunners shot or bayoneted, the entire battery in our possession almost in as short a time as I have taken to write an account of it. The charge of the 4th Michigan was one of the bravest and most successful of the war. The Potomac at the ford is about four feet deep. The boys threw off their coats and waded across in water up to their waists, and with many of them nearly up to their neck. The guns, with one exception, were all brought across the river. The one left on the other side was spiked, dismounted and rolled down the bluff. Two of the pieces formerly belonged to Griffin's battery, which was taken from us at the first battle of Bull Run; another was a Parrot and the others 12-pound brass howitzers, manufactured in England. The battery altogether is perhaps the most valuable taken by McClellan since he had command of the army. It should be presented to the brave 4th Michigan as a reward for their achievement.

The letters of wounded soldiers and officers, from the battle-field, are among to most touching mementoes of the war. After one of the battles of McClellan, in Maryland, a torn and soiled envelop was picked up on the field with the following written upon it in pencil, which was ascertained to be from a Michigan officer, Captain Allen H. Zacharias, of Monroe :

DEAR PARENTS, BROTHERS AND SISTERS:—I am wounded, mortally, I think. The fight rages around me. I have done my duty—this is my consolation. I hope to meet you all again. I left not the line until nearly all had fallen and the colors gone. I am getting weak. My arms free, but below my chest all is numb. The enemy is about me. [Some other words were written, but the envelop was so torn that they could not be deciphered.]

Your son,

ALLEN.

One of the most affecting of all the letters was that written by Colonel Thornton Brodhead, commander of the 1st Michigan cavalry, to his wife, from the fatal battle-field before Washington, when Pope was defeated through the treachery of Fitz John Porter :

MY DEAREST WIFE:—I write to you, mortally wounded, from the battle-field. We are again defeated, and ere this reaches you your children will be fatherless. Before I die let me implore that, in some way it may be stated that General —

has been outwitted, and that — is a traitor. Had they done their duty as I did mine, and had led as I led, the dear old flag had waved in triumph.

I wrote to you yesterday morning. To-day is Sunday, and to-day I sink to the green couch of our final rest.

I have fought well, my darling, and I was shot in the endeavor to rally our broken battalions. I could have escaped, but I would not till all hope was gone, and was shot—about the only one of our forces left on the field. Our cause is just, and our generals, not the enemy's, have defeated us. In God's good time He will give us victory.

And now, good-by, wife and children. Bring them up, I know you will, in the fear of God and love for the Saviour. But for you and the dear ones dependent, I should die happy. I know the blow will fall with crushing weight on you. Trust to him who gave manna in the wilderness.

Dr. Nash is with me. It is now after midnight, and I have spent most of the night in sending messages to you.

Two bullets have gone through my chest, and directly through the lungs. I suffer but little now, but at first the pain was acute. I have won the soldier's name, and am ready to meet now, as I must, the soldier's fate. I hope that from Heaven I may see the glorious old flag wave again over the undivided union I have loved so well.

Farewell, wife and babes, and friends. We shall meet again.

Your loving,

THORNTON.

This noble man, who thus died that his country might live, was the son of a New England clergyman, and born in New Hampshire, in 1822. He graduated at the Harvard Law School, served in the Mexican war as an officer of the 15th U. S. infantry, in which he was twice breveted for gallantry in battle. For many years he was a citizen of Detroit, and for a while postmaster of that city. Sustained by love of God and country, his last letter to his dear ones at home, is another of the many glorious tokens of how cheerfully the Christian soldier can die.

Gettysburg, the most terrible and bloody battle of the war; indeed the turning point of the rebellion, occurred in the year succeeding the writing of these heroic letters. This battle-field was consecrated by the blood of the sons of Michigan. The 24th Michigan was one of the five western regiments that composed the famous IRON BRIGADE, who held the key point at Cemetery Hill, and so saved the army from defeat.

Out of 496 men, this regiment lost 316, in killed and wounded. It lost all its field officers. Its Colonel, Morrow, was prostrated by a scalp wound and taken prisoner. Lieutenant-Colonel Mark Flanagan lost a leg. Major Edwin B. Wright, lost an eye. Deprived of its superior officers, the command devolved upon a captain, Albert M. Edwards. Several of the officers and men even when severely wounded, refused to leave the field. In a subsequent report, Col. Morrow stated in reference to the regiment, that in the desperate conflicts of the day, it became almost certain death to carry the flag. Privates Abel E. Peck, Charles Ballou, and August Earnest, color-bearers, were successively killed. Corporal Andrew Wagner afterward raised the standard, and was shot through the breast. Col. Morrow himself, then took the colors in his hands, but yielded them at the earnest request of Private Wm. Kelley, who said, "*The Colonel of the 24th Michigan shall never bear the colors while I am able to take them.*" The flag floated again for a brief period in the front of the battle, but soon Private Kelley paid the penalty of his heroism with his life. Col. Morrow took the colors once more, when he too fell wounded and senseless. After the deadly strife at the barricade of rails, this cherished flag was found in the hands of a soldier of the regiment,

whose name is unknown, and who, although to all appearance, mortally wounded, still held it with a firm, unyielding grasp.

In the tragedies of the rebellion Michigan soldiers bore their full share, as many a battle-field testifies. In the comicalities of the strife, they eclipsed those of any other State, for to them fell the gratification of capturing Jefferson Davis, the runaway President of the collapsed Confederacy, while endeavoring to escape in the disguise of a superannuated old woman. This ludicrous affair took place just before daylight on the 10th of May, 1865, near Irwinville, in South Georgia, about 70 miles from the Florida coast, for which the Davis party was making. Major-General Wilson had sent two detachments of horsemen in pursuit, one under Col. Pritchard, of the 4th Michigan cavalry, the other under Col. Harndon, of the 1st Wisconsin. The Michigan men first came to the tent in which was the Davis party, surrounded it, and demanded the surrender of the inmates. The two cavalry detachments arriving by different roads at this moment, got in conflict, each thinking the other rebels. Two were killed and six wounded before the error was discovered. Capt. Hudson of the Michigan troops, had placed a strong guard around the tent where Davis was supposed to be, and when the firing commenced, thinking his duty called him to the fight, he left the tent in charge of a corporal, with orders to let no one pass out. The details of what followed, have been variously stated. But we give them as related by General Wilson, in a letter to a friend, written on the evening after the delivery of Davis into his hands:

You will, doubtless, have seen my telegrams to the Secretary of War, before this reaches you, detailing the events of the capture. Two of my best regiments, one from the first and the other from the second division, were on the trail together, and reached the rebel camp almost simultaneously. The fight which ensued was unfortunate, but unavoidable in the uncertain moonlight. Both parties fully expected desperate resistance, and both had gone prepared.

Colonel Harndon, of the 1st Wisconsin, had only sixty men, Colonel Pritchard had one hundred and thirty. The story of Davis' ignoble attempt at flight is even more ignoble than I told it. Mrs. Davis and her sister, Miss Howell, after having clothed him in the dress of the former, and put on his head a woman's head-dress, started out, one holding each arm, and besought Col. Pritchard's men in most piteous terms, to let them take their "poor old mother out of the way" of the firing."

Mrs. Davis said, "Oh, do let us pass with our POOR OLD MOTHER, who is so frightened, and fears to be killed." One of Pritchard's men, catching sight of the 1 resident's boots below the skirts of the dress, suspected at once, who the poor old woman was, and replied, "Oh, no, you don't play that game on me, *them boots* don't look very much like they belonged to a *woman*. Come down, old fellow."

It is rarely that two witnesses relate a circumstance alike. He is an uncommon witness, who, in all details, relates it twice exactly alike. A staff officer of Davis' publishes this version of his capture:

At last he got information that his own wife and family were in danger from the assaults of military marauders. Mrs. Davis, with her three children, and accompanied by her sister, Miss Howell, had a wagon train of her own, about twenty or thirty miles from her husband's party. She was very anxious to go her own way, and be no embarrassment to him. She felt equal to the task of propering herself from reckless Confederates, and felt sure of avoiding Federals. But, no sooner did he ascertain that she was in danger, that two gangs had concocted a scheme to seize all her trunks, under the impression that she carried the rebel gold, than he resolved, at all hazards, to go to her rescue. It was a fond hus-

band's, a fond father's infatuation. No remonstrance availed. He set out, and rode eighteen miles to meet the object of his love and solicitude. He met them, and the first to rebuke him for his excess of fondness was the anxious wife and mother. A tent or two was already pitched, and he, weary to exhaustion, went to sleep, intending to retrace his steps before morning. Had he not gone to assure himself of his wife's safety, and had he not been excessively fatigued while there, Colonel Pritchard would be without the honor of capturing him, for nothing was easier than his escape, as Breekinridge and Wood and the writer of this know, and by meeting no interruption themselves have proved. Their immunity might have been his.

But Davis ran his risks and took the chances, fully conscious of imminent danger, yet powerless, from physical weariness, to do all he designed doing against the danger. When the musketry firing was heard in the morning, at "dim gray dawn," it was supposed to be between the rebel marauders and Mrs. Davis' few camp defenders. Under this impression he hurriedly put on his boots and prepared to go out, for the purpose of interposing, saying

"They will at least as yet respect me."

As he got to the tent door, thus hastily equipped, and with this good intention of preventing an effusion of blood by an appeal in the name of a fading, but not wholly faded authority, he saw a few cavalry ride up the road and deploy in front.

"Ha, Federals!" was his exclamation.

"Then you are captured," cried Mrs. Davis, with emotion.

In a moment she caught an idea—a woman's idea—and as quickly as women in an emergency execute their designs it was done. He slept in a wrapper—a loose one. It was yet around him. This she fastened ere he was aware of it, and then bidding him adieu, urged him to go to the spring, a short distance off, where his horses and arms were. Strange as it may seem, there was not even a pistol in the tent. Davis felt that his only course was to reach his horse and arms, and complied. As he was leaving the door, followed by a servant with a water-bucket, Miss Howell *flung a shawl over his head*. There was no time to remove it without exposure and embarrassment, and as he had not far to go, he ran the chance exactly as it was devised for him. In these two articles consisted the woman's attire, of which so much nonsense has been spoken and written; and, under these circumstances, and in this way, was Jefferson Davis going forth to perfect his escape. No bonnet, no gown, no petticoats, no crinoline, no nothing of all these. And what there was happened to be excusable under ordinary circumstances, and perfectly natural as things were.

But it was too late for any effort to reach his horses, and the confederate president was at last a prisoner in the hands of the United States.

The staff officer does not surmount the unromantic fact, that "the Confederate President" was at last caught trying to escape in the clothes of a woman. That he had "no bonnet, no gown, no petticoats, no crinoline," the peculiar friends of his excellency must apologize for him under the trying circumstances of a very *hasty toilet*!

Poor man! The charitably disposed will forgive him that his disguise was not more complete. But why he, a West Point graduate, "a born soldier" too, should leave his arms over night at a wayside spring, in the custody of his horse, is among the puzzling matters our veracious staff officer does not explain.

THE TIMES
OF
THE REBELLION
IN
WISCONSIN.

To the calls of the Government for troops, no state responded with greater alacrity than Wisconsin. She has sent to the field, since the commencement of the war, forty-four regiments of infantry, four regiments and one company of cavalry, one regiment of heavy artillery, thirteen batteries of light artillery, and one company of sharpshooters, making an aggregate (exclusive of hundred day men), of seventy-five thousand one hundred and thirty-three men. To this large number, furnished by this young state, should be added three regiments of one hundred day men, who nobly responded to the call at a critical moment, when their services were much needed, and whose services were of so much importance to the government, as to call forth from the commander-in-chief the highest special commendation.

Wisconsin stood firmly and unwaveringly by the flag of the union. The bravery of her troops was not excelled. The "IRON BRIGADE" secured a distinguished place in the history of the war. East, west and south, upon many of the bloody fields of battle, Wisconsin's brave sons won for themselves an undying fame. Unflinchingly they fought for the union, and looked death in the face in a thousand different forms; without a murmur they fell, shattered and mangled upon the cold and gory field; without a murmur they bore the privations incident to a soldier's life; many alas! lingered and died in hospitals. Many a fireside was made desolate; the orphan children, the widowed mothers, the mourning fathers, mothers, brothers and sisters of Wisconsin can be numbered by thousands.

Early in the war the state suffered a great loss in the death of her excellent governor, LOUIS P. HARVEY. He was born at East Haddam, Conn., in 1820; in 1828, emigrated with his parents to Ohio, and was educated at the Western Reserve college. He was accidentally drowned, April 19, 1862, at Pittsburg Landing, Tennessee, while stepping from one boat to another. He had gone there to carry, with his own hands, the means of relieving the soldiers of his state, wounded

at the battle of Shiloh. We give an extract of a private letter, containing some particulars of his life and character :

Governor Harvey had lived in Wisconsin about fifteen years—first engaged in teaching, then in mercantile pursuits. Six years ago he was chosen to represent his district in the senate, which office he held for two terms. He was then chosen secretary of state; and in 1861 was nominated for governor by the republican convention, and also by the union convention. He was elected by a good majority, and was inaugurated the first Monday after January. During the newspaper quarrel that always precedes an election, I never saw a single opprobrious reflection upon the conduct or character of Mr. Harvey, though I daily saw all the leading democratic papers of the state.

The duties of his office at such a time as this could not under any circumstances be light, and his were especially onerous: and it is said that he habitually worked till eleven and twelve o'clock at night, and was at it again at four or five in the morning. He was quite annoyed by a difficulty he had in getting the last regiment off—the 19th, an Irish regiment. Everything before had been done with such hearty good-will and enthusiasm, that it was painful to see the last regiment, or part of it, influenced to mutiny. But the governor, with the catholic priest, harmonized them in part, and they were sent on to St. Louis.

Immediately upon receiving the news of the Pittsburg battle, he resolved to go to the aid of the wounded. He sent dispatches to the principal towns to collect hospital supplies, and forward to his care. When his wife at first expressed a dislike to have him go, he said, "I expected to hear that from others, but I hoped to receive encouragement from you."

He stopped on his way to visit the Wisconsin soldiers in the hospital at Cairo, and spent three days with them without taking off his clothes. Then he proceeded to Pittsburg. In a letter he wrote back, and probably the last he every wrote, he said: "I thank God for the good impulse to come here. I have accomplished more than I could have expected."

He was drowned on Saturday evening. The next day, Sabbath, a friend, meeting Governor Harvey's mother in church, said: "How *happy* you always look!" "Why shouldn't I," she said, "when I have such *good sons*?"

Gov. Harvey was to the time of his death a member of the congregational church. His cordial, unostentatious manner made him many warm personal friends.

The following shows how truly his death was lamented:

Our good Governor Harvey is dead. Our brave, good governor, whom every body loved, and over whose untimely fate all good hearts most sincerely mourn.

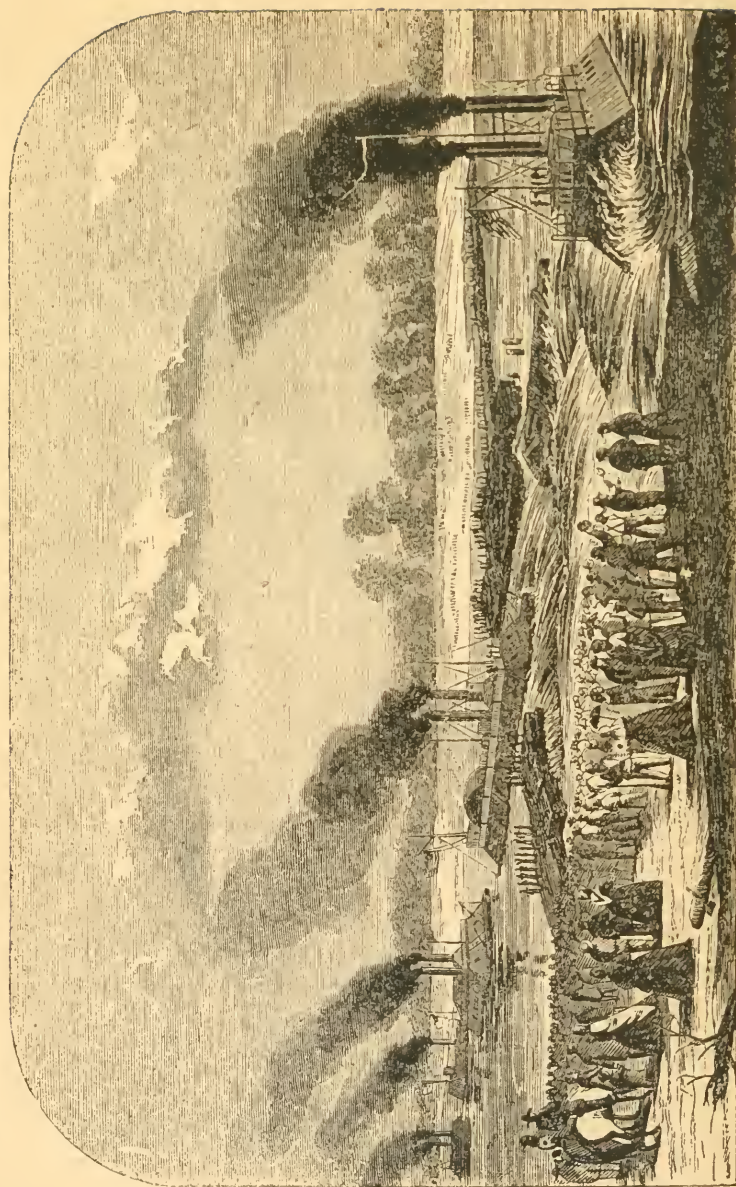
It is only an hour since the sad tidings of his death came to us across the wires in this city of Madison, the capital of Wisconsin. And the news has put all the people into mourning. Sincerer grief, more real and earnest sorrow I never saw exhibited. All persons, belonging to all political parties without any distinction, feel the great calamity as if it were personal; as if some dear, and unspeakably beloved friend had been snatched suddenly from their families and homes.

On the streets I met with rude, hard men, who, perhaps, had never wept before in their lives, and they could not speak to me without tears gushing out of their eyes, and voices half choked with bitter sobs. So sudden was the terrible blow, so unlooked for, so impossible, nearly, to be realized, that men, women, and little children are profoundly affected by it, not knowing what to make of it, feeling only that, if it is so, our public loss is great indeed; hoping against hope that the dreadful lightning words may be yet proven untrue by more faithful dispatches.

But alas! there is no hope. All is over with our noble governor in this world. Those ugly, treacherous waters of the Tennessee, swallowed up all his life, and have left us all in such grief that no words of mine could depict it.

It was only yesterday that the big-hearted governor, hearing of our terrible disasters at Pittsburg Landing—or, as history is likely to record it, our disasters at the battle of Corinth—issued his messages to every city in the state, calling upon the inhabitants to contribute all and every thing they could lay their hands on in the shape of linen, etc., and forward the same to him by the very next trains, that he





Admiral Porter's Fleet passing through the Dam across Red River. This wonderful work of engineering skill was constructed by Lieut.-Col. Bailey, of Wisconsin.

might himself carry those stores to our poor, wounded soldiers. Alas! poor gentleman! He little thought that while engaged on this great-hearted errand of mercy, he should fall a victim to the veriest accident which ever struck a brave man down.

Stepping from one boat to another on the Tennessee river, his foot fell short, and down he went into the rapid waters, never more to rise again!

While I write, the funeral cannon are booming over the city, and the unconscious, unsympathizing four lakes which encircle it, but *not* over unsympathizing hearts! Believe me, that few things could have befallen us which would have afflicted all classes so deeply. The proof is externally shown in the closing of the stores, in their decoration with crape and the garments of death, in the flags hanging half-mast high from the capitol and the public buildings, in the tolling of all the bells in the churches, in the mournful grasps of men in the streets, in the white lips which announce to every incomer from the country the sad tidings, the appalling tidings, that our good governor, who left us so lately with such benevolence and mercy, and charity in his heart and hand, would never, never more return to us.

The governor's lady was at the station soliciting help for the poor wounded soldiers at the very moment that the station master was reading the telegraphic message which announced her husband's death. She heard it, all too soon, and fainted on the street. Her idol, whom she loved so dearly, was broken—broken, and no help! May God help her!

All over this state, all over the United States, this man's fate will be lamented and sorrowed over. He was only elected in January last, and no man ever began a public career with more brilliant promise, more encouraging auspices. And now all is over. The dark curtain has fallen, and the starry curtain has been uplifted, and he has gone under it where all good men go—to God and the blessed majority of the angels.

The "IRON BRIGADE OF THE WEST" was composed of the 2d, 6th and 7th regiments, and was commanded by General Gibbon.

The 2d regiment, which was identified with the army of the Potomac from its first organization, and which was the representative of Wisconsin at the first battle of Bull Run, was joined later in the season, by the 6th and 7th regiments. In the organization of the army by General McClellen, these regiments, together with the 19th Indiana, were organized as a brigade, and assigned to the command of Brigadier General Gibbon, General King having been promoted to the command of a division. Thenceforward their history is identical, and Wisconsin may well be proud of their record, which has procured for them the name of the "Iron Brigade of the West."

The winter was spent in camp at Arlington, Va., preparing for the spring campaign. In the grand review of the 27th of March, the Wisconsin troops, particularly the 2d, were complimented for their soldierly appearance and thorough acquaintance with military drill.

They participated in the advance on Richmond, under command of Major General McDowell; and subsequently under Major General Pope, acted as rear guard to the "Army of the Potomac," at the time it fell back on Washington. In the performance of this duty, "the 6th Wisconsin, the very last to retire, marched slowly and steadily to the rear, faced to the front again as they reached their new position, and saluted the approaching enemy with three rousing cheers, and a rattling volley. Every Wisconsin man who heard those cheers felt his heart thrill with pride for the gallant fellows who gave them."

In the three days fight of the 28th, 29th and 30th of August, at Gainesville and Bull Run, Gibbon's brigade suffered terribly. The 2d went into the fight with about 430 men, and lost in killed, wounded and missing, 286; the colonel and one captain being killed, and Major Allen, Captain Smith, and Lieutenants Baldwin, Bell and Esslinger, wounded. "Colonel O'Conner fell fighting bravely, and dearly beloved by his regiment." Captain J. F. Randolph, of company "H," was also killed in this battle. No truer or braver man has gone into action, or fallen a sacrifice to the wicked rebellion. The loss of the 6th, was 17 killed and 91

wounded, the latter number including Colonel Cutler and Lieutenants Johnson and Tiehenor; and the 7th lost, in killed and wounded, 75 men, including Captain Brayton, company "B," killed, and Captains Walker and Walthers, Lieutenants Bird and Hobart, wounded. A correspondent from the field says of their action in these battles:

"Gibbon's brigade covered the rear, not leaving the field till after nine o'clock at night, gathering up the stragglers as they marched, preventing confusion, and showing so steady a line that the enemy made no attempt to molest them."

Afterward, in the short campaign in Maryland, under command of Major General McClellen, they nobly sustained their reputation at the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, which terminated the campaign by forcing the rebels to retire across the Potomac. In the battle of Sharpsburg, September 14th, Captain W. W. Colwell, company "B," 2d regiment, of La Cross, was killed, while in command of the line of skirmishers. A fine officer, beloved by the whole regiment. His last words, as he was raised by the men of his command, were, "Advance the right, and press forward; don't give way." The 2nd went into the battle of Antietam, September 17, 150 strong, and came out with 59. Lieutenant Sanford, company "I," was killed; Lieutenant Colonel Allen, Captains Gibbon and Ely, and Lieutenants Jones and Hill wounded.

This short and meagre sketch of this brigade, cannot be more appropriately terminated, than by recalling a special order issued by their commanding general, of which the following is a copy.

HEADQUARTERS GIBBON'S BRIGADE, NEAR SHARPSBURG, MD., }
October 7th, 1862. }

SPECIAL ORDER No. —

It is with great gratification that the brigadier-general commanding announces to the Wisconsin troops the following indorsement upon a letter to his excellency, the governor of Wisconsin. His greatest pride will always be to know that such encomiums from such a source are always merited.

"I beg to add to this indorsement the expression of my great admiration of the conduct of the three Wisconsin regiments, in General Gibbon's brigade. I have seen them under fire acting in a manner that reflects the greatest possible credit and honor upon themselves and their state. *They are equal to the best troops in any army in the world.* [Signed,] GEORGE B. McCLELLAN."

By command of Brigadier-General GIBBON.

The 20th regiment was organized under the call for seventy-five thousand. The men were recruited during the months of June and July, 1861. The organization was completed and the regiment mustered into the United States service in the beginning of August. The field-officers of this regiment were all promoted from the old regiments in the field.

On the 30th of August they left Camp Randall under orders for St. Louis, where they arrived on the 31st. On the 6th of September they were ordered to Rolla, at which place they remained for ten days, when they marched to Springfield on the 23d. They remained in the vicinity of Springfield until the beginning of December, when they were called upon to take part in the movement of General Herron's forces, for the purpose of effecting a junction with General Blunt, who was holding the enemy in check near Cane Hill, Ark., and thereby prevent the rebels from entering Missouri. On Sunday, the 7th of December, they came in sight of the enemy at Prairie Grove, Ark., having marched one hundred miles in three days. Their conduct, during the terrible fight which followed, showed they did not need their general's reminder, as he placed them in position, that "Wisconsin had never been disgraced by her sons in arms." They charged upon and took a rebel battery of six guns at the point of the bayonet, and being unable to take the guns from the field, disabled them, and slowly retired without confusion, under the fire of five rebel regiments. Captains John McDermott and John Weber, and Lieutenant Thomas Bintliff, were killed in this fearful charge, and Lieutenant-Colonel Henry Bertram, Captains O. Gillett and H. C. Strong, with Lieutenants Jackson, Bird, Butler, Blake, Ferguson, Root and Miller wounded. The total loss was 49 killed, 148 wounded and 8 missing.

In an official order of General Herron to Governor Solomon, he said: "I congratulate you and the State on the glorious conduct of the 20th Wisconsin infantry in the great battle of Prairie Grove."

The famous IRON BRIGADE was later known in the War as Meredith's Brigade, and at Gettysburg, was composed of the 21, 5th, and 7th Wisconsin, 19th Indiana, and 24th Michigan. The heroic bravery of this brigade of western men in the battles at this point, almost surpasses belief. They held the key of the position, inflicted terrible losses upon the enemy, and suffered terribly, some of these regiments losing *three quarters* of their men. On being asked by Gen. Doubleday to hold a certain point to the last extremity, he reported: "Full of the memory of past achievements, they replied cheerfully and proudly, *'If we can't hold it, where will you find the men who can?'*"

The credit of saving Admiral Porter's fleet of gunboats and transports from the peril of certain destruction on the rocks and among the rapids by the sudden fall of Red River, during Banks' unfortunate expedition, in the spring of 1864, was due to the skill and energy of a Wisconsin volunteer officer. How the vessels were extricated is thus told by Admiral Porter:

Lieutenant-Colonel Bailey, acting engineer of the 19th army corps, proposed a plan of building a series of dams across the rocks at the falls, and raising the water high enough to let the vessels pass over. This proposition looked like madness, and the best engineers ridiculed it, but Colonel Bailey was so sanguine of success that I requested General Banks to have it done, and he entered heartily into the work. Provisions were short and forage was almost out, and the dam was promised to be finished in ten days, or the army would have to leave us. I was doubtful about the time, but had no doubt about the ultimate success, if time would only permit. General Banks placed at the disposal of Colonel Bailey all the force he required, consisting of some three thousand men and two or three hundred wagons; all the neighboring steam-mills were torn down for material; two or three regiments of Maine men were set to work felling trees, and on the second day after my arrival at Alexandria from Grand Ecore the work had fairly begun. Trees were falling with great rapidity; teams were moving in all directions, bringing in brick and stone; quarries were opened; flat-boats were built to bring stones down from above; and every man seemed to be working with a vigor I have seldom seen equaled, while perhaps not one in fifty believed in the success of the undertaking. These falls are about a mile in length, filled with rugged rocks, over which, at the present stage of water, it seemed to be impossible to make a channel.

The work was commenced by running out from the left bank of the river a tree-dam, made of the bodies of very large trees, brush, brick, and stone, cross-tied with other heavy timber, and strengthened in every way which ingenuity could devise. This was run out about three hundred feet into the river; four large coal-barges were then filled with brick and sunk at the end of it. From the right bank of the river, cribs filled with stone were built out to meet the barges. All of which was successfully accomplished, notwithstanding there was a current running of nine miles an hour, which threatened to sweep every thing before it. It will take too much time to enter into the details of this truly wonderful work. Suffice it to say, that the dam had nearly reached completion in eight days' working time, and the water had risen sufficiently on the upper falls to allow the Fort Hindman, Osage, and Neosho to get down and be ready to pass the dam. In another day it would have been high enough to enable all the other vessels to pass the upper falls. Unfortunately, on the morning of the 9th inst., the pressure of water became so great that it swept away two of the stone barges, which swung in below the dam at one side. Seeing this unfortunate accident, I jumped on a horse and rode up to where the upper vessels were anchored, and ordered the Lexington to pass the upper falls, if possible, and immediately attempt to go through the dam. I thought I might be able to save the four vessels below, not knowing whether the persons employed on the work would ever have the heart to renew their enterprise.

The Lexington succeeded in getting over the upper falls just in time—the water

rapidly falling as she was passing over. She then steered directly for the opening in the dam, through which the water was rushing so furiously that it seemed as if nothing but destruction awaited her. Thousands of beating hearts looked on, anxious for the result. The silence was so great, as the Lexington approached the dam, that a pin might almost be heard to fall. She entered the gap with a full head of steam on, pitched down the roaring torrent, made two or three spasmodic rolls, hung for a moment on the rocks below, was then swept into deep water by the current, and rounded to safely into the bank. Thirty thousand voices rose in one deafening cheer, and universal joy seemed to pervade the face of every man present. The Neosho followed next, all her hatches battened down, and every precaution taken against accident. She did not fare as well as the Lexington, her pilot having become frightened as he approached the abyss and stopped her engine, when I particularly ordered a full head of steam to be carried; the result was, that for a moment her hull disappeared from sight under the water. Every one thought she was lost. She rose, however, swept along over the rocks with the current, and fortunately escaped with only one hole in her bottom, which was stopped in the course of an hour. The Hindman and Osage both came through beautifully, without touching a thing; and I thought if I was only fortunate enough to get my large vessels as well over the falls, my fleet once more would do good service in the Mississippi. The accident to the dam, instead of disheartening Colonel Bailey, only induced him to renew his exertions after he had seen the success of getting four vessels through.

The noble-hearted soldiers, seeing their labor of the last eight days swept away in a moment, cheerfully went to work to repair the damages, being confident now that all the gunboats would finally be brought over. These men had been working for eight days and nights up to their necks in water, in the broiling sun—cutting trees and wheeling bricks—and nothing but good humor prevailed among them. On the whole, it was very fortunate that the dam was carried away as the two barges that were swept away from the center swung around against some rocks on the left, and made a fine cushion for the vessels, and prevented them, as it afterward appeared, from running on certain destruction. The force of the water and the current being too great to construct a continuous dam, at six hundred feet across the river, in so short a time, Colonel Bailey determined to leave a gap of fifty-five feet in the dam and build a series of wing dams on the upper falls. This was accomplished in three days' time, and on the 11th inst., the Mound City, Carondolet, and Pittsburg came over the upper falls, a good deal of labor having been expended in hauling them through, the channel being very crooked, scarcely wide enough for them. Next day the Ozark, Louisville, Chillicothe, and two tugs also succeeded in passing the upper falls. Immediately afterward the Mound City, Carondolet, and Pittsburg started in succession to pass the dam, all their hatches battened down, and every precaution taken to prevent accident. The passage of these vessels was a most beautiful sight, only to be realized when seen. They passed over without an accident, except the unshipping of one or two rudders. This was witnessed by all the troops, and the vessels were heartily cheered as they passed over. Next morning at ten o'clock, the Louisville, Chillicothe, Ozark, and two tugs passed over without any accident except the loss of a man, who was swept off the deck of one of the tugs.

In Wisconsin, as in other states, there were some men of disloyal stamp. All through the west, particularly in the year 1863, this feeling often exhibited itself in actual violence. The more usual manifestations were in opposition to the drafts; and riots, from this source, were not uncommon. In some instances the enrolling officers, while proceeding to their duty, were ambushed and assassinated. Among the various DRAFT RIOTS was quite a serious one in Ozaukee county, this state. The details we take from the Milwaukee papers.

The resistance to the draft in Ozaukee county has assumed quite a serious aspect. Early on Monday morning, the day on which the draft was to take place,

processions came into the village of Ozaukee, and paraded the streets with banners on which were inscribed "No Draft." At a preconcerted signal—the firing of two cannon—they marched to the courthouse, where they found the commissioner, Mr. Pors, had just commenced operations. The mob immediately attacked the courthouse, the commissioner fled, a part of the multitude pursuing him and assulting him with stones, brickbats and other missiles, until he took refuge in the postoffice. The other part continued their assault on the courthouse, and destroyed the papers and other machinery connected with the draft.

The commissioner, having escaped from the hands of the rioters, they turned round and wreaked their vengeance upon several eminent citizens who had been counseling obedience to the laws. Among those assaulted and beaten were: S. A. White, the county judge; L. Towsley, the district attorney; Judge Downs, register of deeds, and A. M. Blair, a leading lawyer. All these gentlemen were severely injured, and narrowly escaped with their lives. It is reported that Judge Downs had his leg broken.

The rioters then commenced destroying private property. The houses of Mr. Pors, Mr. Loomis, Mr. Blair, Dr. Stillman and H. H. Hunt were sacked. The Ozaukee Stone Mills were leveled to the ground. They pursued the proprietor with the purpose of taking his life, but he managed to secrete himself, and afterward escaped to this city. Previous to this they had obtained all the sheriff's papers in connection with the draft and destroyed them.

The house of Commissioner Pors was also visited with particular vengeance. The furniture was smashed up and dumped out on the street. Jellies, jams, and preserves were poured over the Brussels carpets, and ladies' personal apparel torn into shreds. The mob continued in their high-handed career, and every person who was known to be a peaceful, law-abiding and law-obeying citizen was threatened with violence to his person and property. In many cases these threats were carried out with fearful exactness.

We are confident the leaders in this riot will be dealt with summarily. We believe the body of the people there have been led on by designing, factious men, who are never content unless engaged in some riotous proceeding, no matter what its nature, if it only be resistance to the lawful constituted authority. Pillage and plunder is their great object, and they have led on innocent, unsuspecting people to commit their devilish deeds under the cry of "No Draft." We expect these modern *Santerres* and *Marats* will be caged.

The provost-marshal-general of the state, W. D. McIndoe, arrived here last night, and accompanied by eight companies of the 28th regiment, 600 strong, under command of Colonel Lewis, left for the scene of the disturbances in Ozaukee county.

The steamers Comet and Sunbeam had previously been chartered by the governor, and at half past three o'clock Wednesday morning took their departure for Port Washington, with the provost-marshal-general and troops on board.

The propeller Kenosha, which arrived here at nine o'clock Tuesday night, brought information that the mob at Ozaukee had three pieces of artillery, one of which was planted on the pier, and two on an elevation commanding the pier, and that they threatened to prevent the landing of troops. To prevent a collision at the pier, it was understood the troops would be landed at Port Ulao, five miles this side, and marched into Port Washington before daylight this morning.

P. S.—The Comet has just returned—two o'clock. The troops landed at Port Ulao and proceeded by land to Port Washington, arriving about seven o'clock in the morning. The rioters were completely taken by surprise, not one of them expecting that anything would be done by the State or United States authorities.

Seventy of the rioters have been captured and are in the custody of provost-marshal McIndoe. Some prominent citizens of Port Washington are among the prisoners. The destruction is represented as much greater than at first reported, six houses having been gutted. Clothing, furniture, and pianos were piled up in promiscuous confusion.

The troops marched to the rear of the town on the west side. Colonel Lewis immediately sent out scouts and extended his lines so as to completely

surround the town. Advancing in this manner, the scouts soon came in contact with some of the rioters, who appeared frightened out of their wits, having become aware of the presence of a body of troops. They rushed wildly from one side of the town to the other, endeavoring to make their escape. But it was no use. The lines of the soldiers gradually closed up, and the rioters were completely bagged—caught amid the ruin and destruction they had made. In a very short time the soldiers had arrested about seventy, including several women. The prisoners were taken and confined in the courthouse under guard. We can only surmise what will be the fate of the men. The law provides that all who resist or counsel resistance to the draft shall be sentenced to serve in the ranks of the army during the war. This is a very mild sentence, and will be carried out to the letter.

Arrival of the Rioters in Milwaukee.—The steamer Sunbeam brought here this morning 81 of the Ozaukee rioters, who were under the charge of a detachment from the 28th, consisting of Captain White's company. The company marched through the city in the form of a hollow square, with the prisoners in the center. They looked decidedly crestfallen, and were probably deeply ashamed of the scrape they have got themselves into. They have been taken to Camp Washburn, and will undoubtedly be put into the army without any further chance of a draft.

Resistance to the Draft in Washington county.—Some of the citizens of Washington county, catching the contagion from Ozaukee county, disgraced themselves and the state nearly to the same extent on Tuesday as was the case in the latter county.

On Monday there was no disturbance, and Mr. E. H. Gilson, the commissioner, completed, successfully, at West Bend, the draft for the towns of Barton, Farmington, Jackson, Kewauxum and West Bend, employing a little girl to draw the ballots. Tuesday, in taking up the town of Trenton, a large crowd packed the court house, and as soon as it was completed began to shout.

Sheriff Weimar and B. S. Weil endeavored to stem the tide, and counseled obedience to the laws. It was of no use, however, and Mr. Gilson, and the little girl, were advised to leave the building, which they did in haste. Gilson started for L. F. Frisby's office, but was overtaken by 15 or 20 excited men, one of whom caught him by the throat, another by the watch-guard, and another struck him a heavy blow in the right side with a stone of the size of a man's two fists. They told him to give up the rolls containing the list of men subject to draft, or they would murder him on the spot.

He evaded their demands as well as he could, meanwhile falling back until he reached Mr. Frisby's office, when he expostulated with them and appealed to them. Frisby and Weil did the same, and in the meantime Gilson managed to get into the office and escaped from the back door, seizing upon his overcoat with his revolver in it as he escaped. A friend who had left a horse in the woods, about a half a mile distant, for him, informed him of what he had done, and he was not long in reaching the horse, which he mounted and made for Hartford at the top of his speed. When near that place he met five or six men on horseback, armed with clubs, going in the direction of West Bend. They called to him:

"Are you running away from the draft?"

"No, but they are drafting you right fast up at West Bend."

"By G—d, we'll see about that," they replied, and put spurs to their horses.

Mr. Gilson reached Hartford in time to get aboard the train, and at once came to Milwaukee. He at once left here for Madison, arriving there yesterday morning. He is an old resident of Washington county, and has hitherto been one of the most influential men there.

Mr. Gilson resides at Newburg, in that county. He expects to hear that his house has been destroyed, and his family insulted and outraged. These high-handed proceedings call for, and will, we doubt not, receive prompt and vigorous action on the part of the executive.

Two Hundred Arrests made—Trouble in other Towns.—OZAUKEE, Wednesday Evening. EDITORS SENTINEL :—I have but a few minutes to write before the Sunbeam leaves with eighty-one "rebels" on board, bound for Fort Lafayette and a job of dirt digging. The work of repressing the outbreak goes bravely on. Nearly 200 arrests have been made, and a detachment of 200 soldiers have gone to Saukville to suppress a riot there.

A squad of 20 soldiers were out this P. M., near Belgium, and were attacked by a body of men, outnumbering them six or seven to one. The boys stood their ground bravely, wounding one of the rebels severely, if not fatally, and capturing fifty-nine. Two others brought in nine before dark.

Marshal McIndoe is doing his work well, and is ably assisted by the officers and men belonging to the department. They are sustained by the citizens, and it is more than probable that mob law will receive a lesson which will be remembered for some time.

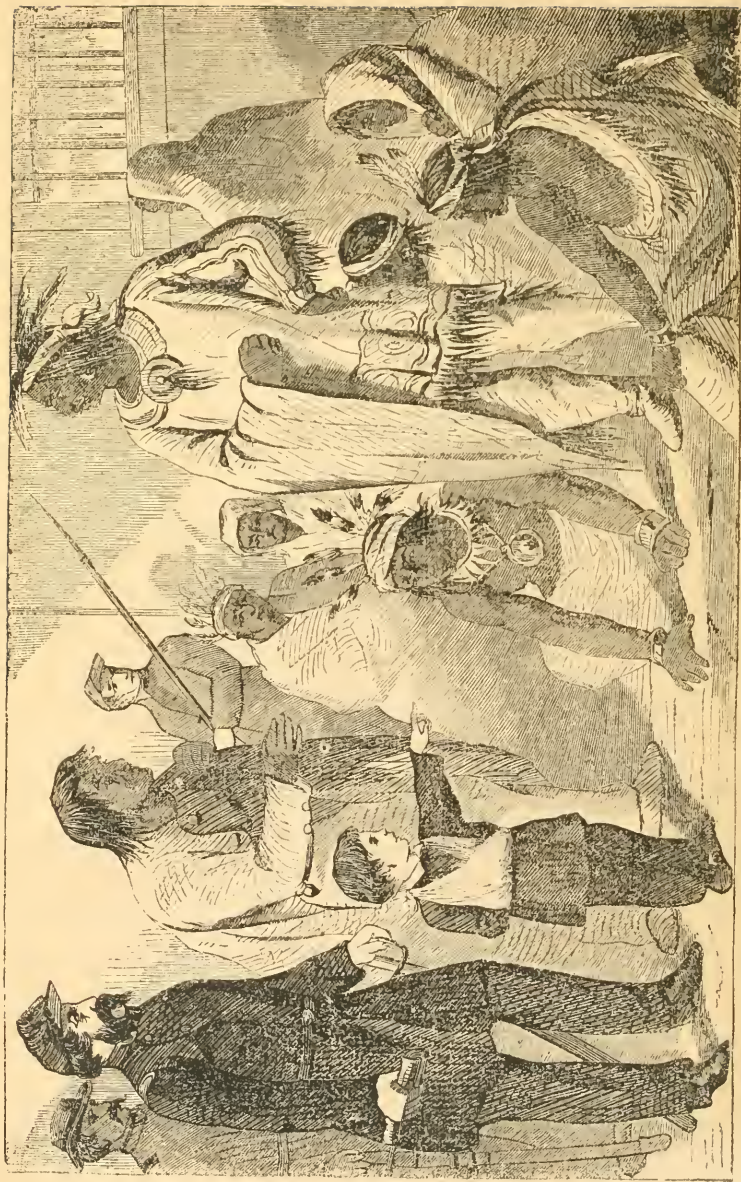
A six-pounder field piece was captured about nine o'clock this morning, and is now under guard at the court-house. The insurgents were well armed, but are no match for the volunteers who are sustaining the cause of law and order.

The feeling of satisfaction is universal among the citizens and passengers.

The town presents a sad appearance. Seven buildings are completely gutted. Four elegant pianos are among the property destroyed.







Identification of Indian Murderers in Minnesota, by a Boy Survivor of the Massacre.

THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

MINNESOTA.

THIS new state of the far north was early in sending her regiments to the field. Her 1st regiment was in that opening battle of unfortunate issue, the battle of Manassas, in July, 1861. Her 2d regiment in the succeeding January, was at the battle of Mill Springs, Ky., where the union troops made the first bayonet charge of the war.

Small in population, yet MINNESOTA contributed 20,000 soldiers to the union army. But the rebellion had been in operation a little more than a year, when her own soil became the theater of most horrible tragedies, the suppression of which, for a time, absorbed all her energies. The times of the rebellion, therefore, was, in Minnesota, also, the times of the bloody scenes of savage barbarity known as

THE SIOUX WAR.

The most awful visitation of savage warfare that ever occurred to any community since the first settlement of this continent befel Minnesota, in August, 1862, under the leadership of Little Crow, the Sioux chief. Sunday, the 7th, the massacre began by the murder of six persons, at Acton, Messler county. The next (Monday) morning, occurred the horrible butchery at the lower Sioux agency. Some fugitives, at about 9 o'clock, A. M., carried the tidings to Fort Ridgley, twelve miles distant. Forty-six men, more than half of its little garrison, under Captain Marsh, started across the country to the scene of blood. At the lower-agency ferry they fell into an ambush; when the captain and a large part of his men, after a desperate battle, were slain. On Wednesday, the savages laid seige to the fort, which continued for several days.

In it were several pieces of artillery, and which, being well-served, the enemy were at last obliged to retreat. The German town of New Ulm, eighteen miles southwest of the fort, was attacked, and one hundred and ninety-two houses burnt. The defense was most heroic. The defenders were reinforced by armed bands from Mankato, La Seur and other points. These constructed rude barricades around a few of the buildings in the center of the village, and eventually suc-

ceeded in driving the enemy from the place: but all outside had been laid in ashes. New Ulm, a few days before, was a beautiful town of nearly 2,000 inhabitants. Its main street ran parallel with the river for one and a half miles; the dwellings, the homes of comfort and happiness. In a few short hours, it was all one mass of ruins, only a small cluster of buildings remaining of what had been a smiling, peaceful village. Fort Abercrombie and other points were attacked by the enemy. Off from the villages, among the farmers, the brutal savages had unobstructed scope for their cruelty. The country visited by them was studded with the homesteads of that most amiable of people, German emigrants, who were the greatest sufferers.

No language can express the fiendish outrages perpetrated during this saturnalia of savage cruelty. "Not less than two thousand men, women and children, were indiscriminately murdered and tortured to death, and barbarities of the most hellish magnitude committed. Massacre itself had been mercy, if it could have purchased exemption from the revolting circumstances with which it was accompanied; the torture of unborn infants torn from their bleeding mothers, and cast upon their breasts; rape and violence of even young girls till death closed the horrid scene of suffering and shame. The theater of depredations extended from Otter-tail Lake and Fort Abercrombie, on the Red river, to the Iowa boundary, over a front of 200 miles, and from the western boundary of the state, eastwardly, to its heart, at Forest City; an area of 20,000 square miles. Eighteen counties were depopulated; 30,000 people driven from their homes, and millions, in value, destroyed."

"The parts visited by the Indians was one common scene of ruin and devastation; but very few houses left standing, and those sacked of everything worth the trouble to steal or effort to destroy—every bed and mattress, every blanket, spread and sheet, every article of wardrobe taken, every trunk broken open and spoiled, every article of provision carried off, every horse driven away, nearly every house burned with everything in it, and hundreds of families murdered or driven into a captivity worse than death.

Hardly a harvest finished, the grain uncut, the reaper standing where the horses were taken off in fright, or by the Indians; unbound, the rake lying on the gravel; unshocked, unstacked, every harvest-field trodden under foot, and every corn-field ravaged by herds of cattle howling for food, where no hand was left to give.

"The outraged inhabitants who escaped, wandered over the prairies, enduring hardships, trials and sufferings next only to death itself. One little boy, Burton Eastlick, less than ten years of age, alternately carried and led by the hand, a younger brother of five, taking every precaution to avoid being seen for eighty miles to Fort Ridgely, and safely arrived there with him. A woman with her three children escaped from her home with barely their lives. The youngest, an infant, she carried in her arms; the other two girls walked and ran painfully along by her side, through the tangled brush and briar vines. They lived on wild plums and berries, and when these were gone by the frost, on grape-tendrils and roots. They cowered like a brood of partridges, trembling, starving, nearly dead. The infant died. The mother laid its body under a plum-bush; scraped together a heap of dried leaves and covered it; placed a few sticks over them to prevent the rude winds from blowing them away; then, looking hastily around again, fled with her remaining ones. It was seven weeks ere they were found and rescued. Some of less nerve completely lost their minds by the first fright, and wandered about demented through the thickets until found."

A military force was hastily set on foot by the state authorities and placed under command of General Sibley, who checked the massacre, rescued the white prisoners—all of whom were women and children—and, having beaten the Indians in two battles, at Birch Coolie and Wood Lake, captured 2,000 of them, the rest being scattered as fugi-

tives in all directions. These Indian captives were subsequently tried, and, a large number of them being found guilty, were sentenced to be hanged. The final execution of the law, however, was only carried out on thirty-eight of the assassins. The damage done to that portion of the state which was the scene of the massacre, will not be recovered for years to come. For more than a month a large part of the population of Minnesota were fugitives from their devastated homes, and dependent on the charities of their distant neighbors, and of the generous people of other states for the necessities of life.

Writers of the time give these shocking details of the massacre at the Aower Agency and vicinity.

The signal had been given, and almost simultaneously a thousand savage war-whoops rent the air. If massacre alone had been their aim, not one from the agency would scarce have escaped; but the horses in the barns, the plunder in the stores, and the hopes of finding whisky, largely diverted the savages from their murderous work.

Not many of the whites had yet left their houses, or even their beds. Some of the savages, having led out the horses, fired the barns. Others rushed for the stores and warehouse, shooting before them whomsoever they met, by the roadside, before doors, or behind the counters. The shelves were soon emptied, with the assistance of the squaws, who had followed for the purposes of plunder, and the spoil carried away to be quarreled over among themselves. Barrels were rolled into the street, boxes tumbled out, and the buildings enveloped in flames. Then they burst into the mission chapel, boarding house, and other dwellings, tomahawk in hand. Some were hewn to pieces ere they had scarce left their beds; others received their death-wounds leaping from windows or endeavoring to escape.

But who can tell the story of that hour? of the massacre of helpless women and children, imploring mercy from those whom their own hands had fed, but whose blood-dripping hatchets the next crashed pitiously through their flesh and bone—of the abominations too hellish to rehearse—of the cruelties, the tortures, the shrieks of agony, the death-groans, of that *single hour*? The few that escaped by any means heard enough, saw enough, felt enough to engage their utmost powers. Those that staid behind never told their story. From house to house the torch soon followed the hatchet; the flames enveloped alike the dead, dying and wounded. Tired of butchery in detail the savages fired a dwelling, and in it burned alive a mother and her five children; a few of their charred bones were afterward found among the ashes. Some escaped through back doors, over fields, down the side of the bluff to the river. Those fortunate enough got over by the ferry or otherwise hastened with utmost speed to the fort. Others hid among the bushes, in hollow logs or holes, behind stumps, or in the water. Madened with unresisted success—for not a shot, not a blow had yet been aimed at them—with fiendish yells the Indians followed or sought new victims among yet unsuspecting settlers. The ferry was taken possession of, the ferry-man's house, the neighboring stacks, the mills, the piles of lumber, were set on fire. The ferry-man himself, tomahawked before his own door, was disemboweled, his head, hands and feet chopped off and inserted in the cavity. They overtook a boy trying to escape. Tearing off every thread of clothing, they pricked and pierced him with their blunt-headed javelins, laughing at and mimicking his agony till death came to his relief. Narcis Gerrain, as they entered, leaped from the mill-window for the river; ere he had reached it of three shots they fired at him two pierced his breast. He swam across, almost drowned. Four days he went without food, and after dragging himself, more dead than alive, through woods and swamps, for sixty-five miles, was found by a party of refugees and carried to Henderson. Passing a stick through both ankles of a woman, they dragged her over the prairie, till, from that alone, torn and mangled, she died.

Those who escaped spread the alarm. As they heard it the people fled precip-

itately, scarce knowing whither they went. After them the Indians followed throughout the entire line of settlements, over a frontier of hundreds of miles, committing such barbarities as could scarce be exceeded if all hell were turned loose. Not far from the agency a few families of settlers had congregated. The Indians overtook them. The first volley killed the few men among them. The defenseless, helpless women and children, huddled together in the wagons, bending down their heads, and drawing over them still closer their shawls. "Cut-Nose," while two others held the horses, leaped into a wagon that contained eleven, mostly children, and deliberately in cold blood tomahawked them all—cleft open the head of each, while the others, stupefied with horror, powerless with fright, as they heard the heavy, dull blows crash and tear through flesh and bones, awaited their turn. Taking an infant from its mother's arms, before her eyes, with a bolt from one of the wagons, they riveted it through its body to the fence, and left it there to die, writhing in agony. After holding for a while the mother before this agonizing spectacle, they chopped off her arms and legs and left her to bleed to death. Thus they butchered twenty-five within a quarter of an acre. Kicking the bodies out of the wagons they filled them with plunder from the burning houses, and sending them back pushed on for other adventures.

They overtook other parties, killed all the men and children, and led away the young women and girls captive for fates worse than death. One family of a son and daughter, and their parents, received the alarm. Before they had time to escape they heard the war-whoop, and saw dusky forms approach the door. The father fired a shot at them through the window. Before he had time to load again the Indians broke in; the family rushed out by the back way, but before they had gone many yards the father, mother and son were killed. The daughter, seeing herself alone, fell likewise, and holding her breath feigned herself dead. The savages came up and commenced hacking and mutilating the bodies. Seizing the girl by her feet they began to drag her off. As she instantly made an effort to adjust herself, they took her and sent her back with the others they had captured. Only those that might serve their base passions were saved, the rest were shot down and butchered or tortured to death by inches.

One incident, if possible, more horrible than any other, was perpetrated on a member of the Schwandt family. All had been murdered but a son of Mr. Schwandt, aged thirteen years. He was beaten by the Indians until dead, as was supposed; but he lived to relate the entire incidents of the tragedy. This boy saw his married sister, Mrs. Waltz, who was *enciente*, cut open, the child taken alive from the mother, and nailed to a tree in the yard. It struggled some time after the nails were driven through it!

Mrs. Justina Kreiger, in her narrative, relates some shocking incidents. She was, with a party of others, men, women and children, fleeing with their teams, and for safety, to Fort Ridgely, when they were overtaken on the road by a band of Sioux, and most of them butchered. After relating how she saw her husband shot, she continues:

I now determined to jump out of the wagon and die beside my husband; but as I was standing up to jump, I was shot; seventeen buckshot entering my body. I then fell back into the wagon box. I had eight children in the wagon bed, and one in a shawl; all my own children, or my step children. All that I then knew was the fact that I was seized by an Indian and very roughly dragged from the wagon, and that the wagon was drawn over my body and ankles. I remained on the field of massacre, and in the place where I fell until eleven or twelve o'clock at night, unconscious of passing events. At this time of night, I arose from the field of the dead, with a feeble ability to move at all.

I soon heard the tread of savage men, speaking the Sioux language. They came near and proved to be two savages only. These two went over the field examining the dead bodies, to rob them of what remained upon them. They soon came

to me, kicked me, then felt my pulse, first on the right hand, then on the left, and to be sure, felt for the pulsation of the heart. I remained silent, holding my breath. They probably supposed me dead. They conversed in Sioux for a moment. I shut my eyes, and awaited what else was to befall me with a shudder. The next moment, a sharp pointed knife was felt at my throat, then passing downward to the lower portion of the abdomen, cutting not only the clothing entirely from the body, but actually penetrating the flesh, making but a slight wound on the chest, but at the pit of the stomach entering the body and laying it open to the intestines themselves. My arms were then taken separately out of the clothing. I was seized rudely by the hair and hurled headlong to the ground, entirely naked. How long I was unconscious I can not imagine, yet I think it was not a great while; when I came to I beheld one of the most horrible sights I had ever seen in the person of myself. I saw also these two savages about two rods off; a light from the north, probably the aurora, enabled me to see objects at some distance. At the same time I discovered my own condition, I saw one of these inhuman savages seize Wilhelmina Kitzman, my niece, yet alive, hold her up by the foot, her head downward, her clothes falling over her head; while holding her there by one hand, in the other he grasped a knife, with which he hastily cut the flesh around one of the legs, close to the body, and then by twisting and wrenching broke the ligaments and bone, until the limb was entirely severed from the body. The child screamed frantically, O God! O God! when the limb was off. The child thus mutilated was thrown down on the ground, stripped of her clothing and left to die. The other children of Paul Kitzman were then taken along with the Indians, crying most piteously. I now laid down, and for some hours knew nothing more.

An interesting description is given of the Indian prisoners, by a gentleman who saw them at South Bend. He writes:

They are confined in strong log prisons, and closely guarded, not so much to prevent their escape as to secure them from the vengeance of the outraged settlers. They are the most hideous wretches that I have ever seen; I have been in the prisons of Singapore, where the Malay pirates are confined—the Dyacks, who are the most ferocious and bloody-thirsty of their kind—but they are mild and humane in their appearance, compared to these Sioux warriors. Quite an incident occurred while I was there: A boy who had escaped, after seeing the murder of his mother and sisters, was brought in to look at the prisoners and, if possible, to identify them. One of the friendly Indians, who had distinguished himself by his bravery and humanity, accompanied the party to act as interpreter. When we entered the log house that served for a prison, the captives were mostly crouched on the floor, but one of them arose and confronted us with a defiant scowl. Another, supporting himself on his arm, surveyed the party with a look like a tiger about to spring. The boy advanced boldly, and pointed him out without hesitancy. Subsequent investigation showed that this wretch had murdered eleven persons. The boy's eyes flashed as he told the sickening tale of his mother's murder, and the spectators could scarcely refrain from killing the wretch on the spot. He never relaxed his sullen glare, and seemed perfectly indifferent when told of his identification by the interpreter.

The closing scene in this fearful tragedy, the execution of the thirty-eight condemned, at Mankato, Friday, December 26th, is thus described. Several of them smoked their pipes during the reading of the death warrant; and but little emotion was manifested.

On Thursday evening the ordinance of baptism was solemnized by the Catholic priests present, and received by a considerable number of the condemned. Some of them entered into the ceremony with an apparently earnest feeling, and an intelligent sense of its solemn character. All seemed resigned to their fate, and depressed in spirits. Most of those not participating in the ceremony sat motionless, and more like statues than living men.

On Friday morning, we accompanied the Rev. Father Ravoux to the prison of

the condemned. He spoke to them of their condition and fate, and in such terms as the devoted priest only can speak. He tried to infuse them with courage—bade them to hold out bravely and be strong, and to show no sign of fear. While Father Ravoux was speaking to them, old Tazoo broke out in a death-wail, in which one after another joined, until the prison-room was filled with a wild, unearthly plaint, which was neither of despair nor grief, but rather a paroxysm of savage passion, most impressive to witness and startling to hear, even by those who understood the language of the music only. During the lulls of their death song they would resume their pipes, and, with the exception of an occasional mutter, or the rattling of their chains, they sat motionless and impassive, until one among the elder would break out in the wild wail, when all would join again in the solemn preparation for death.

Following this, the Rev. Dr. Williamson addressed them in their native tongue; after which, they broke out again in their song of death. This last was thrilling beyond expression. The trembling voices, the forms shaking with passionate emotion, the half-uttered words through the teeth, all made up a scene which no one saw can ever forget. The influence of the wild music of their death-song upon them was almost magical. Their whole manner changed after they had closed their singing, and an air of cheerful unconcern marked all of them. It seemed as if, during their passionate wailing, they had passed in spirit through the valley of the shadow of death, and already had their eyes fixed on the pleasant hunting-grounds beyond. As their friends came about them, they bade them cheerful farewells, and, in some cases, there would be peals of laughter, as they were wished pleasant journeys to the spirit-land. They bestowed their pipes upon their favorites, and, so far as they had, gave keepsake trinkets to all.

They had evidently taken great pains to make themselves presentable for their last appearance on the stage of life. Most of them had little pocket mirrors, and, before they were bound, employed themselves in putting on the finishing touches of paint, and arranging their hair according to the Indian mode. All had religious emblems, mostly crosses, of fine gilt or steel, and these were displayed with all the prominence of an exquisite or a *religieuse*. Many were painted in war style, with bands and beads and feathers, and were decked as gayly as for a festival. They expressed a desire to shake hands with the reporters, who were to write about how they looked and acted, and with the artist who was to picture their appearance. This privilege was allowed them. The hands of some were of the natural warmth, while those of others were cold as ice. Nearly all, on shaking hands, would point their fingers to the sky, and say, as plainly as they could, "Me going up!" White Day told us it was Little Crow who got them into the scrape, and now they had to die for it. One said there was a Great Spirit above who would take him home, and that he should die happy. Thus the time passed during the tying of hands, and striking off the manacles.

At a little after nine o'clock, A. M., the Rev. Father Ravoux entered the prison again, to perform the closing religious exercises. The guard fell back as he came in, the Indians ranging themselves around the room. The Father addressed the condemned at some length, and appeared much affected. He then kneeled on the floor in their midst, and prayed with them, all following and uniting with him in an audible voice. They appeared like a different race of beings while going through these religious exercises. Their voices were low and humble, and every exhibition of Indian bravado was banished.

While Father Ravoux was speaking to the Indians, and repeating, for the hundredth time, his urgent request that they must think to the last of the Great Spirit, before whom they were about to appear, Provost Marshal Redfield entered and whispered a word in the ear of the good priest, who immediately said a word or two in French to Milord, a half-breed, who repeated it in Dakota to the Indians, who were all lying down around the prison. In a moment every Indian stood erect, and, as the Provost Marshal opened the door, they fell in behind him with the greatest alacrity. Indeed, a notice of release, pardon, or reprieve could not have induced them to leave the cell with more apparent willingness than this call to death. At the foot of the steps there was no delay. Captain Redfield mounted

the drop, at the head, and the Indians crowded after him, as if it were a race to see which would get up first. They actually crowded on each other's heels, and, as they got to the top, each took his position, without any assistance from those who were detailed for that purpose. They still kept up a mournful wail, and occasionally there would be a piercing scream. The ropes were soon arranged around their necks, not the least resistance being offered. The white caps, which had been placed on the top of their heads, were now drawn down over their faces, shutting out forever the light of day from their eyes. Then ensued a scene that can hardly be described, and which can never be forgotten. All joined in shouting and singing, as it appeared to those who were ignorant of the language. The tones seemed somewhat discordant, and yet there was harmony in it. Save the moment of cutting the rope, it was the most thrilling moment of the awful scene. And it was not their voices alone. Their bodies swayed to and fro, and their every limb seemed to be keeping time. The drop trembled and shook as if all were dancing. The most touching scene on the drop was their attempts to grasp each other's hands, fettered as they were. They were very close to each other, and many succeeded. Three or four in a row were hand in hand, and all hands swaying up and down with the rise and fall of their voices. One old man reached out each side, but could not grasp a hand. His struggles were piteous, and affected many beholders.

We were informed by those who understand the language, that their singing and shouting was only to sustain each other—that there was nothing defiant in their last moments, and that no "death-song," strictly speaking, was chanted on the gallows. Each one shouted his own name, and called on the name of his friend, saying, in substance, "I'm here!" "I'm here!" Captain Burt hastily scanned all the arrangements for the execution, and motioned to Major Brown, the signal officer, that all was ready. There was one tap of the drum, almost drowned by the voices of the Indians—another, and the stays of the drop were knocked away, the rope cut, and, with a crash, down came the drop. The cutting of the rope was assigned to William J. Duly, of Lake Shetek, who had three children killed, and his wife and two children captured.

There was no struggling by any of the Indians for the space of half a minute. The only movements were the natural vibrations occasioned by the fall. After the lapse of a minute several drew up their legs once or twice, and there was some movement of the arms. One Indian, at the expiration of ten minutes, breathed, but the rope was better adjusted, and life was soon extinct. It is unnecessary to speak of the awful sight of thirty-eight human beings suspended in the air. Imagination will readily supply what we refrain from describing.

After the bodies had hung for about half an hour, the physicians of the several regiments present examined the bodies and reported that life was extinct. Soon after, several United States mule-teams appeared, when the bodies were taken down and dumped into the wagons without much ceremony, and were carried down to the sand-bar in front of the city, and were all buried in the same hole. The half-breeds were buried in one corner of the hole, so that they can be disinterred by their friends.

Every thing was conducted in the most orderly and quiet manner. As the drop fell, the citizens could not repress a shout of exultation, in which the soldiers joined. A boy-soldier, who stood beside us, had his mother and brothers and sisters killed: his face was pale and quivering, but he gave a shout of righteous exultation when the drop fell.

The people, who had gathered in great crowds, and who had maintained a degree of order that had not been anticipated, quietly dispersed as the wagons bore the bodies of the murderers off to burial. Few, we take it, who witnessed the awful scene, will voluntarily look upon its like again.



THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

IOWA.

DURING the first three years of the war, Iowa contributed to the army of the United States 52,240 men, all of whom, with the exception of one regiment, were for three years service. In addition to this large force, the state had to summon the militia to protect her southern border against lawless men from Missouri, and her northern border against Indian outbreaks; and still another force to quell the movements of disloyal men in Keokuk county, in 1863.

She has promptly responded to every call made upon her in advance, more than filling her quotas; and no state has exhibited a purer, or more active patriotism. The spirit of her people was aroused at the first insult to the integrity of our nationality. A citizen writing from near her western frontier, describes how the population of his section responded to the calls of country. It illustrates but the universal spirit of the times in loyal communities.

Greene county lies on that narrow belt of timber, which, like an oasis, stretches far up the banks of the Coon river into the vast prairie of northwest Iowa. At the last presidential election the county polled but 266 votes. With only a weekly mail, far removed from the excitement incident to thickly populated communities, it might be supposed that the people would manifest but little interest in the war movements—but not so. So soon as the news of the repulse of our brave troops at Bull Run was confirmed, an effort was made to get volunteers from a small company that happened to be on drill. Immediately thirty-three men walked out and subscribed their names for the war. Yesterday, the company, numbering seventy-two, good hardy sons of toil, having taken the oath, marched for Des Moines, their place of temporary rendezvous. Thus, with but a few days' notice, one-fourth of our men went from our midst, resolved to fight, and, if needs be, to die, for their dear country. Perhaps never in so short a time, since Malise the henchman—

“That messenger of blood and brand”—

assembled the clansmen of Roderick Dhu, was a braver and more determined little war party mustered.

One brave fellow, with tears in his eyes, said he could not take the oath, because his child was sick and not expected to live a day, but on being assured by

his neighbors that his family would be tenderly cared for, he rushed into the ranks, and soon marched away.

Another said he had a poor, sickly wife and young babe, and how *could* he go? but go he did, his grey-haired father telling him that he would take care of his wife and bade so long as he lived.

Two brave boys left their father, it may be on his deathbed, and with difficulty was the third son dissuaded from going, having once bidden them all good by. This morning I asked the father why it was his sons left him thus: "Oh! sir," said he, "since they read the account how our wounded soldiers in the hospital, and on the battle field at Bull Run were murdered, nothing could restrain them; and," continued the father, "I would as soon be dead as have our Government go down." I believe no more patriotic or truer men ever assembled on Lanrick Heath, or any other ground, than yesterday mustered on the bank of our unclassically named Coon river.

On the subject of our national troubles the feeling of our people is sad, quiet and intense. One man said to me yesterday, I hope our brave boys at the war will not be discouraged by the defeat of our troops at Bull Run, for we will all be ready to go when our turns come. Another of our oldest citizens said: "I have labored hard, lived frugally, and endured frontier hardships for twenty years, and have obtained what will make each of my children a comfortable home, yet I would freely give up my last dime's worth of property, rather than see our Government abandoned." And this is nearly the universal opinion of our people.

Once enlisted, it was seldom any regrets were expressed; thus illustrating that sacrifice for a good cause but increases love for it. A merchant in one of the interior towns of Iowa, the father of five sons, had four of them volunteers in the union army. The whole four left behind them families. A neighbor, of disloyal tendencies and meddling propensities, dropped into his store one day and began to upbraid him for countenancing his sons thus to leave their wives and children to go down South to fight in "a nigger war." The eyes of the other flashed in indignation, as he replied: "They go to protect me and my property; and I'll protect their families. There is my fifth and last son," pointing to a stripling behind the counter, "he will be old enough to enlist in the spring; and if he wont, *I'll hang him!*"

Iowa supplied her proportion of officers of merit: among them were General Corse, "the hero of Allatoona; Generals Fitz Henry Warren, Tuttle, Dodge, Lauman, Hatch, Rice, Crocker, and Belknap. Another was General Curtis, the "hero of Pea Ridge." Still another was General Herron, who was one of the youngest major generals in the service. These two last named were both identified with the army of the frontier. We subjoin notices of a few of these officers:

Major General FRANCIS J. HERRON was born in Pennsylvania, and about the year 1856 removed to Iowa, where he became engaged in business at Dubuque. During the year 1858, young Herron took great interest in the organization of the "Governor's Grays," an Iowa military company, which soon was scarcely to be equalled in drill throughout the United States, claiming to rank even with the noted Chicago Zouaves. When the secession movement commenced, he was captain of the company, and in December, 1860, by a vote of the members, he tendered their services to the then Secretary of War—Hon. J. Holt.

When the president called for three months' volunteers, Captain Herron's company was organized as part of the 1st regiment of Iowa volunteers, being designated as company I, and entered the service May 9, 1861. Captain Herron distinguished himself at the bloody battle of Wilson's creek, Mo., where General Lyon fell, August 10, 1861. The period of service of the regiment had previously expired; but instead of taking advantage of this to return in safety to their homes, they volunteered to remain, and marched out to battle against overwhelming

numbers. No general could ever say of an Iowa regiment, as McDowell reported of an Eastern corps—whose time had expired on the eve of conflict—"they marched away to the sound of the enemy's guns."

Captain Herron then returned home to raise a three years' regiment, and succeeded; obtaining the rank of Lieutenant Colonel of the 9th Iowa infantry, with a commission dated from September 10, 1861. The regiment became attached to General Curtis' forces, operating in southwestern Missouri, and participated in the battles of Pea Ridge, March 7 and 8, 1862, where and when Lieutenant Colonel Herron commanded his regiment—the colonel having charge of a brigade. During the second day's fight, Lieutenant Colonel Herron was severely wounded by a cannon shot, breaking his leg at the ankle, at the same time that it killed his horse. Notwithstanding the nature of this wound, he led his men on foot for over an hour longer, until they reached the enemy's batteries, where he was surrounded, and after a desperate resistance, taken prisoner. He was removed to Van Buren, Arkansas, but shortly after exchanged, and placed under the charge of a careful surgeon. So valuable an officer was Lieutenant Colonel Herron considered by General Curtis, that he gave in exchange for him a full rebel colonel—Louis Herbert—so that Lieutenant Colonel Herron might not die on the rebel hands, but have proper attention paid to his wounds.

On the 16th of July, 1862, Lieutenant Colonel Herron was promoted to be a brigadier general of volunteers, and at the battle of Prairie Grove, Arkansas, December 7, 1862, he not only commanded two divisions of union troops, but fought and won the battle, against overwhelming numbers, before his reinforcements came up. During this engagement he led one of his divisions in person.

Several Iowa regiments took part in this desperate battle of Prairie Grove, and a description of it is due alike to them and to their heroic commander. The following is from the pen of one who was present:

General Blunt had advanced some twenty miles south of Fayetteville, Arkansas, with his forces, and there drawn the attack of Hindman, who advanced upon him rapidly from Van Buren, with about 30,000 troops and twenty-two pieces of artillery. Blunt, with his little band of 10,000 men at Cane Hill, would have been but a mouthful for such an immense army of well disciplined soldiery as this. He knew his danger, and sent hurried messages to General Herron, who had the command of the 2d and 3d divisions of the army of the frontier, and was at that time at Wilson's creek, four miles south of Springfield, Mo. The moment General Herron received intelligence of General Blunt's danger, he set his army in motion and made forced marches, accomplishing the feat of pushing his infantry one hundred and twelve miles in three days, and his cavalry one hundred and thirty-two miles in two days and a half.

On the morning of the 7th instant, as the advance guard, consisting of the 1st Arkansas cavalry and a portion of the 6th and 7th Missouri cavalry, were entering a wood, upon the south bank of Illinois creek, ten miles south of Fayetteville, they were fired upon from ambush and thrown into a panic that resulted in a rout, and the loss of their baggage train of twenty-four wagons. They went flying back two or three miles, until they met the main body, when they were rallied once more. Major Hubbard, of Pea Ridge fame, with a portion of two companies of the 1st Missouri cavalry, tried to stem the tide of rebels, but without success. Their superior numbers bore down everything before them, and among others this little band. Major Hubbard himself and two of his lieutenants were captured, and the remainder forced to retreat at double quick. Our infantry were soon brought forward, and a few pieces of artillery got into position that sent the bold scoundrels back as rapidly as they came. General Herron followed up his advantage as quickly as possible, and soon found himself in contact with the main rebel force.

This splendid army, contrary to our expectations, was well clothed, well armed and well fed, and better drilled than our own soldiery. It consisted of a corps of 26,000 men, commanded by General Hindman, and was in four divisions, commanded respectively by Generals Parsons, Marmaduke, Rains and Frost, and was

supported by a park of artillery of twenty-two guns. Besides this, they had a great advantage in position. The battle field was a magnificent stretch of open ground, skirted on the east by an abrupt hill, covered with thick woods. On this bluff, concealed by the forest, were posted the rebels in full force.

Our forces only numbered 6500 or 7000, and consisted of the following infantry: The 94th and 37th Illinois; the 19th and 20th Iowa; the 26th Indiana and 20th Wisconsin. In addition to these were four companies of artillery, who worked 24 guns, and some half a dozen companies of cavalry. Our men were worn down by a long and continuous forced march, and some of them had been without food for twenty-four hours. However, when the ball opened, they deployed into the field with loud huzzas, and went at the work in hand with great bravery. It took some little time to get into position, and place the batteries in the most commanding localities, and it was fully ten o'clock, A. M., before the artillery duet was in full voice. As may be imagined, forty-five or fifty cannon well manned and discharged as rapidly as possible, make a tremendous racket. This was kept up until dark, when by that time green troops, who had never seen a cannon before, laid down within a yard of a gun and slept, undisturbed by the firing. We did not lose a single man throughout the whole day by artillery, though a score or two of horses were killed. Our gunners were much more skilled and precise in their aim than the rebels, which was shown by the result.

Upon the bluff or ridge occupied by the secesh, were many fine farm houses, which had been erected upon the elevation to escape the damps and vapors of the plain below. From the rear of two of these houses, was kept up a well-directed fire of some eight or nine guns. General Herron ordered the whole fire of our artillery to be directed upon the battery nearest to us, and silenced it in ten minutes.

The 20th Wisconsin infantry, led by Lieutenant Colonel Bertram, then charged up the hill and took the battery upon a double-quick. They had no sooner gained possession of the well-earned prize, than the rebels arose in myriads from the bushes in the rear of the garden containing the battery in question, and poured a fire into the ranks of our boys that sent their columns reeling back down the declivity again, with great loss of life and limb. In this struggle 197 were reported officially, as killed and wounded.

The rebels fought desperately, and seemed no more to regard a shower of bullets or a storm of grape than if it had been but a summer wind. No sooner had a solid shot plowed its way through their columns, or a shell opened a gap in their lines, than the vacancies were filled by others. They advanced steadily once more upon our left, and there we knew would be the hottest tug of the day. "Tis darkest just before the dawn," some one has said. 'Twas so in our case. By a bold movement the rebels were once more checked, and just then the word came that the firing upon our extreme right *was that of General Blunt, who had arrived with a strong battery, and about five thousand men.* This intelligence added new courage to our men, and sent a vigor into every movement that meant victory or death.

General Blunt ranged his twenty-four pieces in a line, and opened a galling fire upon the left wing of the rebel army, and drew a portion of their attention toward his forces. They advance upon him from the wood at a double-quick, in eight ranks, seemingly half a mile long. They went down a gentle smooth slope, with an easy prey apparently in view. When they had got to a certain point, within cannister range, he opened his entire fire upon them, "fairly lifting them from the ground," as he afterward described it. This checked their impetuosity, and put terror into their hearts, but still they came on. Another and another volley was given them until they broke and fled, and when the remnant of this storming party had left the field the ground was strewn and piled with rebel slain. In the meantime our boys had not been idle. They pressed the enemy hotly at every point, and as the sun went down they were falling back in every direction. Before it had become fully dark, the only sounds of firing heard were those of our own musketry and cannon. The field was won and the victory gained.

At nine o'clock of the same evening the enemy were in full retreat toward Van

Buren, and at daylight this morning they were twelve miles away. A more complete and glorious victory never was obtained. As soon as the pall of night had descended upon their motions, a perfect stampede took place. Everything this morning denotes a hasty flight, and great fear lest we should pursue them. Although their force was large enough to crush us completely—in fact annihilate us—and they were well equipped and handled, our little army, of comparatively inexperienced troops, effected a brilliant repulse and won an unquestionable victory. This morning all the contested ground and every inch of the battle-field are in our hands, and the only rebels in view are piles of the dead and the ambulance parties carrying away the wounded.

The weather of the 7th was delightful. The sun shown clearly in a cloudless sky, and the air was as balmy and quiet as on a June morning. It was remarked by many old soldiers that if the continent had been searched it would have been impossible to have selected a more beautiful field of battle than that of Prairie Grove. General Herron's forces entered it from the northern extremity, and those of General Blunt from the southern. The rebels were posted upon the hills and and in the woods for four miles along the eastern side of the field, while our batteries occupied the elevations upon the western side, a little more than a mile from the rebel lines. The intervening space was firm sward plowed field, stubble land, standing corn, and a narrow strip of brushwood, which skirted a little brook running through the middle of the valley. This open country was held by our infantry, and there they went through their maneuvers in full view of General Herron, who, for a good portion of the time, occupied a little hill near Murphy's battery, on the western side of the field. There could be witnessed the whole of this intensely exciting strife, not a movement of which escaped the quick attention of our young commander. The brilliant but disastrous charges made by the 20th Wisconsin and 19th Iowa upon the rebel battery were as plainly to be seen as the moves upon a chess board. The swarms upon swarms of rebels that came trooping out of the wood upon our left in numbers sufficient to appal a heart less strong than that of our commander were as openly seen with their gleaming muskets and flaunting banners, as if it had been a holiday parade, instead of the hottest battle that had ever taken place on this side of the Mississippi.

The whole country lying north of the Arkansas river is at our mercy, and nothing remains for us to do but to enter in and take possession. General Herron has added new laurels to his bright reputation, and, as may be supposed, he is the idol of his men. Our Government has in him a vigorous and skillful general and a sleepless soldier.

The spirit of the opposing commanders is well displayed in the address of General Hindman to his troops before the battle, and by that of General Herron to his army after the victory.

ADDRESS TO THE TROOPS.

HEADQUARTERS 1ST CORPS, TRANS-MISSISSIPPI ARMY, }
In the Field, December 4, 1862. }

SOLDIERS!—From the commencement to the end of the battle, bear constantly in mind what I now urge upon you:

First. Never fire because your comrades do, nor because the enemy does, nor because you happen to see the enemy, nor for the sake of firing rapidly. Always wait till you are certainly within range of your gun; then single out your man, take deliberate aim, as low down as the knee, and fire.

Second. When occasion offers, be certain to pick off the enemy's officers, especially the mounted ones, and to kill his artillery horses.

Third. Don't shout, except when you charge the enemy. As a general thing, keep silent, that orders may be heard. Obey the orders of your officers, but pay no attention to idle rumors, or the words of unauthorized persons.

Fourth. Don't stop with your wounded comrade; the surgeon and infirmiry corps will take care of him; do you go forward and avenge him.

Fifth. Don't break ranks to plunder: if we whip the enemy, all he has will be

ours; if not, the spoils will be of no benefit to us. Plunderers and stragglers will be put to death upon the spot. File-closers are specially charged with this duty. The cavalry in rear will likewise attend to it.

Remember that the enemy you engage has no feeling of mercy or kindness toward you. His ranks are made up of Pin Indians, free negroes, Southern Tories, Kansas jayhawkers, and hired Dutch cut-throats. These bloody ruffians have invaded your country, stolen and destroyed your property, murdered your neighbors, outraged your women, driven your children from their homes, and defiled the graves of your kindred. If each man of you will do what I have here urged upon you, we will utterly destroy them. We can do this; we must do it; our country will be ruined if we fail.

A just God will strengthen our arms and give us a glorious victory.

T. C. HINDMAN,
Major General Commanding.

Official: R. C. NEWTON, A. A. General.

CONGRATULATORY ADDRESS OF GENERAL HERRON AFTER THE BATTLE OF PRAIRIE GROVE.

HEADQUARTERS 2D AND 3D DIVISIONS, ARMY OF THE FRONTIER, }
PRAIRIE GROVE, ARK., December 10, 1862. }

FELLOW SOLDIERS:—It is with pride and pleasure that I am enabled to congratulate you on the victory so recently achieved over the enemy. Meeting their combined forces, vastly your superiors in numbers, armed and equipped in the most efficient manner, contrary to what we have been led to believe, marshaled by their ablest generals, posted in a strong position of their own selection, prepared and ready to attack us, entertaining toward us feelings of hatred and fiendish passion, evoked by infamous lies which even rebel generals should have disdained to utter, you, fellow-soldiers, after a forced march of over one hundred miles in less than three days; weary, exhausted, and almost famishing, animated only by that feeling of patriotism that induced you to give up the pleasures and comforts of home to undergo the dangers and hardships of the field, did most gallantly meet, fight and repulse the enemy. Your fellow soldiers, elsewhere, your friends and relatives at home, your fellow-citizens and your country, as they learn of the splendid service of the artillermen, of the determined, daring and brilliant charges of the infantry, will render you that praise and honor which is justly your due. Iowa, Illinois, Indiana, Wisconsin and Missouri, your native states, are proud of their noble sons. I, who witnessed your gallant daring in every encounter, in behalf of your country and myself, tender you grateful thanks for the services you have rendered. While we drop a tear, therefore, for those who have fallen, and sympathize with those who are yet suffering, let us not forget to render thanks to the Beneficent Giver of all blessings for the success that has thus far attested the truth and right of our glorious cause.

F. J. HERRON,
Brigadier General Commanding 2d and 3d Divisions.

Major General SAMUEL R. CURTIS was born in Ohio in 1807; graduated at West Point; studied the law; was a colonel of volunteers in the Mexican war; and military governor of Monterey. On his return home he divided his time between law and railroad engineering. He settled at Keokuk, and represented that district in congress at the outbreak of the rebellion. He gained lasting military reputation by his signal victory at Pea Ridge, described in our article, "Times of the Rebellion in Missouri."

Major General G. M. DODGE was born in Massachusetts; graduated at Partridge's military school, at Norwich, Vt., and was by profession a civil engineer. He entered the service as colonel of the Iowa 4th. He commanded a brigade, and was wounded at Pea Ridge. He was at Corinth, Iuka, Holly Springs and Vicksburg, at which last he was promoted to major general. In the Atlanta campaign he commanded the 16th army corps. He was again severely wounded during the

siege of Atlanta. Subsequently he was ordered to Fort Leavenworth, in Kansas, and assigned to the command of that department. One who knew him relates the following illustrative anecdote:

While at Trenton, West Tennessee, we saw him do a thing which gave us a high opinion of his energy and determination. The Mobile and Ohio railroad had just been repaired, and as he had been entrusted with the construction he was anxious to get the trains through. One of the first locomotives that came down ran off the track near Trenton. He ordered all in the vicinity to help get it on; he pulled off his coat and helped at it himself, giving them such an example of working, driving energy, and showing such good judgment and vim in his directions and labor, that the damage was speedily repaired, and the train was soon whistling on its way. We were satisfied that General Dodge was no kid glove officer, but an earnest, practical, intelligent soldier, who did what many others would have only bunglingly ordered, and who thought it no disgrace to put his shoulder to the wheel if the cart stuck in the mud.

Brigadier General JOHN M. CORSE was nationally known for his heroic defense of Allatoona, in Sherman's Georgia campaign. The details of this remarkable affair have thus been outlined:

After General Hood crossed the Chattahoochee, a force of five brigades and eight guns, under General French, attacked Big Shanty, on the Chattanooga railroad, and succeeded in taking the place. They then moved on Ackworth, further north, which occupied them until evening. The next morning, October 5th, they drove in the Federal pickets at Allatoona. This post was defended by Brigadier General John M. Corse, who had abandoned Rome in order to protect Allatoona, which was of far greater value, from falling into the hands of the enemy.

General Corse commanded a garrison of 1700 men. General French, the rebel commander, sent to Corse a summons to surrender "to avoid the *useless effusion of blood.*" Corse replied that he and his command "were ready for the *useless effusion* as soon as was *agreeable* to General French." Leaving their artillery on the south side, to shell the position, the rebels swung their infantry round to the north front, which was more practicable. The attack was violent and determined, and lasted until the middle of the afternoon, when the enemy withdrew, leaving 1300 killed and wounded on the field. Nearly 700 of Corse's heroes were either killed or wounded.

The rebels numbered about 7500 in all. They came provided with a wagon train to remove the rations which Sherman had accumulated at Allatoona, but they went away with empty wagons. The dead rebels had their haversacks full of uncooked black beans, sugar cane, etc. General Corse was wounded in the head, but not seriously. Only four guns were mounted in the fort. If the rebels had succeeded in taking the place, they would have been able, with the rations on hand, to have held it for several weeks.

General Sherman witnessed the action from Kenesaw Mountain, with breathless interest, aware of the vast interests at stake and peril to his future campaign in case of Corse's defeat. Two days afterward he issued a congratulatory order, commending General Corse for his gallant defense, which he considered an example illustrating both the necessity and possibility of defending fortified positions to the last.

No other state, we believe, has furnished a regiment with such a record as that of the 37th Iowa, or GREYBEARD regiment.

The formation of the 37th or Greybeard regiment illustrated the strength of patriotism among the people of Iowa. This regiment was all composed of volunteers not one of whom was liable to military duty. Every member was over forty-five years of age; and, therefore, it was called the Greybeard regiment. When first mustered into service, the regiment had 907 men. These "*boys,*" as our volunteers are familiarly called, then had 1374 sons and grandsons in the union army. Twenty-seven of the common soldiers of the Greybeards were ministers of the gospel; 20 of these Methodist preachers.

The regiment were mostly substantial farmers from eastern Iowa; their Colonel G. W. Kincaid, being also an agriculturist from Muscatine county. No other state in the union has furnished such a corps as this; and no provision was made in the laws of the country for the acceptance of such. The War Department surmounted the difficulty, and they were mustered into service on the 15th December, 1862.

The regiment was designed for garrison duty, and were so employed, rendering most effective service. At Alton, Illinois, they guarded the rebel prisoners and with a remarkable faithfulness and success. The police of the prison was carried out with a thoroughness previously unknown, and the escapes were less. On being ordered to St. Louis, the citizens of Alton, headed by their mayor, keenly alive to the value of their services, assembled in public meeting, passed a series of appreciative resolutions, and united in a petition to the War Department, to retain them at their post. It was unsuccessful, as they had been ordered immediately away.

In Missouri, they guarded 180 miles of the Pacific railroad. They were, after this transferred to other points, and were at Memphis in 1864, when Forrest's cavalry made their sudden dash into that city. In 1865, they were employed in guarding the prisoners at Camp Chase, Ohio, and a part were also on duty at Cincinnati. As late as March, 1865, when the regiment was in its third year of service, it mustered 500 muskets, more than half of its original number. Its labors were unusually severe, for nearly the entire period each man was summoned on guard duty, every other day.

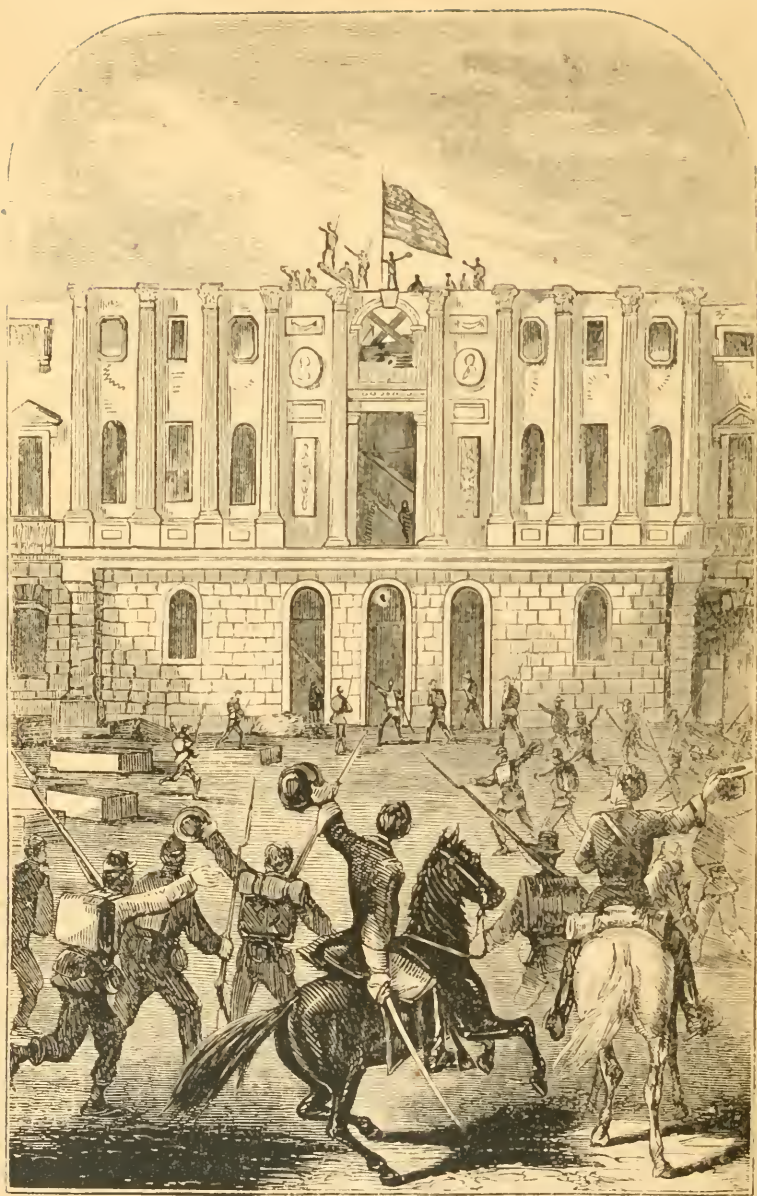
Not all of this paternal corps set good soldierly examples. One old hunter and trapper, who "passed" by the name of PENNY, and aged *sixty-five*, proved to be "bad coin." He ran off, and although due "hue and cry" was made, nearly three years elapsed before his hunters got on the right "scent," and he was discovered. The "old boy" was arrested as a deserter while setting his traps on the head waters of a frontier stream.

We turn from such a sad, melancholy dereliction of duty to the more pleasant contemplation of a sketch of the faithful FATHER KING, aged eighty-two years. It is drawn by one who knew and probably loved him. This father in the Greybeard camp makes a good picture of a Western pioneer. He may, indeed, be termed a "representative man."

The venerable Curtis King, "high private," in company H of the celebrated 37th Iowa, the regiment of "Silver Greys," or "Greybeards," has deservedly attracted much attention, alike from his great age, elevated character and exemplary patriotism. The following authentic particulars, obtained by an interview with him, can not fail to be read with interest:

"Father King," as his friends love to designate him, is six feet and an inch in height, of massive and well knit frame, genial presence, careful and kindly speech, good health and spirits, and will be eighty-two years of age on the 10th of May next. He is able to perform his military duties with alacrity, and has sustained the fatigues of guard duty with much less inconvenience than many younger soldiers. While those who were his juniors by scores of years, have been rendered invalids through patrol duty at night, this veteran of more than four-fifths of a century, has uninterruptedly returned to his post with cheerfulness and comfort. For this extraordinary power of endurance, at so advanced an age, he is indebted to a constitution derived from a family remarkable for strength, vivacity, stature, and longevity, and to his healthful habits of toil and religious sobriety.

Prior to the Revolution his grandfather, King, left Ireland, and with wife and six sons emigrated to the colony of Virginia, where, in the valley of the Rappahannock and in Culpepper county, he located on a mile square of land, leased from Colonel Carter. On this tract the children were reared, married and brought up their families. Thence King, youngest of the six sons and the father of Curtis, died at the age of fifty years from the bite of a *copperhead*—a fact which does not help to lessen the son's detestation of our more venomous modern copperheads.



The 13th Iowa raising the Union Flag on the new (unfinished) State Capitol at Columbia, South Carolina.

Curtis' father fought under Washington through the Revolutionary war, and was guarding prisoners at Winchester when relieved by the return of peace. Among the first emigrants to the free soil of Ohio, was Curtis' only brother and two of his five sisters, while he and three sisters remained with their widowed mother on the old farm. At the age of nineteen, Curtis obtained the consent of the rest of the family to transfer their residence to the Great West, and after a journey of eight tedious weeks over the rugged mountains, they rejoined their friends at Hillsboro', in Highland county, Ohio.

It is worthy of remark, that in Virginia, neither the wealthy grandsire, nor any of his descendants ever used slaves. Curtis rented a cottage for his mother and his three sisters, but before long he found the latter all married and himself and mother alone. He thereupon, as he states, considered what he should do to make her happy, and concluded to marry a certain attractive young widow, of thirty-six years, "of good report, pious, and well disposed." He was then not 20 years old. Locating his wife and mother together, he devoted himself arduously to "trying to make a living," and "found the labor of his hands blessed abundantly, so that before long he was comfortably fixed in his sphere of life." Then new territories were discovered beyond the Mississippi and he was still led after them and was successful in his locations, and continued on the gaining land abundantly. In the town of Danby, Hendricks county, Indiana, his mother died, and was buried at the age of one hundred and three years. Her name was Obedience, and she was the daughter of Colonel Blackwell, of Virginia, a connection of the family of John Randolph, of Roanoke. Subsequently Curtis and his increasing family removed to Richland township, Wapello county, Iowa, near the Des Moines river, where they have now resided nearly sixteen years.

He has now been twenty-five years married to his second wife, who is just half his age, or forty-one years, and was sixteen when united in marriage with him, he being then fifty-seven years old. By her he has nine sons and three daughters, and by his former wife had six sons and three daughters—in all *twenty-one children*, 15 of them sons. The Irish ancestor, Curtis' grandfather, lived to the age of one hundred and fifteen years, and was six feet and six inches in stature. Several of Curtis' uncles were seven feet in height, and lived to an extreme old age. His mother's father migrated from England to Virginia, and here lived upon the rental of his ancestral estates in the old country. After his demise, the oldest son, Curtis Blackwell, removed from America to England, to manage the estate of his father.

The venerable Iowan has been in active military service since the 25th October last. He may well be excused a feeling of pride in his personal history and antecedents, and a desire that the facts of his life and family, since they have excited curiosity and comment, should be correctly published. May he be spared to hail the return of peace and the restoration of the union!

Of the conduct of the men of Iowa in battle we could fill a volume. We give a few instances—opening with the last decisive charge at Fort Donelson:

On the right, however, lay an open space, up which climbed the brigade of Lauman. The 2d Iowa led the charge, followed by the rest in their order. The sight was sublime. Onward they sped, heedless of the bullets and balls of the enemy above. The hill was so steep that the rebels left a gap in their line of rifle-pits on this crest of hill. Through this gap they were bound to go. Right up they went, climbing on all-fours, their line of dark blue advancing; the white line of smoke from the top of the works opposed by a line from our troops.

They reach the top—numbers fall—the suspense is breathless! See! they climb over the works—they fall—they are lost! Another group, and still another and another, closes up the gap. All is covered in smoke. The lodgment is made—the troops swarm up the hill-side, their bright bayonets glittering in the sun, and the firing slackens.

What is more wonderful is, that Captain Stone's battery of rifled 10-pounders, close behind the brigade, is tugging up the hill, the horses plunging, the riders

whipping. Upward they go, where never vehicle went before, up the precipitous and clogged sides of the hill. No sooner on the crest than their guns are unlimbered and the men at their posts. Percussion shells and canister are shot spitefully from the Parrot guns at the flying enemy. The day is gained—the position is taken—the troops surround the guns, and the enemy has deserted his post. The 34-pounder, which had caused so much havoc, is silenced by Colonel Cook's brigade, and the rebels fly to the main fort in alarm. The day is gained—the foe is running! Cheers upon cheers rend the air, and in a few minutes all is hushed.

At the battle of Shiloh it is said of them :

The 2d, 3d, 6th, 7th, 8th, 9th, 11th, 12th, 13th, 14th, 15th, and 16th Iowa regiments were engaged in this battle. The 7th had made itself glorious at Belmont and the 2d at Fort Donelson, the 7th being at both battles. Here *every* Iowa regiment did its duty, and their lists of killed and wounded prove it. The 8th, 12th, and 14th were nearly all taken prisoners; and it was because they fought and held their ground to the last, in obedience to orders, instead of "retiring," as some of the Ohio and Illinois regiments did, and thus saving themselves. General Prentiss was taken prisoner with a portion of them. Many of our Iowa field and company officers have been killed or wounded, and the record shows or will show when an official report is made, that our Iowa troops shed their blood as freely as those from any other state.

Two Iowa regiments were led into the battle-field before their baggage had left the river. Arms had been placed in their hands only a few days before, for the first time, and they had never been drilled in loading and firing. Probably three-fourths of them had never before seen a ball-cartridge; yet two regiments of better *man-material* had never left the State of Iowa *nor any other state*, nor men more eager for a fight or placing that fight more distinctly on *principle*. The 15th was led almost directly to the battle-field, and afterward was intermingled with the 16th. The latter was led across an open field exposed to a rebel battery fire, and when formed in line on the opposite side was ordered *back again* by a "General" commanding. Arms and legs were cut off and several men killed while crossing this field and retiring, yet the regiment behaved nobly—certainly better than could have been expected of raw recruits under their first fire. The regiment was afterward formed, with the 15th, in another exposed field—a rebel battery and musketry in front in the woods. Here our regiments fought, for over an hour, against an almost concealed foe. In the mean time, an old regiment, of another state, came up and took position, and was the *first* to retire from the field. The Iowa regiments retired only when an advance and flanking movement was simultaneously made by an overwhelming force of the enemy. A delay of five minutes would have resulted in the surrounding and capture of our small force. The result was, in the 15th, the colonel wounded in the neck, major in the shoulder, twenty killed, and some eighty wounded; in the 16th, the colonel wounded in the arm, lieutenant-colonel had his horse shot, twenty-six killed and ninety-three wounded, the color-sergeant killed and six of the eight color-guard wounded. I would thank you to compare this with the reports of many *old* regiments reported by correspondents as having fought all day long most desperately, and had their hundreds killed and wounded. I think you will find the *average* not up to ours. That afternoon, the 16th, or a large portion of the regiment, was again in the battle, supporting a battery, under heavy rebel artillery-fire. At night they were in the advance, under Generals Hurlbut and Lauman, lying out in a drenching rain and expecting a conflict every moment. Next day they were marched out to join in the Monday's battle, but were held back to protect a reserve battery. That night and the following they lay out in the cold rain and mud, without overcoats or blankets, *on duty*.

Let me here say, that when these regiments marched to the battle-field on Sunday morning, they met scores and hundreds of soldiers belonging to other regiments (not *one man* from an Iowa regiment) going back to the river. In answer to inquiries, they all said their regiments had been "cut to pieces," and the rebels were whipping us, etc. They could not be turned back, although the effort was repeatedly made, and they warned our regiment not to advance; but the Iowa

boys pushed straight ahead and *nobly* did their duty. That afternoon thousands of these men were on the river bank, and aids not being able to rally them, generals themselves came down and literally drove them with swords to their duty. No Iowa soldier, or but very few, were found in that cowardly crowd; but *Iowa officers* helped to rally these recreants and march them off to the battle-field.

At the charge of Black-River bridge, in Grant's Vicksburg campaign, the 23d Iowa, of Lawler's brigade, won laurels. The circumstances are thus told by one of the soldiers:

Only eight companies were engaged in the charge, two being deployed as skirmishers at the time. There is no charge on record, in the history of this war, more brilliant or daring than that of the 23d on the Black-River bridge fortifications. When we received the order to charge, from our gallant Colonel Kinsman, we had a steep river-bank before us, then nearly a quarter of a mile of clear ground to the breast-works; on our right was a line of rifle-pits filled with rebel sharpshooters. At the word—forward, every man jumped upon the bank. A terrible enfilading fire from the sharpshooters struck our men ere we had hardly shown our heads. Onward the regiment dashed, the field and line-officers waving their swords in the front, led by Colonel Kinsman. The cross-fire of the rebels grew more terrible at every step. Many were lying dead and wounded on the ground. Our colonel fell, wounded in the leg; he rose up and again struggled forward; he was struck again and fell mortally wounded. For an instant it seemed that all were slain, so rapidly did our men fall. Lieutenant-Colonel Glasgow was now far in the lead, crying out to his men to avenge the death of their colonel. We beheld, for the first time, a deep, wide ditch, full of water, extending all along the front, and across the flank of the rebel works; but, nothing daunted, the right of the regiment, which came first on the works, plunged across the ditch, formed across the flank of the intrenchment, and poured a destructive enfilading fire into the mass of rebels at a few paces distant. They could not stand this, at once they started from their former place of safety; the right of the regiment rushed upon them with the bayonet, the left had swung across the ditch and were on the works too. The whole rebel line fled when their left broke. Exhausted as our men were, they outran the flying butternuts, in their efforts to reach the bridge, and took 1,600 of them prisoners. We had possession of the strong defenses of Black-River bridge, with seventeen pieces of artillery. This part of the programme was played in three minutes, solely by the 23d Iowa, during which time 120 men fell on the field. After this the rest of the brigade got up, and took a large number of prisoners on our right and left, who had thrown away their guns when they saw their defeat. Many escaped across the railroad bridge, some even swam the river, and quite a number were drowned while making this attempt.

The 21st and 22d Iowa and 11th Wisconsin were the regiments that supported us. They did their duty well; but the rebels were utterly routed before these regiments reached the works; and owing to the rapidity with which the 23d moved, the supporting regiments did not get near enough to receive much damage from the rebel fire. They were all splendid regiments, and have since distinguished themselves in a desperate assault on the defenses of Vicksburg.

The following incident occurred at the same battle, and is told under the caption of, *The Methodists in the Fight*:

The 24th Iowa is called a Methodist regiment. The colonel and several of the captains are Methodist preachers, and a majority of the soldiers are members of the Methodist Church. They did some of the best fighting of the day, yesterday. They went into the battle full of enthusiasm, and not one of them flinched during the engagement. Their major was wounded late in the day. He walked from the field, and, on his way to the hospital captured a stalwart confederate, and compelled him to carry him on his back to the provost-marshal's headquarters. It was a laughable sight to see Major Wright riding his captive into camp. The casualty-list of the Methodists is very large, and shows that they stood up to their work like true soldiers. On returning from the battle-field in the evening they held a

religious meeting, at which the exercises were very impressive. As I write they are filling the woods with "Old Hundred."

In this battle, after the enemy had been driven across the bridge, they endeavored to burn it to prevent pursuit, firing it in several places. The Iowa men made a strong effort to save it.

Conspicuous among the latter was Elias H. Durand of the 27th Iowa. Noticing a 6-pounder, that had been deserted by the foe, too hurriedly to permit even of its being fired or spiked, he sprang to it, and turning it by himself upon a group of rebels on the bridge, sighted it with the utmost coolness and precision, and fired. The double charge of grape was well aimed, and, as the heroic gunner sprang upon the piece to see the effect of his discharge, a yell of triumph from his comrades rang out upon the air. Of the rebel group all but two lay dead or dying on the timber they were endeavoring to kindle. Twice more did our impromptu artilleryman—who, it must be stated, did not belong to that arm of the service—load, sight, and fire the captured piece, and each time with the most fearful effect upon the enemy. As at first, he leaped upon the gun to see what his shot had effected; but by this time he had attracted the notice of a Mississippi sharpshooter, who instantly leveled his deadly rifle upon the brave fellow. The next moment Durand was seen to stagger and fall, and it was supposed that he was killed. But he was not to be so easily "put out of the ring," as he afterward remarked to his surgeon. At the instant that the rebel sharpshooter had pulled his trigger, Durand partially turned himself, and steadying himself upon the rammer of the piece, he was just in the act of leaping down to load again. The well-directed rifle-ball struck the rammer, and, splintering it, then passed into Durand's left shoulder, just below the clavicle or shoulder bone, and lodged a little above the inferior edge of the scapula or blade bone. He found that he could not use his arm, and therefore could not reload the 6-pounder. Determined, however, to continue the battle, he made his way down to the bridge, which was now more than half consumed, and seizing an ax from the hands of a dying pioneer, pressed forward with his brave comrades to assist in staying the progress of the flames. As he jostled forward his shoulder gave him dreadful pain; but, like a true hero, he pushed on until a piece of shell, fired from our own artillery, and falling short of its mark, wounded his remaining arm severely. Then seeing that he was no longer of any service, but rather a hindrance, he commenced his retreat. After getting clear of the masses of soldiers who were immediately by the bridge, he was met by an officer who halted him and asked why he was flying. "Flying, sir," he replied, with pardonable vehemence, "flying! Why it is as much as I can do to creep along, let alone fly! See this hole through my shoulder and this shell mark in my other arm?" The blood was flowing rapidly from his arm, and he must soon have fallen from weakness had not the officer, appreciating the bravery of the noble fellow, dismounted and bound up the wounded limb with his own hands. He then gave him directions how to reach the hospital and promised to have him promoted for his gallantry. His bravery was fully appreciated; for, on hearing his narrative, and learning also that he had served ten years in the old regular army, his commander had him commissioned a second-lieutenant of artillery.

And if anything were yet wanting, to illustrate the spirit of Iowa soldiers, we have it in the following striking instance of "the ruling passion."

It was immediately after the battle of the Hatchie. The dead in that terrible conflict had been laid beneath the mold, while the wounded had been brought to the church-building or placed in the spacious apartments of wealthy disloyalists of Bolivar. Among the number of unfortunates was William C. Nowlon, a sergeant of Company G, of the 3d Iowa infantry. His leg had been so badly shattered and torn by a musket-shot as to render amputation unavoidable. He was informed of such a necessity, but not a murmur or word of complaint escaped his lips, nor did the intelligence seem to cast over his face the least perceptible shade

of seriousness. The table was prepared—the instruments were placed conveniently, and everything put in readiness for the operation. He was brought out upon the verandah and placed upon the table—his poor, shattered, torn and half fleshless leg dangling around as if only an extraneous and senseless appendage. There was no sighing, no flinching, no drawing back or holding in.

There was not a simple feeling of dumb resignation, nor yet of brute indifference, but of *soldierly* submission—a heroic submission, without a question or a sigh. He indulged freely in conversation respecting the operation, until the chloroform was applied. From the waking and rational state he glided into the anæsthetic without the convulsive motion of a single muscle and without the utterance of a single incoherent sentence; but glided into it as the innocent and weary child glides into the sweet embrace of a healthy and restoring sleep. The operation was performed; the arteries all ligatured; the stump cleansed; and the last suture just in that instant applied. During the entire operation he had scarcely moved a muscle.

Just at this time, the large body of prisoners taken in the engagement were marched up the street, and were nearing the house where the maimed and bleeding soldier lay. The streets were all thronged by soldiery, and hundreds of them rushed to get a near sight of the vanquished, while they rent the heavens with their loud huzzas. A full regiment preceded the column of prisoners; and when just opposite, the band struck up, in force, the inspiring air of "*Hail Columbia*."

In a moment—upon the very instant, the color mounted to his face. He opened his eyes half wonderingly, and raised his head from the pillow with the steadiness and dignity of a god. The scenes of the conflict came back to him, and he thought that his noble regiment was again breasting toward the enemy through a shower of shot and shell. His brave comrades, he deemed, were falling one by one around him, just as they had done in that dreadful hour of fratricide and carnage. The spirit of the time came over him, and his features assumed an air of bold, fierce, fiery, and unyielding determination; and he broke forth into exclamations the most terrible and appalling I had ever listened to in all my life.

"Louder with the music! louder! louder!! louder!!! Burst the heavens with your strains! Sweeter! softer! sweeter! charm the blessed angels from the very courts of heaven! Victory! Victory!! Onward! onward!! No flagging! no flinching! no faltering! Fill up! fill up!! Step forward! press forward! Your comrades graves! The fresh graves of your slain! Remember the graves of your comrades! Blue Mills! Blue Mills!! Shelby! Shelby!! Hager Wood! Hager Wood!! Shiloh! Shiloh!! Shiloh!!! For God's sake, onward! Onward, in heaven's name! Onward! onward!! onward!!! See the devils waver! See them run! See! see!! see them fly!!!—fly! fly!!"

During this outburst of passion his countenance kindled and became purple, till his look seemed that of diabolism. Such a fury marked his lineaments that I instinctively drew back. But there was "method in his madness." He only erred in mistaking time and in misplacing himself and his position; facts which the martial music and the "pomp and circumstance of war" in the public streets would have a natural tendency toward producing.

In the very middle of his fury he seemed suddenly to comprehend his mistake. He ceased abruptly, his whole frame in a tremor of emotion. He looked around upon the faces present, and without a word, quietly laid down his head. He grew meditative as he seemed to realize a full sense of his unhappy situation. At length his eyes gradually filled with tears, and his lips grew slightly tremulous. He quietly remarked, "Well, boys, good bye; I should do but sorry fighting on a wooden leg." He again relapsed into silence, and was shortly afterward carried away to his room.

Gay fellows were they too, in camp and on the march, as the following song testifies:

GAY AND HAPPY.

AS COMPOSED AND SUNG BY THE BOYS OF THE SIXTH IOWA VOLUNTEERS.

We're the boys most gay and happy,
 Tho' we're tented in the field;
 With our nation's banner o'er us,
 And its honor for a shield.

CHORUS—Then let the cannon boom as they will,
 We'll be gay and happy still;
 Gay and happy, gay and happy—
 We'll be gay and happy still.

Friends at home, be gay and happy,
 Never blush to speak our names;
 If our comrades fall in battle,
 They shall share a soldier's fame.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

Colonel Corse is gay and happy—
 Holds his post with his command;
 Seldom has a soldier's honor
 Ever graced a better man.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

We're the gay and happy Hawkeyes,
 From the State of Iowa;
 Ready, when our colonel leads us,
 For the thickest of the fray,

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

Rebels are not gay and happy;
 For their "scrip" they can not eat—
 Some like birds we keep in cages,
 Dining on "hard tack" and meat.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

Girls at home, be gay and happy,
 Show that you have *woman's* pride,
 Never wed a home-sick coward—
 Wait and be a soldier's bride.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

Gay and happy, hear the answer,
 None but fools get married now.
 Valiant men have all enlisted,
 And to cowards we'll not bow.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

We're the girls so gay and happy,
 Waiting for the end of strife.
 Better share a soldier's rations
 Than to be a coward's wife.

CHORUS—Then let, etc.

For the gay and for the happy,
 We're as constant as the dove;
 But the man who dare not soldier
 Never can obtain our love.

CHORUS—Then let the cowards prate as they will,
 We'll be gay and happy still;
 Gay and happy, gay and happy—
 We'll be gay and happy still.

It is in place here to give the famous army song which Sherman's veterans chanted on their victorious march. It was written by Adjutant Byers of the 5th Iowa, while confined in the rebel prison at Columbia, South Carolina, and being set to music was frequently sung by the captives, as a relief to the monotony of their prison life. After Wilmington was taken, it was sung in the theater, producing immense enthusiasm :

THE MARCHING SONG OF SHERMAN'S ARMY ON THEIR WAY TO THE SEA.

Our camp fires shone bright on the mountains
That frowned on the river below,
While we stood by our guns in the morning
And eagerly watched for the foe—
When a rider came out from the darkness
That hung over mountain and tree,
And shouted, "Boys, up and be ready,
For Sherman will march for the sea."

When cheer upon cheer for bold Sherman
Went up from each valley and glen,
And the bugles re-echoed the music
That came from the lips of the men.
For we knew that the stars in our banner
More bright in their splendor would be,
And that blessings from Northland would greet us,
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle,
We marched on our wearisome way
And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca—
God bless those who fell on that day.
Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory,
Frowned down on the flag of the free,
But the East and the West bore our standards,
And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners
Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls,
And the blood of the patriot dampened
The soil where the traitor flag falls.
But we paused not to weep for the fallen,
Who slept by each river and tree,
Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,
As Sherman marched down to the sea.

O, proud was our army that morning,
That stood where the pine darkly towers,
When Sherman said: "Boys, you are weary
But to-day fair Savannah is ours."
Then sang we a song for our chieftain,
That echoed o'er river and lea,
And the stars in our banners shone brighter
When Sherman marched down to the sea.

These bold singers ceased not their march when they reached the sea, but swept on as conquerors through Carolina; and Iowa boys in the advance were the first to raise the banner of stars over the capital of the state, Columbia, where not long before a captive Iowan

anned Sherman's march to the sea. Well may we say, as does an Iowa editor :

HURRAH FOR IOWA!—Colonel Kennedy of the 13th Iowa, Lieutenant McArthur, and Lieutenant W. H. Goodrell of the 15th Iowa, supported by about fifty men, constituted the advance guard which captured Columbia, South Carolina. The quad crossed the river in a small boat, and advanced on the city. The boys ran into a company of Wheeler's cavalry and received the benefit of several shots which did no damage. The colors of the 13th Iowa were flying over the old and new state houses before the 15th corps came up. The city surrendered to General Hazen.

A few weeks later, another "*Hurra for Iowa*" might have been given, topped with "a tiger," and a motion to "adjourn" for it was then that in the fall of Mobile, the 8th Iowa signalized, itself by leading in the forlorn hope," in a gallant, successful and desperate charge against Fort Blakely. It was on this occasion that Lieutenant Vineyard, leading company G, fell desperately wounded. Some of his men halted a moment where he lay: "*Pay no attention to me, boys,*" he cried, "*move on!*" and the rebels found they *did*.

THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

MISSOURI.

AT the outbreak of the Rebellion the governors of all the border slave-states were secessionists with the single exception of Maryland. Some of them, it is true, professed "neutrality;" but subsequent events proved them to have been rebels in disguise, and therefore especially despicable for uniting hypocrisy to their treason. Prominent among these was Claiborne F. Jackson of Missouri, whose atrocious policy brought upon his state untold miseries. The result of the presidential campaign was no sooner known than he and his accomplices in crime began their attempt to take the state out of the union. What rendered this conduct the more nefarious was the knowledge, on the part of Jackson, that the majority of the people were opposed to uniting their fortunes with the Southern confederacy. In a letter to Judge Walker he says, "I have been, from the beginning in favor of prompt action on the part of the Southern States, but the majority of the people have differed from me." And yet, with this knowledge, he plunged his state into the whirlpool of treason and blood.

In January, 1861, the state legislature passed an act calling a convention, and providing for the election of delegates. Contrary to the expectation of the leaders, who had used every art to carry out their designs, the convention proved to be a loyal body.

Determined not to be foiled, the rebel leaders began to raise troops, which were placed under the control of the governor. Preparations were also made to seize the arsenals and all other public property before the new president should be inaugurated. In all these movements the governor was the most active spirit. He even entered into correspondence with the secession leaders in other states, and pledged Missouri to the cause upon which they had entered.

When the president called for troops, his act was denounced by Jackson in terms violent and abusive; and he called the legislature together in order to obtain the means of placing the state on a war footing.

The action of this body was not waited for, and on the 20th of

April the enemies of the government seized upon the arsenal at Liberty, near the state line, and laid their plans for obtaining the possession of a much more important one located at St. Louis. In this, however, they were foiled by the activity and energy of Capt. Stokes, of the United States army, who succeeded in removing an immense amount of the material of war into the State of Illinois, which doubtless would soon have fallen into the hands of the secessionists and greatly aided their cause.

Capture of Camp Jackson.—Early in May, Governor Jackson ordered out the militia of the state to go into camps in their several districts, ostensibly to obtain instruction in military drill, but in reality to precipitate the state into secession. The legislature, at the same period, passed what was termed the "Military Bill," which was, in the language of General Harney, "an indirect secession ordinance, ignoring even the forms resorted to by other states." This bill gave the governor despotic power; three million of dollars were to be placed in his hands; authority was given him to draw for soldiers as long as there was a man left unarmed, and to question the justness of his conduct was to incur the death penalty. Every soldier was required to take an oath of allegiance to the State of Missouri.

At Linden's grove, in the outskirts of St. Louis, a camp was formed, called Camp Jackson. The principal avenues were named Beauregard, Davis, etc., and a quantity of arms, shot, and shell, stolen from the U. S. arsenal at Baton Rouge, was received there, which had come up the river in boxes marked "Marble," "Nails," and "Collin's Axes." A secession flag was displayed; the troops were constantly cheering for Jeff. Davis and the Southern Confederacy; prominent union men visiting the camp were insulted and hailed as federal spies. It was a secession camp and nothing else. In all it contained about 1000 men, under General D. M. Frost.

On the 6th of May the police commissioners of St. Louis insolently demanded of Captain Nathaniel Lyon, the officer in command of the arsenal, that he should remove the United States troops from all places and buildings occupied by them outside of the arsenal, on the ground that the United States government had no right to occupy or touch the soil of the sovereign State of Missouri.

Captain Lyon, on his own responsibility, on the 10th summoned the home guard of the city (composed largely of Germans,) whom he had provided with arms at the arsenal, to assemble at their different posts, at noon, for an unknown service. At two o'clock the whole town was greatly agitated by the tidings that some 7000 men, with 20 pieces of artillery, under Captain Lyon, were marching up Market street for Camp Jackson. On their arrival they rapidly surrounded it, planting batteries upon all the commanding heights.

Upon learning of their approach, General Frost sent a note to Captain Lyon, disowning any disloyal intentions on their part; that they had simply gathered in obedience to the laws of the state for instruction. Captain Lyon refused to receive this communication, and dispatched one to General Frost demanding his unconditional surrender within "one half hour's time." The demand was agreed to, and they, to the number of 800, were made prisoners of war, marched to the arsenal, and, for the time, held there under guard, excepting those who were willing to take the oath of allegiance: of these there were less than a dozen. On the return of the troops to the city, they were not only taunted and spit upon by the mob, but revolvers were discharged at them, when the former turned and fired into the crowd, wounding and killing twenty-two persons, mostly innocent spectators.

The energetic measures of Captain Lyon for the time awed the secession spirit of the city and vicinity; and he was promoted to the rank of brigadier general of volunteers and given command of the union forces in Missouri.

Skirmish at Booneville.—Union men, of all parties throughout the state, at this period began to be proscribed and driven from their homes. Governor Jackson, who, with General Sterling Price, had assembled a large force of State troops, at the capital, Jefferson City, learned that General Lyon was on his way to attack

him, on the 15th of June fled with his forces to Boonville, forty miles above, burning, as they went, the railroad bridges on the route. Thither General Lyon, with 2000 men, pursued and defeated them in a slight skirmish, in which they broke ranks and ingloriously fled. Lyon took their camp equipage and a large number of prisoners, many of whom being of immature age, "misguided youths, led astray by ingeniously devised frauds of designing leaders," he liberated on condition that they should not serve against the United States. "But lest, as in the affair of Camp Jackson, this clemency should be misconstrued, he gave warning that the government would not always be expected to indulge in it to the compromise of its evident welfare."

Action near Carthage.—In the beginning of July General Lyon left Boonville in pursuit of the enemy in the south-western portion of the state. On the 5th Colonel Franz Sigel had a brilliant fight with the enemy in the vicinity of Carthage, he having been sent into that section of country just after the affair at Booneville. Sigel's troops consisted of 1200 men, being parts of the two infantry regiments of Sigel and Solomon, and two batteries of artillery. The rebels, under Generals Parsons and Rains, numbered 5000 men, including two regiments of cavalry and five pieces of artillery. Early in the morning Sigel marched from his camp just south-east of Carthage, and nine miles north of that place found the enemy, at half past nine o'clock, drawn up in line of battle, on elevated ground of a prairie, just beyond Dry Run Creek. By most skillful maneuvering Sigel defeated them and continued his retreat with but insignificant loss—the enemy suffering severely.

Early in July General Fremont was appointed to the command of the Western Department, and made his headquarters at St. Louis. His arrival was at the season of gloom and despondency consequent upon the defeat at Manassas. Of the new levies of federal troops few were in the field: the term of enlistment of the three-months' men was just expiring, while 50,000 rebel soldiers were on the southern frontier. General Pope was in north Missouri with nearly all the disposable force, and Lyon was at Springfield with an army of less than 6000 men, threatened by an enemy nearly four times his own number. There was danger, also, on the Mississippi river, where General Pillow, from New Madrid, was threatening General Prentiss and his small force, at Cairo. Unable to reinforce General Lyon, that gallant officer made the best possible use of the small force at his disposal. On the 1st of August, learning that the enemy, under McCulloch and Price were advancing upon him, he went out to meet them, and the next day had a severe skirmish at Dug Spring, the enemy suffering from a very successful charge of the United States cavalry. This was followed by a general engagement, on the 10th of the same month, in which Lyon lost his life in a noble but unequal struggle.

Battle of Wilson's Creek.—The rebels, under Ben McCulloch were from 20,000 to 25,000 in number, the union forces under Lyon, less than 6000. The union general, having learned that the enemy was meditating an attack, determined to become the attacking party, as that plan promised the greatest success. According, on Friday evening, August 9th, General Lyon set out from Springfield, with the intention of falling upon the enemy next morning at daylight. His little army was divided into two columns: one of 3700 men, under his own command; the other of 1500, under Colonel Sigel, who had orders to attack the enemy at a point three miles distant from that to be assailed by the main column.

The result is told, in a few lines, by one who was, at the time, within the southern lines, and who wrote from his own knowledge and from information received from those who took a part in the conflict. He says: "Notwithstanding McCulloch's reputation as a wary and watchful chief, his army, outnumbering the enemy three or four to one, was completely surprised. Indeed, so silent was the march,

to perfect the plan of attack, that the first notice they had of the enemy's presence was the shot and shell from the batteries of Totten and Sigel falling into the very heart of their camp. The federal accounts claim that success would not have been doubtful had the gallant Lyon lived half an hour longer. But the panic that prevailed among the rebels, and how very nearly the field was lost, could only be told by those whose reports have never seen the light. I have heard persons who were upon the field say that, many were still asleep, many preparing breakfast, and others eating, when the enemy's artillery opened upon them. Many fled at the first alarm; but a large army still remained. The contest was long and doubtful, till Lyon, bravely leading a charge in person, fell. The union forces then withdrew, under the command of Major S. D. Sturgis. The movement of Sigel, in the end, proved unsuccessful. He was compelled to retire with the loss of nearly all his artillery."

The official report of our loss was 1235. The 1st Kansas and 1st Missouri, each lost about half of their entire number. The rebels reported their loss at 1738. Sturgis, in his report, thought it "probably would reach 3000."

The result of the battle made it necessary for the remnant of Lyon's army to retreat, which was effected in good order, under Sigel, upon whom the command now devolved. Hundreds of citizens accompanied the army; and south-western Missouri was overrun and devastated by the rebels.

The Siege of Lexington—On Wednesday the 11th of September, a force of 440 union soldiers were in Lexington, under the command of Colonel Jas. B. Mulligan, (a young lawyer of Chicago, of Irish parentage), when the advance of the enemy approached the town, which in a few days was increased to 30,000 men, under General Sterling Price. In the mean while our troops had built encampments around their camp, inclosing some fifteen acres, including within its limits the college buildings. Price invested the works on the 12th, but no direct assault was made until the 18th. The little band heroically held his large army at bay; but all access to the river being cut off they suffered intensely for water, and was not until their provisions were exhausted and nearly the last cartridge expended that they surrendered.

General Price obtained considerable eclat by a stratagem he used in approaching the union lines. He made a *movable* breastwork of hempen bales of some twenty rods in length, behind the cover of which his men, as they rolled them forward, advanced in security close up to the union works. He was not a rebel at heart; but he had, against his better nature, been seduced into treason. After the surrender he chided one of his men for indignities offered to the union flag, using his rebuke with the expression, "*I yet love that flag.*"

Price was endeared to the people of Missouri by generous and noble personal traits; and, when he sided with the rebel cause, these qualities, by their influencing others into error, were productive of greater evil than could have been in the power of any mere villain with superior intellectual force to have inflicted.

Battle of Belmont.—Belmont is a point on the Mississippi river, nearly opposite Columbus, Ky. It is about twenty miles below Cairo, and was the scene of one General Grant's first battles. His whole force in this battle, which took place on the 7th of November, 1861, was 2850. He lost 507 men; the rebels 966, beside their entire encampment with valuable stores. The following account is given by the present.

Landing two and half miles above Belmont, it was two hours before we had disposed our men in line of battle to engage the enemy; thus giving them full time for preparation, and to come out and meet us, when the engagement soon became general. Although the enemy were two to our one we never faltered, but drove them from one stronghold to another, until we were told to charge the batteries. The enthusiasm of our men, on receiving this order, beggars description; we threw off their coats, all whooped and yelled, and each man went to work as

though the taking of the batteries depended on his own exertions; they leaped like cats, from log to log, and from brush to brush, sometimes running, sometimes crawling, never wavering until they had taken the enemy's last gun. Our boys drove them through their encampment, and down the river bank, taking their tents, stores, and baggage.

Our men and officers were so elated with their victory, that they went round shaking hands and congratulating one another on the result, and General Grant's order to fall into line and retire to their transports was not executed as rapidly as it should have been, and some half an hour was consumed in these manifestations, until the enemy had outflanked us, by landing the rebel general, Cheatham's brigade—fresh troops from Columbus—between us and our transports. This movement was concealed from us by the bend of the river. No alternative was left but to fight it out, and cut our way through the serried columns. The order to march was given, and, although our troops had had six hours of hard fighting they did not appear weary, but attacked the enemy with renewed vigor and drove him back, and cut their way through his ranks to our transports. Beaten again, the enemy planted their new, fresh artillery, supported by infantry, in a cornfield just above our transports, with the intention of sinking them, when we started up the river, and of bagging the entire army; but thanks to the gunboats, Lexington and Tyler, and their experienced gunners, they saved us from a terrible and certain doom; they took up a position between us and the enemy, and opened their guns upon them, letting slip a whole broadside at once. This movement was performed so quick that the rebel guns *were silenced as soon as they opened*. The first shot from the gunboats was a cannister-shot, and it made a perfect lane through the enemy's ranks. Defeated in this—their *third movement*—the enemy's infantry broke for our transports, and as we pushed from shore they fired upon us until we got out of range, their bullets coming on our transports "like hail upon a meeting house," but they did but little execution.

Price, after the fall of Lexington, finding himself unable to hold it, retreated to the south-west, with Fremont in pursuit. Many incidents of interest took place, which have become obscure in consequence of the more brilliant occurrences of a war abounding in splendid exploits. But the famous charge of Fremont's body-guard, at Springfield, on the 25th of October, 1861, remains memorable. It is thrillingly described by a writer in the *Atlantic Monthly*:

Among the foreign officers whom the famous General Fremont drew around him was Charles Zagonyi—a Hungarian refugee, but long a resident of this country. In his boyhood, Zagonyi had plunged into the passionate, but unavailing struggle which Hungary made for her liberty.

General Fremont welcomed Zagonyi cordially, and authorized him to recruit a company of horse, to act as his body-guard. Zagonyi was most scrupulous in his selection; but so ardent was the desire to serve under the eye and near the person of the general, that in five days after the lists were opened two full companies were enlisted. Soon after a whole company, composed of the very flower of Kentucky, tendered its services, and requested to be added to the guard. Zagonyi was still overwhelmed with applications, and he obtained permission to recruit a fourth company. The fourth company, however, did not go with us into the field. The men were clad in blue jackets, trowsers, and caps. They were armed with light German sabers, the best that at that time could be procured, and revolvers; besides which, the first company carried carbines. They were mounted upon bay horses, carefully chosen from the government stables. Zagonyi had but little time to instruct his recruits; but in less than a month from the commencement of the enlistment the body-guard was a well-disciplined and most efficient corps of cavalry. The officers were all Americans except three—one Hollander, and two Hungarians, Zagonyi and Lieutenant Maythenyi, who came to the United States during his boyhood.

On the prairie, near the town, at the edge of the woodland in which he knew his wily foe lay hidden, Zagonyi halted his command. He spurred along the

line. With eager glance he scanned each horse and rider. To his officers he gave the simple order, "Follow me! do as I do!" and then drawing up in front of the men, with a voice tremulous and shrill with emotion, he spoke:

"FELLOW-SOLDIERS, COMRADES, BROTHERS!—This is your first battle. For our three hundred the enemy are two thousand. If any of you are sick, or tired by the long march, if any think the number is to great, now is the time to turn back." He paused; no one was sick or tired. "We must not retreat. Our honor and the honor of our general, our country, tell us to go on. I will lead you. We have been called holiday soldiers on the pavements of St. Louis; to-day we will show that we are soldiers for the battle. Your watchword shall be, '*The Union and Fremont!*' Draw saber! By the right flank, quick trot—march!"

Bright swords flashed in the sunshine, a passionate shout burst from every throat, and, with one accord, the trot passing into a gallop, the compact column swept forward to its deadly purpose. Most of them were boys. A few weeks before they had left their homes. Those who were cool enough to note it say that ruddy cheeks grew pale, and fiery eyes were dimmed with tears. Who shall tell what thoughts, what visions of peaceful cottages nestling among the groves of Kentucky or Ohio, or lying upon the banks of the Ohio and the Illinois, what sad recollections of tender farewells, of tender, loving faces, filled their minds during these fearful moments of suspense? No word was spoken. With lips compressed, firmly clenching their sword-hilts, with quick tramp of hoofs and clank of steel, honor leading and glory awaiting them, the young soldiers flew forward, each brave rider and each sturdy steed of one huge creature, enormous, terrible, irresistible.

"'T were worth ten years of peaceful life,
One glance at their array."

They pass the fair ground. They are at the corner of the lane where the wood begins. It runs close to the fence on their left for a hundred yards, and beyond it they see white tents gleaming. They are half way past the forest, when, suddenly and loud, a volley of musketry bursts upon the head of the column; horses stagger, riders reel and fall, but the troop presses forward undismayed. The far corner of the road is reached, and Zagonyi beholds the terrible array. Amazed, he involuntarily checks his horse. The rebels are not surprised. There, to the left, they stood crowning the high, foot and horse, ready to engulf him, if he should be rash enough to go on. The road he is following declines rapidly. There is but one thing to do—run the gauntlet, gain the cover of the hill, and charge down the steep. These thoughts pass quicker than they can be told. He waves his hand over his head, and shouting, "Forward! follow me! quick trot! gallop!" dashes headlong down the stony road. The first company and most of the second follow. From the left a thousand muzzles belch forth a hissing flood of bullets; the poor fellows clutch wildly at the air and fall from their saddles, and maddest horses throw themselves against the fences. Their speed is not for an instant checked; farther down the hill they fly, like wasps driven by the leaden storm. Sharp volleys pour out of the underbrush at the left, clearing wide gaps through their ranks. They leap the brook, take down the fence, and draw up under the shelter of the hill. Zagonyi looked around him, and to his horror sees that out of a fourth of his men are with him. He cries, "They do not come—we are lost!" and frantically waves his saber.

He had not long to wait. The delay of the rest of the guard was not from inattention. When Captain Foley reached the lower corner of the wood, and saw the enemy's line, he thought a flank attack might be advantageously made. He ordered some of his men to dismount and take down the fence. This was done under a severe fire. Several men fell, and he found the wood so dense that it could not be penetrated. Looking down the hill, he saw the flash of Zagonyi's saber, and at once gave the order, "Forward!" At the same time, Lieutenant Kennedy, a stalwart Kentuckian, shouted, "Come on, boys! remember old Kentucky!" and the third company of the guard, fire on every side of them—from behind trees, from under the fences—with thundering strides and loud cheer poured down the slope and rushed to the side of Zagonyi. They have lost twenty dead and wounded men, and the carcasses of horses are strewn along the lane. Kennedy is wounded in the arm, and lies upon the stones, his faithful char-

motionless beside him. Lieutenant Goff received a wound in the thigh; his seat, and cried out, "The devils have hit me, but I will give it to them!"

Guard is formed under the shelter of the hill. In front, with a gentle incline, rises a grassy slope broken by occasional tree stumps. A line of fire on the summit marks the position of the rebel infantry, and nearer and on the lower eminence to the right stand their horse. Up to this time no guardsman has struck a blow, but blue coats and bay horses lie thick along the bloody line; their time has come. Lieutenant Maythenyi, with thirty men, is ordered to lead the cavalry. With sabers flashing over their heads, the little band of volunteers spring toward their tremendous foe. Right upon the center they charge. The rebel mass opens, the blue coats force their way in, and the whole rebel line scatter in disgraceful flight through the cornfields in the rear. The bays follow them, sabering the fugitives. Days after, the enemy's horses lay thick in the uncut corn.

Maythenyi holds his main body until Maythenyi disappears in the cloud of rebel smoke, then his voice rises through the air—"In open order—charge!" The volunteers rush out to give play to the sword-arm. Steeds respond to the ardor of their rider, quick as thought, with thrilling cheers, the noble hearts rush into the front, the torrent which pours down the incline. With unabated fire the gallant fellows pass through. Their fierce onset is not even checked. The foe do not wait—they waver, break, and fly. The guardsmen press into the midst of the rebels, and their fast falling swords work a terrible revenge. Some of the bold-est southrons retreat into the woods, and continue a murderous fire from trees and thickets. Seven guard horses fall on a space not more than twenty feet square. As his steed sinks under him, one of the officers is caught by the shoulders by a grape-vine, and hangs dangling in the air until he is rescued by his friends.

Rebel foot are flying in furious haste from the field. Some take refuge in the cornfield, some hurry into the cornfield, but the greater part run along the edge of the wood, swarm over the fence into the road, and hasten to the village. Guardsmen follow. Zagonyi leads them. Over the loudest roar of battle comes a clarion voice—"Come on, old Kentuck! I'm with you!" And the flash of the sword-blade tells his men where to go. As he approaches a barn a man stands behind the door and lowers his rifle; but before he had reached the door Zagonyi's saber-point descended upon his head, and his life-blood leaps to the top of the huge barn-door.

The conflict now rages through the village—in the public square and along the streets. Up and down the guard ride in squads of three or four, and, wherever they find a group of the enemy, charge upon and scatter them. It is hand to hand, and every man has a share in the fray.

There was at least one soldier in the southern ranks. A young officer, superbly mounted, charged alone upon a large body of the guard. He passed through the ranks, killing one man. He wheels, charges back, and again breaks through, killing another man. A third time he rushes upon the union line, a fourth time he pushes forward, but he pushes on until he reaches Zagonyi—presses his pistol so close to the major's side that he feels it and draws convulsively, the bullet passes through the front of Zagonyi's coat, who at the same time runs the daring rebel through the body; he falls, and the men, thinking the commander hurt, kill him with a half dozen wounds.

"Was a brave man," said Zagonyi afterward, "and I did wish to make him so."

While it has grown dark. The foe has left the village, and the battle has ended. The assembly is sounded, and the guard gathers in the plaza. Not more than fifty mounted men appear; the rest are killed, wounded, or unhorsed. At this time one of the most characteristic incidents of the affair took place.

Before the charge, Zagonyi directed one of his buglers, a Frenchman, to give a signal. The bugler did not seem to pay any attention to the order, but after Lieutenant Maythenyi. A few moments afterward he was observed in the rear part of the field busily pursuing the flying infantry. His active form

was always seen in the thickest of the fight. When the line was formed in the plaza, Zagonyi noticed the bugler, and approaching him said, "In the midst of the battle you disobeyed my order. You are unworthy to be a member of the guard. I dismiss you." The bugler showed his bugle to his indignant commander—the mouth-piece of the instrument was shot away. He said, "The mouth was shoot off. I could not bugle viz mon bugle, and so I bugle viz mon pistol and saber." It is unnecessary to add the brave Frenchman was not dismissed.

I must not forget to mention Sergeant Hunter of the Kentucky company. His soldierly figure never failed to attract the eye in the ranks of the guard. He had served in the regular cavalry; and the body guard had profited greatly from his skill as a drill-master. He lost three horses in the fight. As soon as one was killed he caught another from the rebels: the third horse taken in this way he rode into St. Louis.

The sergeant slew five men. "I won't speak of those that I shot," said he, "another may have hit them; but these I touched with my saber I am sure of, because I *felt* them."

At the beginning of the charge, he came to the extreme right and took position next to Zagonyi, whom he followed closely through the battle. The major, seeing him, said:

"Why are you here, Sergeant Hunter? Your place is with your company on the left."

"I kind o' wanted to be in the front," was the answer.

"What could I say to such a man?" exclaimed Zagonyi, speaking of the matter afterward.

There was hardly a horse or rider among the survivors that did not bring away some mark of the fray. I saw one animal with no less than seven wounds—none of them serious. Scabbards were bent, clothes and caps pierced, pistols injured. I saw one pistol from which the sight had been cut as neatly as it could have been done by machinery. A piece of board a few inches long was cut from a fence on the field, in which there were thirty-one shot holes.

It was now nine o'clock. The wounded had been carried to the hospital. The dismounted troopers had been placed in charge of them—in the double capacity of nurses and guards. Zagonyi expected the foe to return every minute. It seemed like madness to try and hold the town with his small force, exhausted by the long march and desperate fight. He therefore left Springfield, and retired, before morning, twenty-five miles on the Bolivar road.

The loss of the enemy, was 116 killed. The number of wounded could not be ascertained. After the conflict had drifted away from the hill-side, some of the rebels had returned to the field, taken away their wounded and robbed our dead. The loss of the guard was 53 out of 148 actually engaged, 12 men having been left by Zagonyi in charge of his train.

The fame of the guard is secure. Out from that fiery baptism they came children of the nation; and American song and story will carry their heroic triumph down to the latest generation.

Fremont's campaign in south-western Missouri was arrested by an order from the War Department, at the beginning of November. Fremont, at that time, was deprived of command in Missouri, and a new campaign was prosecuted in the south-west, with signal ability and success, under General Curtis, who drove the confederate forces out of the state into Arkansas; and after Sterling Price had formed a junction with VanDorn and McCulloch, he defeated their combined forces in the memorable battle of Pea Ridge, just on the south-west line of the state.

While Price's army was on its retreat they passed through Fayetteville, just over the state line. This beautiful mountain-town was the brightest spot in all Arkansas. Several literary institutions, conducted by northern-born men, were blessing this entire region of

country. Light, knowledge, and Christian love were spreading among the people, and a pure, moral tone diffused into the society of the place. William Baxter, president of one of these institutions, in his frank-hearted and artless little volume, "*Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove*," tells us how, on this retreat of Price, his men conducted themselves, on their arrival at his town.

I was somewhat familiar with the great retreats in history, but never before had I realized the full meaning of the term. Early in the morning of the 21st of February, the Missouri army, which had been marching day and night, constantly harassed by the enemy, made its appearance, the roads were bad, their clothing, their looks dispirited, no music to cheer them, no bright prospects before—it was a practical picture of secession; and O how sadly did the Missouri troops *secede* from their beloved state! thousands of them, alas, never to return! One of the officers, the judge advocate of Price's army, stopped a while at my house, and wept like a child at the thought of leaving home and country behind. There are many others, who complain bitterly because McCulloch had not come to their aid, to enable them to make a stand on their own soil against the foe now eagerly pressing upon their rear.

The officers of the commissary and quartermaster's department, unable to remove their stores, threw open the various depots to the soldiers and citizens; the permission thus granted was construed into a general license to plunder, and pillage soon became the order of the day. An officer, fearing the effects of liquor upon a wearied, pursued, and reckless soldiery, took the precaution to burst in the heads of a number of barrels of whisky, which constituted a portion of the army stores, and the cellar was soon several inches deep with the precious fluid. By some means the place was discovered, and scores drank the filthy puddle which the spilled liquor had made. Private stores were broken open, and every one helped himself to whatever suited him; and as regiment after regiment poured in to swell the tide of waste and robbery, the scene became one of riot and unrestrained plunder. And yet, strange to say, this was not in an enemy's country; these men claimed to be the defenders of the very people that they were despoiling; and at that very moment the men of Arkansas were acting as rear-guard to this very army, engaged, hundreds of them, as I have just stated. Passing among them as I did while thus employed, so general had the work of destruction and plunder become, that it was almost impossible to find a single soldier who did not possess some evidence of being carried away by the spirit of the hour. Here was one with a cigar box half filled with sugar, another with a pair of lady's gaiters sticking out of his pocket; this had a pair of baby's shoes, that, some fine lace; artificial flowers adorned the caps of some; while jars of pickles, tin cups full of molasses, tape, calico, school-books, letters, law papers, sheets of tin-plate, in fact nearly every article known to traffic, even to a thermometer, might have been seen in the motley throng. Indeed, any one could see at a glance that the greater part of them had taken articles for which they had no use whatever. . . . Officers threatened, cursed, called them thieves, made appeals to their manliness and state pride, and to the fact that they were among those battling in the same cause; but all in vain; stealing had become a recreation, and they would steal. General Price himself strove to check the disorder which I have attempted faintly to describe, but for once his commands were powerless, and the work of ruin went on.

The troops encamped, for the night, south of us, but many of the officers remained in town. Among those that I best remember were General Rains, for once sober, and most gentlemanly in his manners; Major Savary, who shed tears at being thus made "an exile from home;" Churchill, Clarke, said to be the best artilleryman in Price's army; Emmett McDonald, who indeed looked and talked like the brave soldier that he was; and Ben McCulloch, meditating doubtless upon the dark deeds that the morrow would bring.

The brutal McCulloch, the next day wantonly burnt the best part of the town; and, in his vandalism, consigned the colleges, with their fine libraries, to the flames.

Mr. Baxter gives us another picture, the entrance of the union advance, in the pursuit. As they welcomed our heroic soldiers, and saw, once more our beautiful but long exiled flag, he tells us how their hearts bounded with glorious emotions; how the sweet tears of pleasure started, and the nerves thrilled, as the successive waves of delicious sensation struck and passed over these vibrating, human chords of the immortal soul.

Another day passed, one of strange quiet; one army had swept by in hurried retreat, the other, we felt assured would soon appear in pursuit. Most of the men who favored the southern cause had left, and to nearly all who remained, the approach of the union army meant deliverance. Night came, and southward the campfires of the armies of Price and McCulloch could be seen, while to the northern sky a glow, like that of the aurora borealis, was given by those of the federal soldiery. With the next dawn came the report of the advance of the men of the north; the heavy pickets, pressed back by the advancing enemy, rode slowly by, and soon, in hot haste, came a scouting party who had been watching the movements of the pursuing foe. In answer to our inquiries, they said the "feds" were rapidly coming; and, indeed, they were with the swiftness and fury of a storm. The last of the rebel pickets were but a few hundred yards north of my residence, watching with deep interest a few gleaming points of steel on the wooded hill opposite; soon a line of blue wound down the hill side, the pickets turned their horses' heads southward; there was a clatter of hoofs, a flashing sabers, a wild and *fierce hurrah*, ringing shots from revolvers, men fleeing for life, men and steeds in the chase both seemingly animated by the same spirit of destruction; in a word, the most exciting of military spectacles; a cavalry charge had been made past my door. Within a few moments men had been slain and wounded, prisoners taken, and our town was in possession of the advance guard of the union army.

And now they streamed in on every side; the whole country seemed alive with mounted men. A loud shout was heard on the public square; we turned our eyes in that direction, and a splendid banner, made when the union sentiment ran high, but which for months had been concealed, was floating from the flag staff on the court-house, and we were once more under the stripes and stars. Strange that an *emblem* should have such power over the human soul! and yet the first sight of the ocean or the down-rushing flood of Niagara did not awaken such emotions as the waving folds of that banner of the free. Carefully had it been concealed, and faithfully preserved when its possession would have been deemed a high crime if discovered. A few eyes had been permitted to look upon it in secret during the dark days; the tones of the voice were low when it was mentioned; on one occasion a *confederate officer* had only a *mattress* between him and *that flag*; but now it was flung out once more by loyal hands to the free air, hailed with almost frantic delight by loyal voices, stretched to its utmost tension by a strong breeze; every stripe distinct, every star visible; the old flag, the joy of every loyal heart! Scorn and contumely had been heaped upon it; to mention it, save in condemnation, a crime; its place usurped by another banner, but the day of its triumph had come at last.

Soon the main body of the troops, under General Asboth, rode into town. Their appearance, when contrasted with that of the legions of Price, who preceded them, was magnificent; and, indeed, apart from any comparison, they were a noble body of men. They were mostly from Iowa and Illinois; under a chief who had seen service in Europe, and who looked more like a soldier than any of the hastily improvised generals who were with the army whose retreat we had just witnessed. The union ladies warmly and gladly saluted the flag which was borne at the head of the column, and my wife was the first, from the balcony of our dwelling, to wave and shout a welcome. An officer observing her, while thus greeting the banner, called out, "Where are you from?" "*Massachusetts*," was the reply. "*Ah*," he said, "*I thought so! I too am from Massachusetts.*"

This force, which entered Fayetteville, was the cavalry of Curtis,

which, after a brief stay, returned north to the main body. The rebel army being largely reinforced south of the town, again passed through it, a few days later, to attack Curtis, when occurred the *Battle of Pea Ridge*, which we thus outline.

The 5th of March was cold and blustering, and the ground became whitened with the falling snow, when intelligence came to the headquarters of General Curtis, near Sugar Creek, that the enemy were approaching to give battle. The general sent orders to his various divisions to concentrate at Sugar Creek hollow. Sigel tarried at Bentonville, a point ten miles distant, with a German regiment and battery, until nine o'clock the next morning, when he was attacked by a large advance of the enemy. Having a large baggage train to guard, Sigel retreated slowly along the road. He fought his way, most gallantly, until within three or four miles of the main body, when part of the first division came to his relief, opening upon the enemy with artillery and infantry and checked the pursuit, which closed the fight for the day.

At eleven o'clock the next morning the rebels attacked the right of the union line. The fight was heavy here during the day and the losses severe. General McCulloch, commanding the rebel forces, fell shot through the heart. The next morning, at sunrise the battle was again renewed. Sigel moved steadily forward, with the left, and driving the enemy from the hills, when General Curtis ordered the right, under General E. A. Carr, and the center, under General Jefferson C. Davis, to advance. In the final position, thus obtained, the rebels were inclosed in a segment of a circle. A charge of infantry was then made, extending throughout the whole line, which completely routed the rebels, and they fled in great confusion.

The total union loss was 1301; that of the enemy far greater—among these were four of their generals: McCulloch, McIntosh, Herbert, and Slack; while our highest officer killed was the brave Lieutenant-Colonel Hendricks, of the 22d Indiana.

In his official report, General Curtis said: "Illinois, Indiana, Iowa, Ohio, and Missouri may proudly share the honor of victory which their gallant heroes won, over the combined forces of VanDorn, Price, and McCulloch, at Pea Ridge, in the Ozark Mountains of Arkansas."

A vivid description of the flight of the routed army is given in *Pea Ridge and Prairie Grove*, from which the following is extracted:

The living tide, which had swept through our town to the Boston Mountains, began to flow back. VanDorn had arrived to take the command of all the forces in that region. We heard the salutes which welcomed his arrival, and about the same time there came the first news from Fort Donelson; but how different from the reality: it was represented as an unmitigated disaster to the union cause; twenty thousand prisoners had been taken, and the confederate cavalry was in hot pursuit of the remnant of the fleeing host. Bulletins to this effect were circulated through the camp, and all felt certain that a similar fate soon awaited the little army of General Curtis, then encamped in the vicinity of the now famous field of Pea Ridge; and, though much has been said concerning this—one of the most important and stoutly contested battles of the war—yet I am bold to say that the story of that field has not yet been told. In the official reports of General Curtis and his division commanders, the occurrences of the three eventful days are clearly and modestly set forth; but neither he nor they were aware of the utter rout of the enemy, from the fact that they had no large body of cavalry to follow up the victory.

General Curtis estimated the forces he met and vanquished at about 30,000—three times the number of his own little but brave band; but the southern men themselves claimed a much larger force: by most it was placed at from 40,000 to 45,000; and from the number of the regiments, nearly all of them full, and from the appearance of the troops, and the time it took them to pass, I think 40,000 rather inside than beyond the real number. In Price's army were the divisions of Rains, Slack, and Frost. McCulloch had a large army before the retreat from

Cross Hollows, and many newly-raised regiments were said to have joined him at Boston Mountain; and to these must be added the Indian brigade, under General Pike. Most of these troops passed through our town on the 3d and 4th of March.

The quiet which reigned after the army had passed northward was soon broken by the roar of artillery, which told that the battle had begun; this firing took place near Bentonville, where VanDorn, in his report of the battle, says that he found Sigel posted with a force of 7000 strong. The truth is that Sigel was there, but with not quite as many hundreds as he was reputed to have thousands. With this small yet determined band he kept fighting and retreating; and the severe loss inflicted upon the enemy during that well-conducted retreat, was well calculated to create and keep up the impression that Sigel had 7000 instead of but 600 men.

This falling back, in the face of an overwhelming force, was called a retreat of all the federal forces; and we soon got news that the invading army was in full flight in Missouri; and then that it had been overtaken and surrounded. At this juncture our feelings were not of the most agreeable character. Our news, be it remembered, however, was from the southern side alone; we knew nothing of the splendid strategy of Sigel, the truly chivalrous deeds of Asboth, the unflagging courage and endurance of Carr, Davis, and, indeed, of every man in those terrible three days, for every man there did his duty. How cheering to us would have been the knowledge of the calm self-reliance of Curtis, who, though surrounded, as he knew, by a vastly-superior foe, abated neither heart nor hope; having come to fight, not to surrender! Thus passed Thursday and Friday. On Saturday morning the news was not so favorable for the exultant expectants of a triumph before which all others were to pale; the contest was said to be fearful, the slaughter, on both sides, immense; still the advantage was with the south. Then the report came that a carriage was coming containing a wounded officer; and one of those who had just returned from the battle-field said: "It is true, gentlemen, that a carriage is coming, but the officer in it, be he whom he may, is dead, for I helped to lift him into it; his face was covered, I did not know him, but that he is dead I know." Soon the carriage came in sight; and we learned that it contained the body of the famous Ben McCulloch.

This was unexpected and startling; matters began to wear a serious aspect; and, just after nightfall, hearing a wagon from the direction of the battle-ground passing my door, I went out to make some inquiries, and found that it contained the body of General James McIntosh, who fell nearly at the same time with McCulloch. The body was taken into the house of an acquaintance of mine; I entered, and there he lay, cold and stark, just as he was taken from the spot where he fell; a military overcoat covering his person, and the dead forest leaves still clinging to it. His wound had not been examined; I aided in opening his vest and under-garments, and soon found that the ball had passed through his body, near, if not through the heart.

Returning home from the sad scene I heard the sound of a horse's feet coming down the road from the battle-field; soon horse and rider came into view, both evidently much jaded. I hailed him, and asked the news from the fight; he replied by calling me by name, and I soon found it to be one of our citizens, we I known to me, an officer in the confederate army, but just before the breaking out of the war a strong union man, who, like many others, was forced, by public sentiment, into the army. "How is the contest going?" said I. He replied: "We had them all surrounded; but just before I left a movement was made by our troops to *let them get away* if they wished to do so. Orders were given to our regiment for every man to take care of himself. Our friend Wilson's son, a lad of fourteen, had his leg shot off, and I thought I would come and let the father know the condition of the son. A terrible time it was, I tell you; their men were vastly better drilled than ours; and when under fire they moved with as much precision as on the parade-ground, but our's broke ranks often."

A few officers came in during the night, and a confederate surgeon, when I met him the next morning, said that they were badly beaten. "The very earth trembled," said he, "when their infantry opened fire upon us."

About ten o'clock on Sunday morning, the army, which a few days before had

passed my house so exultant and confident of an easy and complete victory, came back; but it was an army no longer.

When Price went by a quick march on his way to Boston Mountain, he was only falling back to lay a trap for his enemies; but now the army was a confused mob, not a regiment, not a company in rank, save two regiments of cavalry, which, as a rear guard, passed through near sun-down; the rest were a rabble-rout, not four or five abreast, but the whole road, about fifty feet wide, filled with men, every one seemingly animated with the same desire—to *get away*. Few, very few, had guns, knapsacks, or blankets; every thing calculated to impede their flight had been abandoned; many were hatless, and the few who had any thing to carry were those who had been fortunate enough to pick up a chicken, goose or pig; if the latter, it was hastily divided so as not to be burdensome, and the usual formalities of butchering and taking of the bristles were dispensed with. Very few words were spoken; few of them had taken any food for two or three days; they had lost McCulloch, McIntosh, Slack, Reeves, and other officers of note, and, in a word, they were thoroughly dispirited. And thus, for hours, the human tide swept by, a broken, drifting, disorganized mass, not an officer, that I could see, to give an order; and had there been, he could not have reduced the formless mass to discipline or order. Many called in, with piteous stories of suffering from hunger, and were relieved, as far as our means would permit; but these soon failed, and all we could furnish was pure water. Four members of the 3d Louisiana stopped at one time to get water, and one of them looking round, said: "This is the *largest number of our regiment* that I have *seen* since we left the battle-field." Of another I inquired: "What has become of the 3d Louisiana?" He replied: "There is no 3d Louisiana."

An old friend of mine—John Mays, a true union man—who had three sons in the confederate army, as I am fully assured, contrary to their wishes and principles, when he heard the sounds of battle, started for the field to see what was the fate of his boys, and was returning with one of them when I asked him, "How went the day?" He replied: "It was a perfect stampede; whole regiments threw down their arms and fled." Indeed, after the fall of McCulloch and McIntosh, and the capture of Colonel Hebert, there was no one to take command of that portion of the army; the necessary result was the hurried and disorderly flight I have attempted to describe. The victors had no cavalry to keep up the pursuit; and, indeed, constant watching and fighting for three days had left them in such a condition that they were unable to reap all the advantages of their valor. Still it was a most decisive victory; much of the routed army never was got together again; and no portion of it made a stand, but only to be again sorely beaten, until it had traversed the state from north to south, and crossed the Mississippi; escaping Curtis only to fall into the hands of Rosecrans and Grant.

In a few days scouting parties from the battle-field came to our town; several of the soldiers came to my house; some of them had been down with General Asboth, and knew me, and of course were friendly. One of them claimed to have killed Ben McCulloch. Being familiar with the appearance of the rebel chief, I was curious to know whether he, who had sent the bitterest foe to union men to his account, was really before me. I asked him to describe the person he had killed, and he described McCulloch with as much precision as I could have done myself; every peculiarity of his dress, his white hat, black velvet or velvet-teen suit, with long stockings drawn over boots and pantaloons up to his knees, were all mentioned; and as there was probably not another man in either army dressed like the Texan chief, I felt no doubt that his statement was correct. He said McCulloch was sitting on his horse, with his glass to his eye, when he discovered him; he took deliberate aim, fired and he fell. Southern men, who were near him when he was killed, state that he was observing the movements of the enemy through his field glass when he received the fatal shot; thus corroborating the story of the federal sharp-shooter. I did not ask him his name, but saw afterward, in the report of the battle, that it was Peter Pelican.

General Halleck, upon succeeding Fremont, immediately adopted stringent measures against rebels and those who sympathized with

them. This commanding officer was directed to arrest and imprison all persons found in arms against the government, and all who, in any way, aided them. Success attended his plans. The campaign of General Curtis, in the south-west, resulted in driving the rebels out of two states and across the Mississippi; and the expedition against Island No. 10, under General Pope and Commodore Foote, was one of the most brilliant operations of the war, as the most splendid results were obtained by strategy rather than fighting—all the advantages usually attendant on a bloody and decisive victory, without loss of life.

ISLAND NO. TEN.

Upon the evacuation of Columbus, on the 3d of March, the enemy fell back upon and fortified Island No. Ten, a place of remarkable strength, situated in the Mississippi, just opposite the boundary line of Kentucky and Tennessee. The general course of the river is south, but at the island it makes a sharp bend to the north for several miles, and then, turning south in a semi-circle, forms a tongue of land, opposite the northern point of which, on the Missouri side, is New Madrid, which last is two or three miles below the island. On the 3d of March the corps of Gen. Pope, which had been disciplined by severe service in Missouri, arrived before New Madrid, which was strongly garrisoned. He took possession of Point Pleasant, eight miles below the town, with a body of troops, and planted sunken batteries and rifle pits, so that the enemy's gunboats could not pass up the river. The enemy erected batteries on the east side of the stream, and in conjunction with six gunboats, in vain attempted to shell Pope from his position. New Madrid was well defended by redoubts and intrenchments, and the land being low the gunboats commanded the country for some distance.

Gen. Pope took up a position below the town, cutting off supplies, and pushing forward works to command the place. On the 13th he opened fire most vigorously, disabling several of the gunboats. In the night a severe thunder storm ensued. Under cover of the darkness, the enemy having been severely handled, secretly abandoned their works, and in panic rushed aboard of their gunboats and transports.

When the morning of the 14th dawned, their departure became known. Their flight had been so hasty, that they left their dead unburied, their suppers untouched, standing on their tables, candles burning in their tents and every other evidence of a disgraceful panic. Nothing except the men escaped, and they only with what they wore. They landed on the opposite side of the river, and scattered in the wide bottoms. Immense supplies of property, even the officers' private baggage, all their artillery, amounting to 33 pieces, thousands of stands of arms, tents for ten thousand men, were among the spoils. Our whole loss during these operations was 51 killed and wounded. The enemy's loss was unknown; beside his dead unburied, more than one hundred new graves attested that he had suffered severely.

The investment of the Island was begun on the 16th, by the fleet of Commodore Foote, from above it. Although a continuous bombardment was kept up during the siege, little harm was thus done to the enemy. When Gen. Pope got possession of New Madrid his troops lined the Missouri bank, below the Island, and their batteries were vigorously replied to by those of the enemy on the Tennessee shore, and the Island. There were, however, no means for Gen. Pope to cross the river while the enemy's gunboats occupied below the Island, and all the union boats were above it. It was necessary to cross to successfully assail the enemy's batteries there. Gen. Schuyler Hamilton suggested a plan, which was adopted, to cut a canal, on the Missouri side, from above the Island to New Madrid below, and through it bring steamboats to enable them to transport their troops across the river. The cutting of the canal was performed by Col. Bissel and his regiment of engineers, and was a work of great difficulty. The idea of cutting a canal large enough for good sized steamboats, for four miles, and then to saw off,

four feet under water, at least one thousand trees, ranging from six inches to three feet in diameter, beside removing unnumbered snags for a distance of eight miles, was something novel in warfare. Napoleon's drawing his cannon over the icy crags of the Alps, was nothing in comparison. These trees were cut off by hand by means of long saws worked by twenty men. After digging the canal the water came through with such a current that the boats had to be dropped by lines over nearly the whole distance of twelve miles. For nineteen days the work was prosecuted with untiring energy and determination, under exposures and privations very unusual, even in the history of warfare. It was completed on the 4th of April, and will long remain a monument of enterprise and skill.

On the 5th of April the steamers and barges were brought near to the mouth of the bayou which discharges into the Mississippi at New Madrid, but were kept carefully out of sight from the river, while our floating batteries were being completed. The enemy, as was afterward learned, had received positive advices of the construction of the canal, but were unable to believe that such a work was practicable. The first assurance they had of its completion, was the appearance of the four steamers loaded with troops, on the morning of the 7th of April, the day of the defeat and surrender of the rebels.

In the meanwhile Commodore Foote, above the Island, had accomplished some important points. The first of those was the spiking of a battery at the head of the Island, a daring and most gallant act, which was performed on the night of the 1st of April by Col. Roberts, of the 42d Illinois. Each gunboat furnished a yawl manned by six oarsmen. Selecting forty men picked from Company A, each armed with a revolver, they started on their perilous errand, and just as a severe thunder storm was approaching.

With muffled oars the boats advanced cautiously along the edge of the bank. Owing to the violence of the storm and darkness, they got within a few rods of the battery, when a blinding flash of lightning glared across the water, revealing to the rebel sentinels dark objects approaching. The next instant impenetrable darkness closed in. The sentinels fired wildly, and then fled in terror. Our boats made no reply. In two or three minutes they touched the slope of the earthworks. The men sprang over the parapet, sledges and files were busy, and with a few vigorous strokes all the guns were spiked. They were six in number, one of them a splendid nine inch pivot gun, received the personal attention of Col. Robert's brawny arm. In an inconceivably short time the boats were on their way back, and all arrived safely and exultant.

On the night of the 4th, the gunboat Carondelet, and on that of the 6th, the Pittsburg succeeded in running past the Island. On the 7th, these boats attacked and silenced the batteries on the Tennessee shore, at the point destined for crossing. Meanwhile the division of Gen. Paine embarked in the boats that had come through the bayou, and was followed by the other corps over the river, where they attacked the enemy and drove them to the impassable swamps in their rear, where they were compelled to surrender. While these events transpired, the Island surrendered to Commodore Foote; but most of the troops had before abandoned it. About 7000 prisoners were captured in all, with 123 pieces of heavy artillery, 30 field guns, beside an immense amount of munitions, and seven steamboats. It was a great success, reflecting lasting credit to the general in command.

An officer of the 39th Ohio, present, gives us an amusing description of the scenes of the flight and surrender. He first alludes to the famous canal.

All this done, and forthwith, to the astonished eyes of rebels, came slowly *steaming out of the woods four fine steamers*, able to carry easily three thousand men! This last was the unkindest *cut* of all. They felt sore that General Pope should have out-generated them out of New Madrid, but the idea, so sacriligious in its character, of bringing, in opposition to all the laws of nature, "*steamboats overland*," was too much.

Our troops landed at twelve, yesterday, and commenced the pursuit—down across the Kentucky line into the swamps of Tennessee. Now the rebels are

long-winded and run well, if they do not fight. This fact our boys can testify to. Here they went—Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama, Louisiana—puffing, blowing and swearing at the “unchivalrous” treatment—as Ohio, Illinois, Indiana and Iowa stepped on their heels, and occasionally pulled at the coat tails that stuck out so invitingly. Once in a while they would get mad and shoot, and have the compliment returned—but it was the old song, “nobody hurt.” When the poor fellows found our battery planted below, and the two gunboats, with the stars and stripes ahead of them, and their half dozen cowardly gunboats, taken good care to leave them, they appeared to resign themselves to their fate. They sat down on logs, crawled into tree tops, dodged into houses, and went promiscuously loose. Guns and cartridge boxes were thrown away—clothing and blankets, ammunition, lumber of all kinds, from the favorite eighteen inch tooth-pick to a thirty-two pounder, lay along their line of march—even the march of the chivalry, one of whom “at any time whips five Yankees.” But one division of our little army reach the enemy, until they were all made prisoners.

Gen. McCall was first in command, and had formally surrendered his force. He marched it in about nine at night. I almost felt sorry, the poor fellows looked so chop fallen. Gen. Pope had just two regiments to receive them, while the force surrendered was seven regiments from Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, Alabama and Louisiana.

It was nothing strange to see half a dozen of our soldiers bringing in fifty armed men. Now, it may seem strange, but it is true. I never yet saw men so completely humiliated. Some of their officers were as dashing and bloviating as ever. One says, “well, I have been fighting all my life, but its over with me now. I am a prisoner, but gentlemen, you can not subdue the South—just as sure as you live in the next great battle we will whale you to death. *You can't whip the South.*”

Some beautiful farms, in fine cultivation, rise up out of the marshes here, very productive. But such a pale, cadaverous people are the inhabitants, that one could almost be persuaded that they are a mixed race. Of this “poor white trash,” there is a large portion in the Southern army. Their white masters have made them believe, in their ignorance, that we are a set of demons. One poor woman, where the 39th boys arrested a dozen rebels to-day, raised her voice in prayer and fervently blessed God that Major Noyes did not have her and her children all murdered at once. She must have confidently expected that we would adorn ourselves with the scalps of her little white headed urchins. One whole family floated down on a raft the other day—man, woman and tow-headed urchins, all were towed a shore by one of our boats. The good lady was a voluble talker, and told us all her wrongs. She says. “I has jist got this one dress and no skeerts. I wears it till its slick and dirty and has to go to bed till its washed.” I believed all the story but the last part. I should like to take a few such families home with me, on exhibition, to show the beautiful workings of the system of slavery upon the laboring white man.

After Gen. Halleck was appointed commander-in-chief of the forces of the United States, Gen. Curtis succeeded him in the Department of the South-West, and Gen. Schofield assumed command of the army of the frontier, the operations of which were mainly confined to South-Western Missouri.

The next matter of moment to the people of Missouri, after the surrender of Island No. 10, was the *battle of Prairie Grove*, December 7, 1862, over the state line, near Fayetteville, Arkansas. This was fought just nine months after the battle of Pea Ridge, within a few miles of the same spot, and like that also a signal union victory. It is described on page 541.

Early next year the rebel Marmaduke made two unsuccessful raids into Missouri. On the 8th of January, 1863, he attacked Springfield with 6000 troops, and was beaten off with severe loss, by the union

forces under Gen. E. B. Brown. Being foiled in this attempt, Marmaduke moved his whole force northward, when he was again defeated by a greatly inferior force at Hartsville. Gen. Fitz Henry Warren having learned of the approach of the enemy toward Springfield, ordered Col. Merrill, of the 21st Iowa, to make a forced march with 700 men to the relief of that place. These troops were the 21st Iowa, 99th Illinois infantry, detachments of the 3d Iowa and 3d Missouri cavalry, and a section of artillery under Lieut. Waldsmidt. At Hartsville they met the enemy, where the action occurred, and it is called the Hartsville fight; but it should be termed the "*battle of the Wagons*," for wagons contributed in a large measure to the victory. Gen. Warren, for greater speed, had dispatched all the infantry in wagons. The presence of such an immense train, led Marmaduke to believe that the union force was correspondingly large. Hence his excessive caution led to his defeat, by one eighth of his own number. The details of this remarkable victory are thus given by Warren:

Our artillery opened fire at eleven o'clock. The position of our troops was: one thousand thrown out three and a half miles on the Houston road; one thousand held the town approach from Springfield; one thousand rested on the Gasconade, south of town, covered by a high bluff; while twenty-five hundred to three thousand men were in the open field in front of our line, and occupying the court house, and other buildings in the town. Their artillery (five pieces) was in battery on a high bluff east of town, and to occupy it, they used a road cut by my order for the same purpose during my former occupancy of Hartsville. The officers in command with Generals Marmaduke and McDonald were Colonels Porter, Thompson, Burbridge, Shelby, Henkle, Jeffrey and Campbell. The battle opened, after the fire of artillery, by a charge of Jeffrey's cavalry (seven hundred) on our whole line. The infantry, lying flat, held themselves with great coolness until the line was in easy range, when they fired with great accuracy, and threw the whole force into utter confusion. From this time until half past four the firing was incessant, but smaller bodies of men were brought out, and although at times both flanks and the center were heavily pressed, no large column moved up. Our men held their cover and did fine execution, while the artillery shelled the enemy from the court and other houses. At this time (3 o'clock), had we a reserve of five hundred men, we could have broken their line, and compelled their retreat in disorder, but every man was required to hold our only avenue of retreat on the Lebanon road, where our communication was constantly threatened. The enemy commenced falling back—as I am informed by Lieut. Brown, of the 3d Iowa cavalry, taken prisoner, while reconnoitering at Wood's Fork, during the first fight—at three o'clock, and the retreat became general at twilight. In the meantime our artillery ammunition being nearly spent, Colonel Merrill, ignorant of their movements, ordered the detachments to fall back on the Lebanon road, which they did in perfect order, with their whole transportation, losing not even a musket or cartridge box. Our loss, as by statements appended herewith, is seven killed and sixty-four wounded, five prisoners and two missing. Theirs is large in men and officers. From subsequent details, I am satisfied it will exceed three hundred killed and wounded, besides two lieutenants and twenty-seven private prisoners. Among the killed (whose bodies were recognized at Hartsville) are Brigadier General Emmet McDonald, Cols. Thompson and Hinkle, and Major Rubley. At the mouth of Indian creek, they paroled and released Lieut. Brown, and the other prisoners. Gen. Marmaduke, several times on the march, expressed his wonder at the bravery of our troops, repeating, "*Why, Lieutenant, your boys fought like devils.*"

I can not sufficiently express my admiration of their conduct. The 21st Iowa and 99th Illinois were never before under fire, yet not a single man or officer flinched. Nothing could have been finer than their steadiness and discipline.

The 3d Iowa and 3d Missouri cavalry were equally cool and determined; but they have before seen dangerous service.

Capt. Black, commanding the 3d Missouri cavalry, made for himself a most enviable reputation; thirteen shot holes in his coat sufficiently indicated where he was—in the hottest of the fire. The artillery saved the battle. Lieut. Waldsmidt's gunnery was superb, and his coolness astonishing. The enemy's Parrott gun got his range and fired with great precision, compelling him to change the position of his piece constantly.

The often defeated, but pertinacious Marmaduke, in the succeeding April made an assault upon Cape Girardeau and was gallantly repelled by Gen. McNeil. No large body of rebel troops again invaded Missouri until the spring of 1864, when Rosecrans was military commander of the state. Then occurred *Price's last campaign*. Its events have thus been outlined.

Price chose a time when we were poorly prepared to meet him, Rosecrans not having troops enough at command to stop him until a large part of the state had been traversed and ravaged. Price, having crossed the Arkansas, reorganized his troops at Batesville. There Shelby joined him, leaving Steele, whom he had hitherto been threatening, as a cover to Price's advance. At once our troops began to collect. Steele rapidly followed Price from Arkansas with a part of his troops, reinforced at Duval's Bluff by Mower's infantry division and Winslow's cavalry, from Washburne's command, which the latter sent across from Memphis. A. J. Smith, who was going to join Sherman, crossed to Brownsville, Ark., and thence, by a long march of nineteen days and 312 miles, on short rations, reached Cape Girardeau, Mo. Nine days on transports carried him thence to Jefferson City.

No sooner did Price commence his march from Batesville, than it was evident that Pilot Knob, Rolla, Springfield, and Jefferson City, (all important points), would be directly aimed at. Should these be carried St. Louis would be in danger.

Price, with 15,000 men, advanced, without opposition, to Pilot Knob, which was partially fortified and garrisoned with less than 1000 men, under General Hugh Ewing. On the morning of the 26th the attack on the town commenced, and, for several hours, the battle raged fiercely outside the works. The fighting continued for two days. Ewing finally retired to the fortifications and defended them most pertinaciously. The rebels finding that the works could not be carried by assault, placed their artillery upon a commanding hill, which at once rendered Ewing's position untenable. At three o'clock on the morning of the 28th, Ewing, with his little band, evacuated the fort, taking the road towards Harrison, on the southwest branch of the Pacific Railroad. Although the enemy had troops on all sides of the town, it was some time before they learned of his retreat. Pursuit was immediately commenced, and for two or three days the federals were sorely pressed and compelled to fight at every step. At Harrison, Ewing was reinforced by a small force of cavalry, and succeeded in reaching Rolla in safety. The rebels lost 500 men in the attack and retreat; and Ewing not over 200.

Price now aimed at Jefferson City, crossing the Osage. Here our troops had been concentrated, under General Fisk, from Rolla, Springfield, and elsewhere. After some skirmishing at Jefferson City, Price retired to Booneville. Our forces remained quiet, and without pursuit, until Pleasantson came up, when the latter followed Price to Booneville, and harassed his rear with Sanborn's troops. Meanwhile Price had captured Harding's new regiment at Glasgow, on its way to Jefferson City. Most of our cavalry was now concentrated at the Black Water, where Winslow, from Washburne's command, joined it. On the 17th, Pleasantson moved from Sedalia in pursuit of Price, whom he struck at the Little Blue on the 22d, and drove thence to the Big Blue. Here Price forced Blunt to retire, and awaited Pleasantson's attack.

On the following day, the 23d, a severe battle was fought near Westport. It seems to have been a singular affair. Curtis was first driven from Westport, by

the enemy under Shelby, who was in turn attacked and defeated by Pleasantson. The enemy then turned south, on the Fort Scott road, and henceforward occupied himself only to get away with the spoils of his campaign. Pleasantson and Curtis, having joined forces, briskly pursued, and at length reached the enemy on the 25th. Under cover of a dense fog, Pleasantson attacked and routed him, capturing camp equipage, one cannon, twenty wagons full of plunder, and several hundred head of cattle. The enemy retreated, and at length secured a better position across Mine Creek, which he guarded with a full battery.

Marmaduke and Fagan's entire divisions were joined in line of battle, supported by seven pieces of artillery. The first brigade, under Colonel Philips, and the fourth, under Lieutenant-Colonel Benteen, soon arrived upon the ground, and formed their line of battle; and this little force of cavalry, scarcely 3000 men, on the order being given to charge, dashed against more than three times their number. Across the prairie they went, filling the air with their enthusiastic yells, and carrying consternation and death to the rebel ranks. A hand to hand saber-fight ensued, which, however, was very brief, as the enemy broke and fled in all directions.

The results of this charge were: seven pieces of artillery, two battle-flags, Generals Marmaduke and Cabell, five colonels, and about 700 prisoners.

Once more, at Marias des Cygnes, the enemy attempted a stand, but was forced to retreat, destroying a long train of wagons and some ammunition, to prevent its recapture.

Again, on the 28th, Price was overtaken at Newtonia, and defeated with a reported loss of 250 men. More wagons were here destroyed.

Last of all, at Fayetteville, Ark., his rear-guard was again harassed, and one more skirmish ensued of a similar character with the preceding.

REBEL ATROCITIES.

In addition to the devastation of regular warfare, Missouri suffered more, perhaps, from guerrilla bands, than any other state. Many of these bandit chiefs were harbored and protected by disloyal citizens. The crimes of these men were such as would have been deemed impossible a few years since; but now no pen can exaggerate their barbarities. When the rebel armies were driven out of Missouri, most of these plundering bands left the northern and interior portions of the state, and confined their foul deeds mainly to the south-west. Of their deeds in that region, Mr. Baxter, in his work already quoted, gives us these facts as coming within his knowledge:

The leaders of these bands, though in some instances men of ability, were mostly intemperate, and when under the influence of drink perpetrated crimes, which we vain would hope they would have shrank from in their sober moments. On one occasion, about the last of June, the bands of Coffee, Rains, and some others came into our town, bringing as prisoners several men whom they had taken from their homes while endeavoring to secure their crops. The men were accused of no crime, and were engaged in their usual peaceful labors when arrested. A few days after they were brought in, Coffee, who was seldom sober, and some of the other officers, began to talk about shooting those prisoners, in retaliation for some men they had lost in an engagement with some federal cavalry a few days before. They mutually excited each other while in their cups, and even in the hearing of some citizens spoke of shooting their prisoners; their friends regarded their threats as due more to the liquor they had taken than any serious intention to injure innocent men; but no, the drunken wretches were in earnest, and before the dawn of another morning they had executed their murderous purpose.

About midnight, without the least form of trial or intimation of the fate that awaited them, the prisoners, four in number, were marched southward under a strong guard. About a mile from the town they turned into a dim and unfrequented road; and when about a quarter of a mile from the main road were

halted. On the lower side of the road was a comparatively clear spot, the undergrowth having been cleared away; into that space they were ordered; the word was given; the report of fifteen or twenty guns was heard; they all fell, and their murderers returned and left them just as they lay. The firing was heard in town, but the cause of it was known only to the drunken and brutal Coffee and his companions, by whose order this deed, black as the hour at which it took place, was done.

Only three of the poor wretches, however, were dead, the other was shot through the body and fell; and after the departure of the executioners he crawled through the bushes and over the rocks, about a quarter of a mile, to the nearest house. His wounds were of a horrible character, and no expectation was entertained that he could live more than a few hours. In this condition, with death, as he felt assured, close at hand, he told his sad story: he said that he and his companions had never had arms in their hands on either side; that they were taken prisoners at home while at work; that they knew of no reason for their arrest, but, without warning and without crime, had been torn from their families; they had not been tried, and only knew their fate when brought to the place of the foul murder. He gave his name and that of his fellow-prisoners, and desired that their families might be informed of their fate. A few hours more would, in all probability, have brought an end to his sufferings; but the next day the news got out that one of the victims was still alive; some of the band rode out to see him, and one of them gave him some drug which soon resulted in a sleep from which he never woke again. The shooting at midnight was doubtless consummated by deliberate poisoning in open day.

The bodies of the other three were found, weltering in their blood, by some of the neighbors the next morning, whose fears and suspicions had been aroused by the firing in such an unfrequented place at an hour so unusual, and who immediately set about giving them a burial, hasty it is true, but decent as circumstances would permit.

They were proceeding in their pious task, preparing a grave large and deep enough for three; but before the task was half accomplished, the murderers of the previous night came upon them, made them throw the bodies into the half-dug grave, and would not permit them to hide, with earth, the corpses of the poor victims from the light of day and the reach of dogs and vultures. One of the burial party, however, an old man, and a union man, after their departure, came back and built a wall of loose stones around the place of the dead, and then protected it with brush that the bodies might rest unmolested by either brute or foul bird.

Noble old man! hard didst thou toil in thy labor of love in the heat of that summer day; no human eye saw thy sweat and toil, or knew the thoughts of thy heart as thou didst labor at the grave of the murdered ones; but the honest and noble purpose of thy heart, and the pious labor of thy hands, were not unnoted of God; and the little mound thou didst raise over these strangers in that solitude will seem, to thy fellows, like a mountain-peak raising thee nearer to heaven than thou ever didst stand before.

Another murder, darker, and more unprovoked, if possible, than the foul midnight deed just narrated, took place a few miles from town; and, as the subject of it was well known for miles around, it struck a strange and undefinable terror into nearly every household; for, if such persons as the victim in this instance were not safe, there were none who could feel secure.

He was a man by the name of Neal, a leading member of the Methodist Church, of simple manners and a pure life, well and widely known, and universally regarded as a good man. He was a union man, as nearly all of his type of character were, and yet he was not offensively so; he did not boast of his attachment to the old government, nor did he speak harshly or bitterly of his neighbors who favored the rebellion. He was too old and of too pacific a spirit to take up arms, and was ready, at all times, to relieve the wants of the sick and suffering without reference to their position on the great questions of the day.

No intemperate language, no unfriendly act was charged against him; his only

crime, he had never wavered in his attachment to the government, he never had approved of the mad act of secession; yet yielding to the violence of a storm that he was powerless to resist, he retained his principles in a day of great defection, and for this, at last, he became one of the noble army of martyrs for the union, whose graves are to be found all over the seceding states, whom generations to come will yet honor.

One afternoon several mounted men, friendly to all appearance, rode up to his gate, asking food for themselves and animals; they were invited to alight and remain till provision could be made for their wants; they entered the house and found two or three men there, relatives of the family, and entered freely into conversation with them, but not giving the slightest intimation as to which party they were attached. Supper was served; they all sat down and partook; at its close, the strangers said that General Curtis, whose army was encamped some twenty or thirty miles northward, had heard that he, Neal, had been giving information to the southern army, and that he must go with them to the federal camp to answer to this charge. The old man, with all the fearlessness of innocence, expressed his willingness to go; but his wife was fearful, she hardly knew why; the strangers, however, insisted that he and the men who were in the house should go with them instantly to the camp, tied their hands behind them, and they, riding, with the captives on foot before them, set off.

They had only proceeded a few hundred yards, when they halted their prisoners, formed them in a line, and informed them that if they had any prayers to offer they had better begin, as they had only five minutes to live. Appalled by this intelligence, they began to plead for their lives. The old man prayed them to spare him, but they were deaf to his entreaties. Suddenly one of the younger prisoners, seeing death inevitable, by a violent effort broke the ropes which confined his hands, and ran for the woods and escaped; upon this the murderers fired upon the rest, killing the old man and wounding the others, and then hastily abandoned the scene of blood. They were confederates and had endeavored to palm themselves off as union soldiers, had been hospitably entertained, and rode off with the blood of their innocent and unsuspecting host upon their heads.

This was the first killing of a private and unarmed citizen that had taken place, and the sensation it produced was immense. As soon as it was known, those who gathered around the evening fire, in nearly every house and cabin, looked anxiously into each other's faces, and spoke in low tones of the dead and their own probable future. If a stranger or two rode up to a dwelling, wives and mothers became fearful, and children turned ghastly pale; none knew who would be the next victim, and a shadow seemed to have fallen upon every household.

One, writing from St. Louis, says:

All the south-western portions of Missouri has been depopulated; houses have been sacked and burnt; horses, swine, sheep, and cattle have been stolen; their brave defenders have often been shot down, and women and children have been robbed of the clothes they wore. There are now in this city widows, whose husbands have been murdered before their eyes; their houses have been stripped of everything valuable, and even the very shoes have been taken from their feet.

One woman saw her husband driven away by the bayonets of a gang of marauders, she knew not where. She afterward learned, from rumor, that he had been murdered and left about ten miles from his home. She went on foot to the place, and was guided to the decaying body of her husband by the offensive odor which the wind wafted from it. How terrible to a solitary, helpless woman must have been that awful scene!

One respectable woman came into St. Louis barefoot, with a single cotton dress to shield her from "chill November's surly blast."

We see, every day, entering our city creaking and rickety carts, drawn by lean and hungry oxen, laden with half-clad women and children, with the remains of their furniture and bedding. Sometimes girls with old quilts wrapped around them are riding upon lean horses or shriveled or gaunt mules.

Many suffered, as did the author of the following affidavit:

I, Franklin Wood, was born in the State of Maryland, and raised in Washington county, O.; have resided in the State of Missouri for the last fourteen years, prior to the 25th of March, 1862, and was living in the town of Independence, Jackson county, Mo., at the time of the breaking out of the present rebellion, working at my trade (stone-cutting) when President Lincoln called upon Missouri by requisition, last April, for four regiments of soldiers to protect Washington City. Claib. Jackson, governor of said state, refused to fill the requisition, when it was proposed, by some loyal union men, to raise companies and go to Washington City. I made the same proposition to raise a company in Jackson county, but failed. After speaking frequently in favor of the union, in opposition to abuse, I was arrested by a band of guerrillas under Jack Harris, late member of the legislature. I was working in my shop at the time when Jack Harris ordered his men to demolish my work: consisting of monuments, a number of head-stones, cable-tops, etc., valued at \$1000—all of which they wantonly destroyed because I refused to take the oath of allegiance to the Southern Confederacy. As an inducement to do this, I was offered a command in the rebel army. Still refusing, they took me over to the court house square, and, after placing a rope around my neck, proceeded to hang me, when I was rescued by the timely assistance of Mr. Samuel D. Lucas, County clerk, who appealed to them in my behalf. I was then taken by William Botts (ex-sheriff of the county, who was second in command,) to the jail-yard, when, upon again refusing to take the rebel oath, I was tied to the "negro whipping-post"—a place of punishment for slaves—my coat was cut and torn from my back, and I received twenty-five lashes from a cowhide in the hands of said Botts.

While this was going on, Jack Harris ordered a body of men to set fire to my house and shop, which was done, destroying the buildings and all their contents. I was thrown into the county-jail, and confined in a room fourteen feet square, in company with twenty-one others—fourteen white men and seven negroes. Two of the white men died, during the winter, from hardship and exposure. Our rations, per day, for each prisoner, was about three ounces of pork and six ounces of cold corn bread, with water. We were compelled to lie upon the hard oak floor with no covering or fire during the inclemency of the winter season.

There were about seventy-five persons in Harris' band at the time I was taken prisoner; and I am personally acquainted with about sixty of them, who were residents of Jackson county. I lost between \$4000 and \$5000 worth of stock and outstanding accounts. I have a disease contracted through ill-treatment and exposure during my confinement, which may shorten my days; yet what are my troubles compared with those of thousands of others, who have lost their all in the cause of the constitution and the union?

On the 28th of February last, a detachment of General Pope's division came into, and took possession of, Independence, and I was released with the others. I was so afflicted with rheumatism that I was unable to walk, but had to be carried to the transport and conveyed to the general hospital. There, under the kind treatment of Surgeon R. Wells, I so far recovered as to be able to make my way here; and by the blessing of God I may yet live to see the day when my enemies and the enemies of my country may tremble and the rebellion be crushed.

FRANKLIN WOOD.

Subscribed and sworn to, before me, this 26th day of April, 1862, at Marietta, Ohio.

MANLY WARREN, Notary Public.

A correspondent of the *New York Times*, who writes from Springfield, Mo., tells the following sad tale:

The tender mercies of secession are cruel. I have just heard the sad story of a widow who has buried two sons and a daughter since the outbreak of the rebellion. Her three children all fell by the hand of violence.

She lived in the White River country—a land of hills and of ignorance. In that country she and her family stood almost alone on the side of the national union. Her neighbors were advocates of rebellion, and even before the arrival

of our army in Springfield, all loyal citizens were warned that they must leave their homes or die. It was little that the poor widow had to leave—a miserable log-cabin and a small patch of hillside—but such as it was, she was preparing to abandon it, when her son Harvey left her, in search of employment. She packed his bundle with a heavy heart; took a silk handkerchief from her neck, gave it to him, and kissed him good-bye, never expecting to see him again.

He had not been gone many days when her persecution began. Her little boy was one evening bringing in wood for the fire, when a shot was heard—a bullet struck the log under his arm, and he dropped it with a scream. The ball had just missed his heart. Joy at his escape from death was henceforth mingled with gloomy apprehension. Next she heard of the death of Harvey. He had found a home, and fancied himself secure; was alone at work in the field. The family with whom he lived was absent. When they returned at noon they found his dead body, in the house, pierced with a bullet. His torn cap, and other signs, witnessed the severity of his struggle before he yielded to his murderer.

From this time the family of Mrs. Willis lived in constant fear. One day a gun was fired at them as they sat at dinner. Often they saw men prowling about with guns, looking for the young men. One man was bold enough to come into the cabin in search of them. At night they all hid in the woods, and slept. The poor woman was one day gathering corn in the garden, and William was sitting upon the fence.

"Don't sit there, William," said his mother, "you are too fair a mark for a shot." William went to the door, and sat upon the step. "William," said his sister, "you are not safe there. Come into the house." He obeyed. He was sitting between two beds, when suddenly another shot rang upon the air, and the widow's second son, Samuel, whom she had not noticed sitting by another door, rose to his feet, staggered a few steps toward his mother, and fell a corpse before her. "I never wished any one in torment before," she said, "but I did wish the man that killed him was there."

Her three eldest sons at once left the cabin and fled over the hills. They are all in the national army to-day. Samuel's sister washed the cold clay and dressed it for the grave. After two days the secession neighbors came to bury him. At first the frantic mother refused to let them touch his body; but after a time she consented. The clouds were falling upon the coffin, each sound awakening an echo in her heart, when a whip-poor-will fluttered down, with its wild, melancholy cry, and settled in the open grave. The notes so terrified the conscience-stricken, superstitious wretches that, for a moment, they fled in dismay.

Two of her children were now in the tomb. Three had fled for their lives. The unhappy woman was left, with her two daughters and three small children, helpless and alone. She was compelled to go thirty miles, on horseback, to mill for food, and afterward to return on foot, leading her horse by the bridle, with the sack of meal upon his back. On her return she met her children about a mile and a half from her own house. In her neighbor's yard, her two eldest boys, aged ten and twelve years, were digging another grave—the grave of an old man, murdered, in her absence, for the crime of loyalty to the union. Together with a white-headed patriot, who tottered with age, they placed the corpse upon a board, rolled it, unprepared for burial and uncoffined, into the shallow pit, and then covered it with earth.

The widow now escaped, for refuge, to this city. And here, to crown her sorrows, in the absence of her three oldest remaining sons, a drunken soldier of the 5th Kansas regiment shot her daughter, Mary, as she was standing in the door of her house. Is it any wonder that this woman's hair is gray, her forehead full of wrinkles, or that she should say, with tremulous tones: "I feel that I shall not live long. The only thing which sustains me is the love of Christ."

Another writes: The stories of barbarities committed upon union men, at the south, have been so horrid that we have been almost disposed to discredit them.

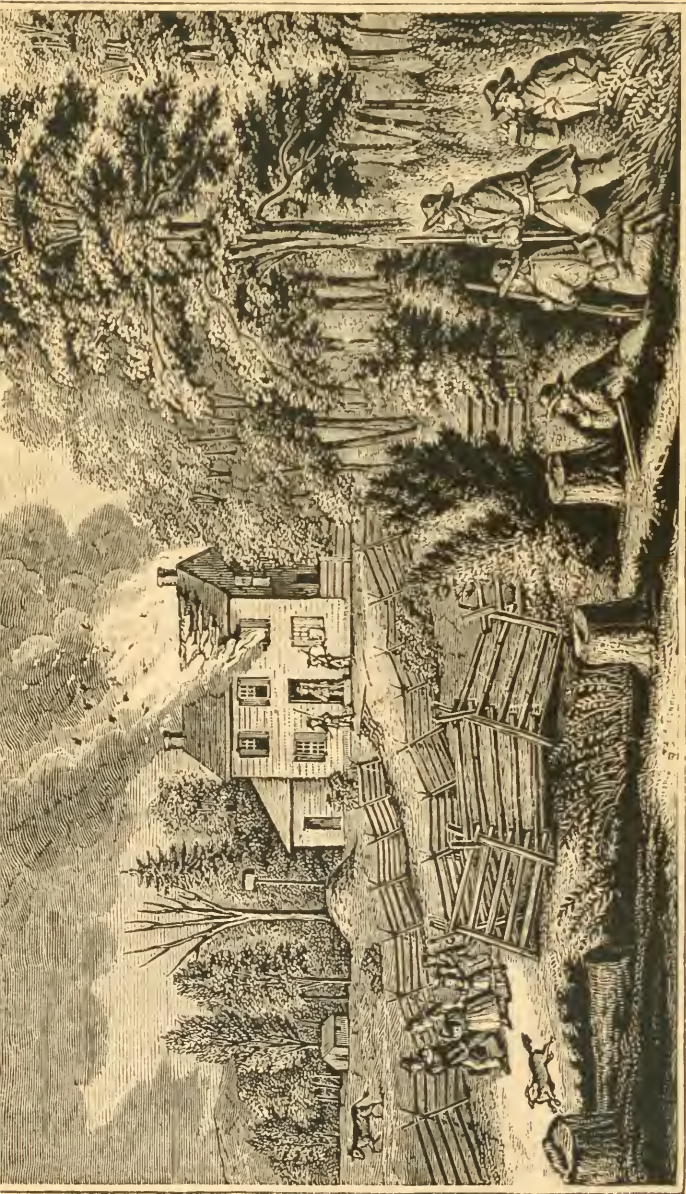
Take this as an instance: I met a lady, who, with her husband, was from Mas-

achusetts—herself a Presbyterian—who told me that in a neighborhood where they had resided, *nine* of their neighbors were murdered by the bushwhackers, who came in with a list of the names of the doomed men, and went from house to house on their hellish errand. Finding one man, they would compel him to escort them to the house of the next, and when within sight of the house of the new victim, they would dispatch the man in hand. No begging would suffice. The reply was, "You are radicals, and we are sent to kill you." After shooting, they cut the throats of each from ear to ear. They cut off the ears and nose of one man, and then cut out his heart. One man, after they had wounded him, they shot while his wife was bathing the wound. Another, shot in three places, yet alive, begged for the chance of his life. "No; we don't do our business in that way," was the reply; and the captain put his revolver to the head of the poor man and killed him.

The *St. Louis News* of May 1st, 1862, gives this account of the murder of eleven men in Cedar county: one of whom was Obediah Smith, a member of the state legislature:

The scene of the atrocities was the neighborhood of Bear creek post-office, in the eastern part of Cedar county. On Sunday, the 19th of April, a band of guerrillas, thirty-one in number, came into the neighborhood from Calhoun, in Henry county. They first captured seven soldiers of the State Militia, three of whom were of Col. Gravelly's regiment, and four of Capt. McCabe's company, who were on their return from guarding the Paymaster to Springfield. After being captured, they were stripped of all their clothing but their shirts and drawers, formed in a line, and shot from behind, the charges entering the back of their heads. All seven were killed, and fell to the ground in a heap. Having perpetrated this butchery, the villains went to the north of Stockton, in the same county, and captured Robert Williams and ——— Powell, taking them up to the house of a secessionist to feed. Finding no corn at this house, they asked Mr. Williams for directions to a place where they could get feed; but while he was standing before them, giving the requested information, they shot him in the head, killing him instantly. They then turned to Powell and fired at him, wounding him. Nevertheless, he sprang up and ran three quarters of a mile before they overtook him. He fell on his knees and plead for his life, but the pitiless murderers gave him a second shot, which finished him. They then took his gun and went to Powell's house, where they were met by the women, who told them they had ruined them. The scoundrels replied: "We have killed them, and you can not help yourselves." They next went to the house of Obediah Smith, and pretended to be Kansas troops. Mr. Smith, believing them to be such, went out to the fence to speak with them, carrying with him, however, his Sharpe's rifle and a pistol. The captain of the band remarked to him: "You have a gun just like mine; let me see it." Smith unsuspectingly handed the weapon to him, which the bushwhacker had no sooner received than he said: "I will give you the contents of this gun," and fired at him. The ball missed its aim, but the muzzle was so close to Mr. S.'s person, that the powder burned his face. He, however, fired his pistol twice, knocking two of the scoundrels from their horses. He then ran toward his house, his brave wife keeping between them for about forty yards, when, as he was trying to escape through the orchard, they fired and brought him down. Coming up to where he lay, they shot him again and again in the back, and then, turning him over, shot him the face. He had thirty-eight bullet wounds on his body. The murderers then robbed him of his money, \$700 or \$800 and threw the empty purse in his wife's face.

Among the horrible acts was one perpetrated by the rebel fiends on the night of the 3d of November, 1861. The passenger express train bound west, on the Hannibal and St. Joseph railroad, when it had reached Little Platte river bridge, nine miles east of St. Joseph, was precipitated into the river, the whole train going down with a terrible



A UNION FAMILY DRIVEN FROM THEIR HOME BY GUERRILLAS.

crash, hurling nearly 100 men, women, and children, into the chasm. The following account of the affair is from a St. Louis paper:

The bridge was a substantial work of 100 feet span, and about 35 feet above the river. The timbers of the bridge had been burned by these horrible wretches underneath the track, until they would sustain but little more than their own weight, and the fire was then extinguished, leaving the bridge a mere shell. The train, bringing from 85 to 100 passenger, including women and children, reached the river at 11 o'clock at night, and, the bridge looking secure, passed in; but no sooner had the locomotive measured its length upon the bridge than some 40 or 50 yards of the structure gave way, precipitating the entire train into the abyss below. All the seats in the passenger coaches were torn and shoved in front, carrying men, women and children in a promiscuous heap down the declivity, and burying them beneath the crushed timber, or throwing them out of the cars through the broken sides. Some were mangled by the machinery tearing through the timbers; several were caught between planks, pressing together like a vice. Others were struck by parts of the roof as it came down with mighty force, and still others were cut with pieces of glass. In the midst of this confusion the two last cars of the train went down, pitching the passengers into the wreck, or throwing them into the water, which at this point is about a foot and a half in depth.

Only three persons—J. W. Parker, superintendent of the United States Express, Mr. Mars, mail agent, and Mr. Hager—were able to afford assistance to the suffering—the remainder of those who were not killed outright being so disabled as to be helpless. After doing all that was possible for those requiring immediate attention, Mr. Hager, at midnight, left the wreck to go to St. Joseph for medical and other assistance. He walked five miles of the way, when he found a hand-car, upon which he proceeded the remainder of the journey. Two hundred yards west of the bridge he discovered a heavy oak railroad tie strongly strapped across the track, and two miles further on he found the trestle work over a small stream on fire, which, however, had not as yet been so badly burned that trains could not pass over or could not be easily extinguished.

Arriving at St. Joseph, the alarm was soon spread throughout the city, and, although it was one o'clock at night, 75 men, including all the physicians in the neighborhood, a train fully equipped, supplied with medical stores and other necessities, went to the scene of the disaster.

The wounded had emerged from the wreck, and were lying on the banks and upon a sand bar in the river. Seventeen dead bodies were recovered, and it is believed that this number embraced all who were killed up to that time. Two are so badly mangled that it was not expected they would survive till morning, while many others were dangerously wounded, and would have to be well taken care of to recover. Many who will escape with their lives, will be maimed and crippled.

The annals of atrocity furnish nothing more fiendish than the "*Sam Gaty Butchery*," in the spring of 1863, as related by the *St. Joseph Herald*:

The steamboat *Sam Gaty* had arrived at Sibley's Landing where the channel was close to shore, and was hailed by some men on the bank, followed by the cracking of a dozen or more guns. The pilot put her in shore, and George Todd and about twenty-five of his gang of guerrillas came aboard. It was almost morning, and there was no moon. The rebels were dressed in butternut, having a pair of Colt's navy revolvers each (and some as many as three and four), and shot-guns, and rifles. Todd wore a large cloth coat, with an ample cape and flowing sleeves, and had also a slouched hat, which he soon exchanged with a passenger for a new light-colored beaver. He gave the command, and the work of murder commenced. The passengers were mostly ladies, and the few gentlemen were unarmed.

They first killed George Meyer, by shooting him in the back. Meyer was formerly in this city, and when Col. Peabody was here after the siege of Lexington,

he was in Major Berry's cavalry command, acting as Quartermaster. For a time he was Serjeant-Major of the 5th Cavalry, Col. Penick. During the last winter he was frequently engaged, with Assistant-Secretary Rodman, in the Senate at Jefferson City, in writing up the journal. He was a young man of the most generous impulses, and will be mourned by a large number of men, *who will avenge his death.*

The cowardly butchers next blew out the brains of William Henry, a member of Capt. Wakerlin's company. He, too, was a St. Joseph boy, and was formerly engaged in a stall in our city market, and at one time, we think, labored for John P. Hax, a meat dealer. He leaves a wife and four children in our city wholly unprovided for. They next led out to slaughter young Schuttner, of this town, whom they first robbed of \$200, then shot. He revived the next morning, and will probably recover.

The most revolting act in the bloody drama was the ordering ashore of twenty negroes, drawing them up in line, one man holding a lantern up by the side of their faces, while the murderers shot them, one by one, through the head. This inhuman butchery was within three yards of the boat. One negro alone of all that were shot is alive.

Christ Habacher, who lives near Hamilton's Mill, in this city, was aboard, but managed to hide his money, and got off scot free. Charley, formerly bar-keeper for Christian Wagner, in Jefferson City, was robbed of every dollar he had, some \$450. George Schriver of this city was led out to be shot, and a watchman on the boat halloed, "hold on there, he is one of my deck hands," and they led him back, taking \$72 from him, being all he had except \$20, which he had secreted on the boat. George Morenstecker, a grocer, on the corner of Tenth street and Frederick avenue, in this city, and a captain in the 33d Missouri, was robbed of \$1060 and his gold watch. The affair ended by the gang going aboard the boat and compelling the passengers to throw overboard fifty wagon-beds, 100 sacks of flour, and a large amount of other stores, including sugar, coffee, etc. Wearing apparel of ladies and gentlemen was indiscriminately plundered.

There were about 80 contrabands aboard, sent on their way to Kansas by Gen. Curtis. Sixty jumped off and ran away, and are now under Col. Penick, whose men are scouring the country for these murderers. When the guerrillas drew their revolvers on the negroes as they stood in line, the women on the boat screamed and cried, and begged them not to kill them, but the work of death went on.

Speedy vengeance followed this act of diabolism. These guerrillas were pursued into Jackson county by Major Ransom of the 6th Kansas, seventeen of them shot, and two hung. Indeed, retribution swift and terrible often overtook the perpetrators of these cruel wrongs. The *Palmyra Courier* describes a tragic scene of this nature, which occurred in the fall of 1863.

Saturday last, the 18th instant, witnessed the performance of a tragedy in this once quiet and beautiful city of Palmyra, which in ordinarily peaceful times would have created a profound sensation throughout the entire country, but which now scarcely produces a distinct ripple upon the surface of our turbulent social tide.

It will be remembered by our readers that on the occasion of Porter's descent upon Palmyra, he captured, among other person, an old and highly respected resident of this city, by name, Andrew Allsman. This person formerly belonged to the 3d Missouri Cavalry, though too old to endure all the hardships of very active duty. He was, therefore, detailed as a kind of special or extra Provost Marshal's guard or *cicerone*—making himself generally useful in a variety of ways to the military of the place. Being an old resident and widely acquainted with the people of the place and vicinity, he was frequently called upon for information touching the loyalty of men, which he always gave to the extent of his ability, though acting, we believe, in all such cases, with great candor, and actuated solely

by a conscientious desire to discharge his whole duty to his government. His knowledge of the surrounding country was the reason of his being frequently called upon to act as a guide to scouting parties sent out to arrest disloyal persons. So efficiently and successfully did he act in these various capacities, that he won the bitter hatred of all the rebels in this city and vicinity, and they only awaited the coming of a favorable opportunity to gratify their desire for revenge. The opportunity came at last, when Porter took Palmyra. That the villains, with Porter's assent, satiated their thirst for his blood by the deliberate and predetermined murder of their helpless victim, no truly loyal man doubts. When they killed him, or how, or where, are items of the act not yet revealed to the public. Whether he was stabbed at midnight by the dagger of the assassin, or shot at midday by the rifle of the guerrilla; whether he was hung, and his body hidden beneath the scanty soil of some oaken thicket, or left as food for hogs to fatten upon; or whether, like the ill-fated Wheat, his throat was severed from ear to ear, and his body sunk beneath the wave—we know not. But that he was foully, causelessly murdered, it is useless to attempt to deny.

When General McNeil returned to Palmyra, after that event, and ascertained the circumstances under which Allsman had been abducted, he caused to be issued, after due deliberation, the following notice:

"PALMYRA, MO., October 8.

"JOSEPH C. PORTER—SIR: Andrew Allsman, an aged citizen of Palmyra, and non-combatant, having been carried from his home by a band of persons unlawfully arrayed against the peace and good order of the State of Missouri, and which band was under your control this is to notify you that unless said Andrew Allsman is returned, unharmed, to his family within ten days from date, ten men who have belonged to your band unlawfully sworn by you to carry arms against the Government of the United States, and who are now in custody, will be shot, as a meet reward for their crimes, among which is the illegal restraining of said Allsman of his liberty, and, if not returned, presumptively aiding in his murder.

"Your prompt attention to this will save much suffering.

"Yours, etc.

W. R. STRACHAN.

"Provost Marshal General, District N. E. Mo.

"Per order of Brigadier General commanding McNeil's column."

A written duplicate of this notice he caused to be placed in the hands of the wife of Joseph C. Porter, at her residence in Lewis county, who, it was well-known, was in frequent communication with her husband. The notice was published widely, and as Porter was in northeast Missouri during the whole of the ten days subsequent to the date of this notice, it is impossible that, with all his varied channels of information, he remained unappraised of General McNeil's determination in the premises.

Many rebels believed the whole thing was simply intended as a *scare*—declaring that McNeil did not *dare* (*I*) to carry out the threat.

The ten days elapsed, and no tidings came of the murdered Allsman. It is not our intention to dwell upon the details of this transaction. The tenth day expired with last Friday. On that day ten rebel prisoners, already in custody, were selected to pay, with the lives, the penalty demanded. The names of the men so selected were as follows:

Willis Baker, Lewis county; Thomas Humston, Lewis county; Morgan Bixler, Lewis county; John Y. McPheeters, Lewis county; Herbert Hudson, Ralls county; Captain Thomas A. Snider, Monroe county; Eleazer Lake, Scotland county; Hiram Smith, Knox county.

These parties were informed Friday evening, that unless Mr. Allsman was returned to his family by one o'clock on the following day, they would be shot at that hour.

Most of them received the announcement with composure or indifference. The Rev. James S. Green, of this city, remained with them during that night, as their spiritual adviser, endeavoring to prepare them for their sudden entrance into the presence of their Maker.

A little after 11 o'clock A. M., the next day, three government wagons drove to

the jail. One contained four, and each of the others three rough board coffins. The condemned were conducted from the prison and seated in the wagons—one upon each coffin. A sufficient guard of soldiers accompanied them, and the cavalcade started for the fatal grounds. Proceeding east to Main-street, the cortege turned and moved slowly as far as Malone's livery-stable; thence turning east, it entered the Hannibal road, pursuing it nearly to the residence of Colonel James Culbertson; there, throwing down the fence, they turned northward, entering the air-grounds (half a mile east of town) on the west side, and driving within the regular amphitheater, paused for the final consummation of the scene.

The ten coffins were removed from the wagons, and placed in a row, six or eight feet apart, forming a line, north and south, about fifteen paces east of the central pagoda or music stand in the center of the ring. Each coffin was placed in the ground with its head toward the east. Thirty soldiers, of the Missouri state-militia, were drawn up, in a single line, facing the row of coffins. This line of executioners extended directly from the east base of the pagoda, leaving a space between them and the coffins of twelve or thirteen paces. Reserves were drawn up in line upon either flank of these executioners.

The arrangements completed, the doomed men knelt on the grass between their coffins and the soldiers, and while the Rev. R. M. Rhodes offered up a prayer. At the conclusion of this each prisoner took his seat upon the foot of his coffin, facing the muskets which, in a few moments, were to launch them into eternity. They were nearly all firm and undaunted. Two or three only showed signs of repudiation.

The most noted of the ten was Captain Thomas A. Snider, of Monroe county, who was captured, at Shelbyville, disguised as a woman. He was now elegantly attired in a coat and pantaloons of black broadcloth and a white vest. A luxurious growth of beautiful hair rolled down his shoulders, which, with his fine personal appearance, could not but bring to mind the handsome but vicious Absalom. There was nothing especially worthy of note in the appearance of the others. One of them, Willis Baker, of Lewis county, was proven to be the man who, some time before, shot and killed Mr. Ezekiel Pratte, his union neighbor, near Williamstown, in that county. All the others were rebels of lesser note, the particulars of whose crimes we are not familiar with.

A few minutes after one o'clock, Colonel Strachan, provost-marshal-general, and Rev. Mr. Rhodes, shook hands with the prisoners. Two of them accepted bandages for their eyes—all the rest refused. A hundred spectators had gathered around the amphitheater to witness the impressive scene. The stillness of death pervaded the place.

The officer in command now stepped forward, and gave the word of command: "Ready—aim—fire!" The discharges, however, were not made simultaneously, probably through want of a perfect understanding of the orders and of the time at which to fire. Two of the rebels fell backward upon their coffins and died instantly. Captain Snider sprang forward and fell with his head toward the soldiers, his face upward, his hands clasped upon his breast, and the left leg drawn half way up. He did not move again, but died immediately. He had requested the soldiers to aim at his heart, and they had obeyed but too implicitly. The other seven were not killed outright; so the reserves were called in, who dispatched them with their revolvers.

The lifeless remains were then placed in the coffins; the lids, upon which the name of each man was written, were screwed on, and the solemn procession returned to town by the same route it had pursued in going; but the souls of ten men that went out came not back.

Friends came and took seven of the corpses; three were buried by the military in the public cemetery; and the tragedy was over.

Retaliation of the same character occurred at St. Louis, on the 29th of October, 1864, for the murder of Major Wilson, of the 3d Missouri, and six of his men, by the guerrilla chief, Sim Reeves. The major and his comrades had been taken prisoners at Pilot Knob, and were

killed after their surrender. Their bodies were accidentally discovered in the woods by young men out gathering persimmons. Three of them were horrible mutilated by the hogs. The others had on United States uniforms, one being that of a major of cavalry. From papers and orders in his pocket, and other circumstances, it was identified as that of the unfortunate Wilson. Upon this, six rebel prisoners, of the Arkansas and Missouri cavalry, were selected to be shot in retaliation. The names of these doomed men were: James W. Gates, Geo. T. Bunch, Hervey H. Blackburn, John Nichols, Chas. W. Minnekin, and Asa V. Ladd. The circumstances of their execution were thus detailed at the time:

The men were told of their fate, last night, and were allowed every opportunity for preparation that could, under the circumstances, be given. They were placed together in a separate ward, and it is said that the scene beggared description. They were cut to the soul with horror, and gave expression to their terrible agony with such wailings as can not be repeated.

In the mean time Lieutenant-Colonel Heinrichs chose the place of execution, at Fort No. 4, the same place where Barney Gibbons, the deserter, was shot several weeks ago, and made such necessary preparations as he could. Six stakes were sunk in the ground, eight feet apart, each stake having a little seat attached for the men to sit upon, and the name, rank, regiment, etc., of each man was inscribed on a label tacked overhead.

The place was well adapted for the purpose, because it was clear of the city, yet sufficiently near; the space was large and open, and the parapet of the fort would receive any bullets that might miss their mark.

At half past two, the prisoners, under a strong guard, left the Gratiot-street prison, and were marched out to the fort, where the troops of the post were already under arms and forming a hollow square, with the six stakes at the upper, open side. Upon arriving on the ground, the six men were placed, each beside his stake and ordered to take his seat, after which their arms were pinioned to the stakes, behind, to prevent the bodies falling forward on the ground. Fifty-four men, forty-four of the 10th Kansas (dead shots,) and ten of the 41st Missouri, were detailed as the firing-party. Thirty-six men stood, six before each stake, with three in reserve, behind each six, in case the first volley should not be effective.

The wretched men were allowed to speak. They said it was hard to be compelled to die that way, and all prayed to God to have mercy upon their souls. It was a dreadful sight, and made the stoutest heart quail. The wailing voices of the six mingled together in the clear autumnal air, and were wafted up to heaven to the Great Father, who looked down in pity on his poor, helpless, and imploring creatures. A chaplain knelt down and prayed, and after taking a pious leave of each the ghastly white caps were produced and drawn over their faces. The scene then presented was thrilling, and may be represented as follows:

GATES.	BUNCH.	BLACKBURN.	NICHOLS.	MINNEKIN.	LADD.
† coffin.	† coffin.	† coffin.	† coffin.	† coffin.	† coffin.
Fifteen paces.					

†	†	†	†	†	†
†	†	†	†	†	†
†	†	†	†	†	†
†	†	†	†	†	†

Six men with loaded muskets (five with bullets,) before each stake.

Three men with loaded muskets (two with bullets,) behind each six, as reserve.

Lieutenant-Colonel Heinrichs gave the word "Ready—aim—fire." The thirty-six muskets flashed as one, and each of the doomed men died almost instantly. Five out of the six received two bullets through the heart; the sixth died even sooner than those thus shot.

We conclude these narratives of horror by an account of the Cen-

tralia Butchery, which took place on the 27th of September, 1864. The only satisfactory reflection connected with the affair is, that a few days after, Anderson, the guerrilla leader, was killed, and his band routed, near Albany, by a force sent out in pursuit, under Lieutenant-Colonel S. P. Cox, 32d Regiment E. M. M. The particulars of the butchery were thus given in the *St. Joseph Morning Herald*:

Bill Anderson and his body of bushwhacking fiends, numbering from 250 to 300 men, rode into the town of Centralia, on the North-Missouri Railroad, and there waited for the passenger-train coming north to Macon. He had his pickets stationed a mile from town, on a prominent place in the prairie. Passengers on the train saw them and believed they were rebels; but the conductor, supposing all was right, and anticipating no danger, ran the train into Centralia.

As it approached the station, Anderson had his men drawn up near it, and mounted, ready to run in case there was any force on the train; but finding there was none, he gave orders to dismount and surround the train, which his men did with their revolvers in their hands. Then commenced a scene of consternation: men, women, and children, frightened and crying, imploring for their lives, money, and the clothing they had on their persons—all were in the greatest state of alarm and confusion. Anderson's men walked through the cars with pistol in hand.

They would point their pistols at the passengers' faces, ready to fire if they did not hand over their money and valuables. Some passengers, who were frightened, at once handed over every thing they had which was of any account. Others, having more presence of mind, threw their money to the ladies, who were not molested by the bushwhackers, as Anderson told his men, in the train, not to trouble women or children. After they had robbed the passengers, they ordered them out into a line and marched them around the bluff and kept them there a short time.

There being twenty-four unarmed soldiers aboard, they were ordered into a line, marched out a few paces from the train and shot. After they had killed the soldiers, one of Anderson's men said he recognized a German Jew, in the crowd of citizens, who had tried to have him hung, when a prisoner among the federals, and, as soon as he had finished talking, fired at the Jew. He was then ordered out of the line, when a number of Anderson's men fired at him, killing him instantly. While some of the bushwhackers were guarding the passengers others were rifling the baggage-car and taking what they wanted.

After possessing themselves of the plunder, they set fire to the passenger-train, and it was soon in ashes. In the mean time a freight-train had arrived. It was also captured and burnt. The engine of the passenger-train was all that was saved. They all then left, going in the direction of the Missouri River. Some of the passengers came to Sturgeon, some went below, and some remained at Centralia. One passenger was robbed of \$2,000, and others of smaller amounts. If a passenger did not give up his money he was threatened with being shot. An officer and a soldier saved their lives by being dressed in citizen's clothes.

Among the brave and noble soldiers who were shot were some from Atlanta, on furlough and discharged. A lieutenant, who was a cripple, was with them, and was walking on crutches. He was ordered to take off his coat and vest. They then killed him. Two hours after they had burnt the train, a detachment, numbering 150 men, of Colonel Keutznor's regiment of twelve-months' men, and under the command of Major Johnson, arrived at Centralia, and immediately formed in line of battle. Anderson also drew up in line of battle and ordered his men forward. They came on with a yell; making a dash on the federals, causing their horses to stampede and scatter in all directions, his men after them, and shooting them down. Some fifteen made their way into Sturgeon; and it is thought, from the information of those who escaped, that fifty or seventy-five soldiers were killed. They were new recruits; had seen no service; their horses were wild and unmanageable, and they were forced to retreat.

An eye-witness, a gentleman from Indiana, gave these additional incidents of the slaughter:

The engineer of the northern-bound train said the steam in the boiler was quite low, and that, after he discovered the character of the troops in Centralia, it was an utter impossibility to back the train out of danger. This may be true, but many people will ask why that train was suffered to run into a band of bush-whackers, when the conductor and passengers saw them a mile distant, and it was well known that Bill Anderson's gang had, that morning, been at that station.

As soon as the train stopped, Anderson walked to the platform and ordered the passengers to march out. Our informant said Anderson appeared to be a man about five feet ten inches high, rather slim, black beard, long black hair inclined to curl, and altogether a *promising* looking man of about thirty-two years of age. He was dressed in a federal soldiers' coat, black pantaloons, and cavalry hat. He ordered the citizens—men, women, and children—to march in one direction, and those dressed in soldiers' clothes in the other. In getting off the platform two of the soldiers hung back, and talked against obeying orders. They were shot by Anderson, and fell off between the cars. This had the effect of causing a stampede of the passengers, who rushed off the cars in great confusion. There were twenty-four soldiers on board the train, belonging to the 23d, 24th, and the old 25th Missouri infantry. Some were wounded and sick, returning home on furlough, and some were discharged. One was wounded in the leg and hobbled on crutches. All the soldiers were formed in line, and Anderson walked up to them and thus addressed them :

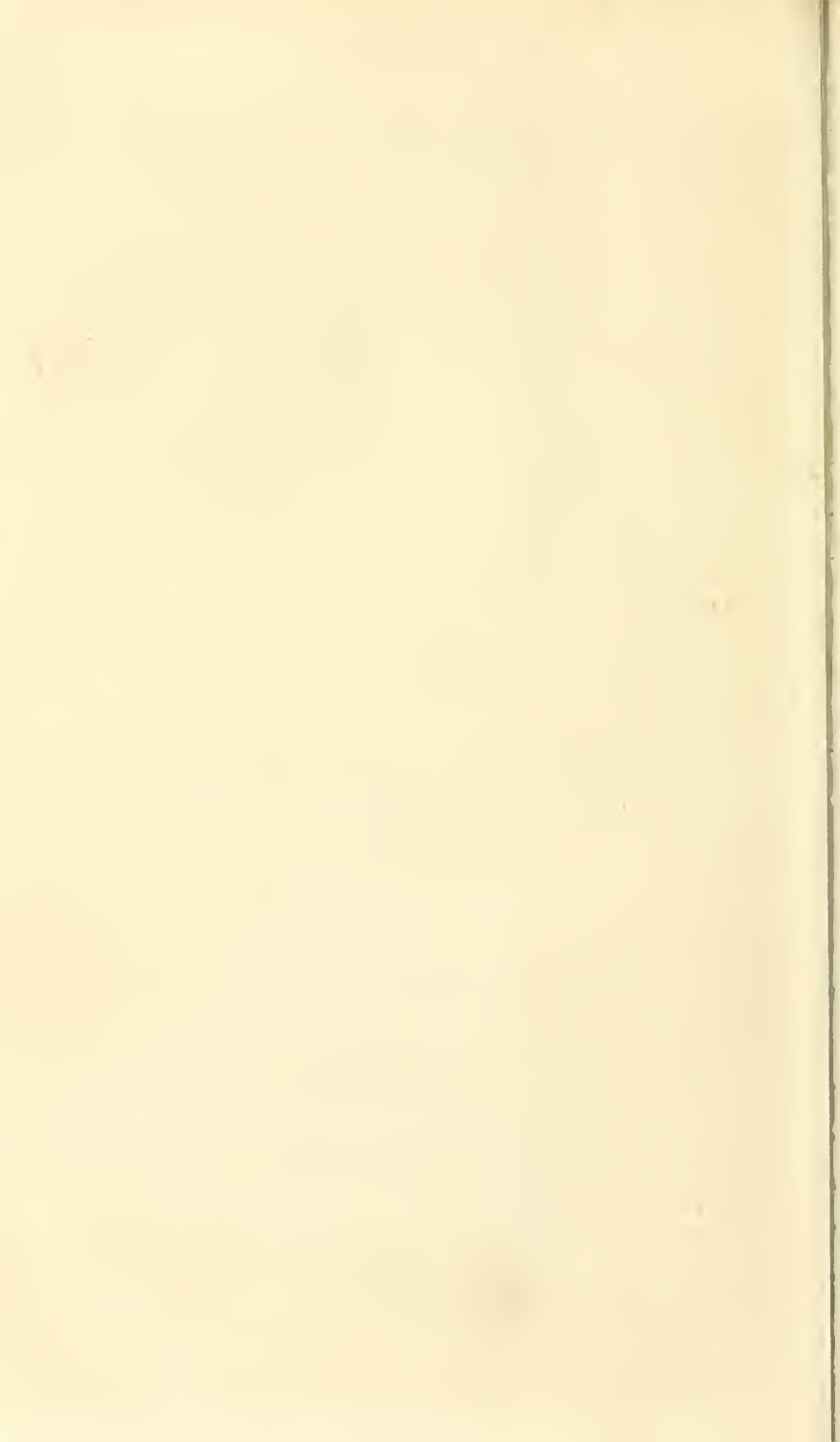
"You federals have just killed six of my soldiers; scalped them and left them on the prairie. I am too honorable a man to permit any body to be scalped; but I will show you that I can kill men with as much skill and rapidity as any body. From this time forward I ask no quarter and give none. Every federal soldier on whom I can put my finger shall die like a dog. If I get into your clutches I shall expect death. You are all to be killed and sent to hell. That is the way every d—d soldier shall be served who falls into my hands."

Some of the soldiers remonstrated, declaring that they were just from Sherman's army, and had nothing whatever to do with killing and scalping any of his men. Anderson replied: "I treat you all as one. You are federals; and federals scalped my men, and carry their scalps at their saddle-bows." A line of bush-whackers, with revolvers, were then drawn up before the soldiers, who cried and begged for their lives; but every man was shot.

All fell but one, who was shot through the shoulder. He dashed through the guerrillas, ran through the line of citizens chased and fired at by the fiends, crawled under the cars, and thence under the depot-building. The building was fired and he was soon forced to come out. He emerged from the smoke and flame, and with a club knocked down two of Anderson's men before they killed him. He fell, pierced with twenty bullets. The passengers were then robbed of their watches, jewelry, and money.

One young man was on his way to St. Joseph with his mother. He slipped a hundred dollars in greenbacks into his boot-leg, and, on demand, handed over the balance. A guerrilla asked him if he had secreted any money and he denied that he had. He was told that he would be searched, and that if any funds were found on him he would be killed. He then acknowledged that he had secreted one hundred dollars in his boot, which was drawn off by the guerrilla. the money obtained, and the young man shot dead. A gold watch was found in the boot of a German and he was instantly killed.

When the war began, Missouri was a slave-state; but, before it ended, by her own act, there is not a slave on her soil. This terrible incubus being removed, she is prepared to advance rapidly in the path of happiness and prosperity.



THE TIMES

OF

THE REBELLION

IN

KANSAS.

Though young and weak Kansas has taken an important part in the war for the union, and proved her devotion, not only by the heroism of her sons in the field, but by the sufferings she has endured from her unwavering steadfastness. Though not the cause, she may be regarded in a certain sense as the occasion of the terrible war which has deluged the land with blood. This must be evident to all acquainted with her struggles for existence as a state, for out of them arose the republican party, the election of a republican president, and the rebellion of the southern states against his rule.

Though no great battle has been fought on her soil, the valor of her sons has been illustrated in many a fierce conflict; and the fiendish atrocities which have been enacted within her borders, will forever entitle her to the sad, yet truthful, distinction which suffering for right ever bestows. At the breaking out of the war, the hatred of pro-slavery men in Missouri burst forth upon this weak and unprotected neighbor with redoubled fury, and a cruelty never surpassed.

The Kansas volunteers were in the earliest conflicts of the war on the borders; and with such spirit had they entered into them, that, when taken prisoners, they were the special victims of the malignancy of the rebels. The Kansas troops gained great distinction under the leadership of General James G. Blunt, the hero of many border fights, nearly all of them victories. We give a brief account of his operations.

In September, 1862, a body of his cavalry, commanded by Colonel Cloud, went in pursuit of a body of rebels under Emmett McDonald. They encountered them at Cane Hill, in Arkansas. The latter dashed into the Boston mountains with Cloud in swift pursuit. He chased them to within a few miles of the Arkansas; but the fleet-footed Emmett escaped with severe loss. On the 7th of December following occurred the *battle of Prairie Grove*, in which the troops under Gen. Blunt came in most opportunely, saving Gen. Herron's forces from being overwhelmed, and bringing a noble victory to the union arms. The details are given on page, 195.

On the 5th of July, of the next year, Blunt headed his little column and started from Fort Scott for the front of his command. He made the march to Arkansas (175 miles) in four days; organized his force, 2,500 strong, of all colors; crossed

the Arkansas, and attacked Cooper's combined force of 6,000 men, at Honey Springs; fought half a day, totally routed him; rested a couple of days on the battle-field, and then fell back to the Arkansas again. This brilliant movement effectually crippled the enemy.

But this was not enough. The rebels had merely fallen back south of the Canadian. They held Fort Smith—an old and historical post of the government, in the Indian territory, substantially fortified, and a fine base for operations. The government had decided to colonize the Kansas Indians in the Indian territory—the Kickapoos, Sacs and Foxes, Delawares, Shawnees, and Osages—few in number, but highly civilized; and it was clear that the rebels must be driven out before this could be accomplished. General Blunt's call for reinforcements was at length partially answered. Colonel Cloud's brigade of Arkansas, Missouri and Kansas troops, which had been stationed in southwest Missouri, was ordered to move into northwestern Arkansas, and support General Blunt. He ordered them to join his immediate command, which they did the 19th of August; and the 22d of August he again took the field south of the Arkansas. A ten-days campaign ensued, that, in arduous marches, rapidity of movement, and decisive results, has been rarely equaled. Every march was a battle—every roadside was lined with the enemy's dead—running fights of twenty-five, thirty-five, and one of fifty miles in a day, were the characteristics of the movement. In the result, Fort Smith was taken. This town, for more than two years, had been a general headquarters of rebellion and treason. Few places had suffered as much from the desolation of war as this once flourishing town; and great was the misery brought upon the people who had been dragooned into subserviency to treason.

The amount of territory recovered and occupied by the federal forces, during these operations, was great. Not a general had then restored a country so vast to the sovereignty of the government. It is true, he had no large armies to encounter, but the enemy always outnumbered him three to one, were led by experienced officers, and made to believe that their homes, their safety, their all, depended on his defeat. With unwavering courage and persistent energy, he pushed them from post to post, and from camp to camp, till they abandoned their unrighteous conquest, and left it to undergo, without disturbance, the process of a full restoration of federal sway.

On the 6th of the ensuing October, his wagon train and escort were surprised by a large body of Quantrill and Coffey's guerrillas, disguised in federal uniforms, when most of them, panic-stricken, fled. Gen. Blunt, who was along, rallied a small band of men under Lieut. Pierce, of the 14th Kansas, and drove back their advance. About 75 of the union soldiers were killed. This number included the wounded, all of whom were massacred. Among these were Major Curtis and Mr. O'Neill, artist for Frank Leslie's paper. Gen. Blunt, in his history of the disaster, said: "I was fortunate in escaping, as, in my efforts to halt and rally the men, I frequently got in the rear and became considerably mixed up with the rebels, who did not fail to pay me their compliments. Revolver bullets flew around my head thick as hail—but not a scratch. I believe I am not to be killed by a rebel bullet."

THE LAWRENCE MASSACRE.

The bloodiest tragedy of the war took place just after daylight on the morning of the 20th of August, 1863, when that guerrilla chief, Quantrill, and his cutthroat band, numbering about 300, suddenly and secretly stole into Lawrence, murdered many of its peaceful and unarmed inhabitants, and after satiating their thirst for plunder and blood, applied the torch and destroyed a great portion of this young and flourishing city. From the accounts of various witnesses, we give the soul-harrowing details: and yet there are men—many calling themselves Christians—all through the north, who would like to preserve an institution which alone could produce such horrible fiends

as the Lawrence murderers. One who visited the scene of blood just after the occurrence, writes:

We arrived in Lawrence at 7 o'clock. Flying rumors had painted a terrible picture, but the reality exceeded the report. We found Massachusetts-street one mass of smoldering ruins and crumbling walls, the light from which cast a sickening glare upon the little knots of excited men and distracted women, gazing upon the ruins of their once happy homes and prosperous business.

Only two business houses were left upon the street, one known as the armory and the other as the old "Miller block." And only one or two houses in the place escaped being burned or ransacked, and everything valuable being carried away or destroyed. Six or eight soldiers camped upon the side of the river, and who fired across at every rebel who appeared upon the bank, deterred the cowards from destroying some of the houses near the ferry and from cutting down the flag-pole.

Their every act during their stay in the city was characterized by the most cowardly barbarism. They entered the town on the gallop firing into every house, and when the occupants appeared at the door they were shot down like dogs.

Five bodies burned to a crisp lay near the ruins of the Eldridge house. They could not be recognized. Judge Carpenter was wounded in his yard, and fell, when his wife and sister threw themselves upon his body, begging for mercy, but to no avail.

The fiends dismounted, stuck their pistols between the persons of his protectors and fired.

Gen. Collamore went into his well to hide, and the bad air killed him. His son and Pat Keefe lost their lives trying to get the father out.

The life of District Attorney Riggs was saved by the heroism of his wife, who seized the bridle of the rebel's horse who attempted to shoot him as he ran. Several cases of remarkable bravery of women were related to us. The wife of Sheriff Brown, three successive times put out the fire kindled to burn the house—her husband was hidden under the floor.

The offices of the *Journal*, *Tribune* and *Republican* were, of course, leveled to the ground. John Speer, jr., of the *Tribune*, started from his home for the office, after the rebels came in. Mr. Murdock, a printer in the office, tried to induce him to accompany him into a well near by for safety, but he would do nothing but go home to defend the house, which he did and was killed. Murdock went into the well and was saved. A younger son of John Speer, sr., killed a rebel and left. Guests at the Eldridge were ordered out, their rooms pillaged and some of the people shot down. All the hotels were destroyed except the City Hotel. The loss in cash is estimated at \$250,000, and in property and all, at \$2,000,000.

We have seen battle-fields and scenes of carnage and bloodshed, but have never witnessed a spectacle so horrible as that seen among the smoldering ruins at Lawrence. No fighting, no resistance, but cold-blooded murder was there. The whole number killed was over 200. We give below a list of 76 killed and several wounded. The fiends finished their murderous work in nearly every case. This list contains no names but those of white persons. A few negroes were killed, but we did not get their names:

John Fromley, J. C. Trask, of the *State Journal*, Gen. G. W. Collamore and son, James Eldridge, James Perrine, Joseph Eldridge, Joseph Lowe, Dr. Griswold, druggist, Wm. Williamson, deputy marshal, S. M. Thorp, state senator, Judge Lewis Carpenter, John Speer, jr., of *Kansas Tribune*, Nathan Stone, city hotel, Mr. Brant, Mr. West, Thos. Murphy, Mr. Twitch, bookbinder at *Journal* office, E. P. Fitch, bookseller, Chas. Palmer, of the *Journal*, Lemuel Fillmore, James O'Neill, John Dagle, D. C. Allison, firm of Duncan & Allison, J. Z. Evans, Levi Gates, George Burt, Samuel Jones, George Coates, John B. Gill, Ralph E. Dix, Stephen Dix, Capt. George W. Bell, county clerk, John C. Cornell, A. Kridmiller, George Albrecht, S. Dullinski, Robert Martin, Otis Lengley, John W. Lawrie, Wm. Lawrie, James Roach, Michael Meekey, Louis Wise and infant, Joseph Bretchel-baner, August Ellis, Dennis Murphy, John K. Zimmerman, Carl Enzler, George Range, Samuel Range, Jacob Pollock, Fred. Klaus, Fred. Kimball, Dwight Coleman, Mr. Earle, Daniel McClellan, Rev. S. S. Snyder, Samuel Reynolds, Geo. Gerrard, A. W. Griswold,

Pat. Keefe, Chas. Allen, James Wilson, Charles Riggs, A. J. Woods, Chas. Anderson, W. B. Griswold, A. J. Cooper, Asbury Markle, David Markle, Lewis Markle, Aaron Halderman and Addison Waugh.

Wounded.—H. W. Baker, Dennis Berryman, G. H. Sargeant, mortally; G. Smith, H. Hayes, M. Hampson, Mr. Livingston.

At one house they had entered, the rebels were told there was a negro baby still there, but they said, "We will burn the G—d d—d little brat up," and they did. We saw its charred remains, burned black as the hearts of its murderers.

The books of the county and district clerks were burned, but those of the register of deeds were in the safe, and are supposed to have been saved. Every safe in the city but two was robbed. In the Eldridge store, James Eldridge and James Perrine gave the rebels all the money in the safe, and were immediately shot.

The last account we have of Quantrill and his men is up to Saturday night, at which time he was being pressed closely by Lane, who had been skirmishing with him constantly since he left Lawrence.

Lane's force was being increased rapidly by farmers, who were flocking to him with their arms, and it was their determination to follow him into Missouri, and, if he disbanded his gang, they would hunt them down, like wolves, and shoot them.

One of their number was captured near Olathe, and he gave the names of fifty of Quantrill's gang, who are citizens of Jackson county, Missouri, and are well-known here and have always been considered union men.

The best-informed citizens of Lawrence are of the opinion that Quantrill's troops are mainly composed of paroled prisoners from Pemberton's army, and some of them from Price's command, from the fact that, they are much sunburned and have the appearance of being long in the service.

After they had accomplished the destruction of Lawrence, some of them became much intoxicated, but, being strapped to their horses, there was none left behind to give information as to who they were or where they were from.

A resident near the town writes to his brother some additional particulars.

DEAR BROTHER: You have doubtless heard before this will reach you, of the dreadful calamity that has befallen Lawrence and vicinity, by the sacking and burning of the town, and other indiscriminate slaughter of its citizens on Friday, the 21st instant, by Quantrill and his band of incarnate demons.

Language fails me to depict the scenes enacted on last Friday. May I never behold the like again. But I must give you some idea of the raid and its dire results.

About sunrise or a little before, on the 21st instant, four men forcibly entered the house of a Rev. Mr. Snyder, living about a mile southeast of Lawrence, and pierced him through and through with balls from their revolvers, while lying in bed by the side of his wife. At the same time, a body of about 300 well-mounted beings in the shape of men, armed to the teeth, dashed into town and spread themselves instantly over the whole business part of the place, shooting down every man who dared to show himself.

In this dash two small camps of recruits, on Massachusetts-street (one of white, and the other colored) were surrounded, and the poor, defenseless fellows, without a gun in camp, and begging most piteously for their lives, were pierced through and through with bullets, and all but four of the two unfilled companies left mangled corpses on the ground. One of the poor fellows thus barbarously murdered for daring to become a union soldier, was a nephew of mine, the sight of whose bleeding, mangled body I shall never forget.

The armory was cut off from the citizens, pickets stationed around the town, and no chance whatever of concentrating even twenty men with arms. The people were completely paralyzed by this sudden and audacious dash; indeed, the most of them were still in their beds when the work of murder commenced. The banks were robbed, safes broken open, stores ransacked, the best of everything taken, and then the buildings fired. Every man that was encountered was met with, "Your money or your life;" and, with few exceptions, the poor victim



Surprise and Massacre at Lawrence, at daybreak, August 20th, 1863, by Quantrell's Band. More than two hundred unarmed, unresisting, and helpless persons were murdered in cold blood, and their dwellings given to the flames.

would be shot dead, after handing over his purse, and answering what questions they chose to put to him.

In several instances, they ordered men to get water for them and wait upon them in various ways, pledging themselves, if they would do so, their lives should be spared, and as soon as they had done with them, would turn around and shoot them down like mad dogs. One little child they shot dead, because it cried. There were those with them who, evidently, were well-acquainted with the town, as the places and persons of active and prominent union men were made the special marks of vengeance.

General Lane's fine residence was among the first, and he himself had a narrow escape. The editors of the several papers were objects of especial vengeance, and two of them were caught and murdered. I shall not attempt to give you a list of the precious lives taken. I believe, however, that half our business men were either shot down or burnt alive in their houses; and out of the fine blocks of stores of every description only two solitary buildings remain, and they were sacked. The rest is a mass of blackened ruins, under which lies, I fear, many a charred body, as many were shot down while attempting to escape from the burning buildings. Nearly every house was sacked, and the best ones fired; but, owing to the very stillness of the air at the time, the flames were extinguished in many, as soon as the rebels would leave, and as they had so large a programme before them, they could not repeat any of the performance. The work of murder, arson and robbery lasted about two hours and a half, in which time they had sent over one hundred innocent men to the eternal world—deprived a large number of families of food, raiment, house and home, and destroyed about \$2,000,000 worth of property. They then took up their line of march due south, detailing squads of men on each side of the road to burn every house and murder every man. Family after family would slip out into their corn-fields, to watch their houses burned up by these invaders, without being able to offer the least resistance; and woe be to any man who had the hardihood to remain at his house and offer remonstrance.

I live but two miles south of Lawrence, and three men were shot between Lawrence and my place, for daring to remain in sight—all of them quiet, peaceable men, and two of them too old to be called upon to do military duty. And now comes the practical application to my own case. A squad of six men are sent from the main body to visit my house. With guns cocked, and eyes glaring more ferociously than a tiger's, they dash up to the buildings, apply a match to a large stack of Hungarian, then to the outbuildings, the barn and sheds, and while these are rolling up their volumes of smoke and flames, the house is visited, trunks burst open, drawers and shelves ransacked, all valuables that could be crammed into pockets, or strapped on their horses, taken, and the rest enveloped in flames.

By the time the flames began to recede, the next house south of mine is rolling up dense volumes of smoke, and soon the next: and now they visit the house of an old gray-headed Dunkard, who, alas, thought that his age and religion would protect him, but the infuriated demons thirsted for blood, shot him down, regardless of the poor old man's cries and entreaties to spare his life. The track, by fire and sword, of these murderous villains, was made through the valleys and over the hills as far as the eye could reach.

In a little longer than it has taken me to write this, everything inflammable was consumed—houses, furniture, bedding, clothing, books, provisions, outbuildings—all, all utterly destroyed. The work of eight years' hard toil gone in as many minutes, and another family thrown out of house and shelter.

I can not refrain from giving you an instance or two of the savage barbarity practiced by these demons. They brought Mr. Trask to the door of his house and told him if he would give up his money they would not shoot him, but as soon as he had given it up he was instantly shot; he then tried to escape by running, but they followed and shot him dead.

Dr. Griswold was in his house when they attacked him. His wife ran and put her arms around him, and begged most piteously for his life, when one of them passed his hand, holding a revolver, around her, and shot the doctor through the heart.

Mr. Fitch was shot in his house, and his wife, while running to his rescue, was dragged away, the house fired, and poor Mr. Fitch burned up, it may be alive.

A gunsmith, by the name of Palmer, and his son, were burned up in their shop before dying of their wounds.

Mr. Allison, of the firm of Duncan & Allison, crawled out from under the burning ruins, and they threw him back again into the ruins.

But the heart sickens. I can write no more. Oh, God! who shall avenge?

Your brother, S. R.

Incidents.—Mr. Stone was killed by one of a party which remained in town after the main body had gone. They remained with the avowed purpose of killing Miss Lydia Stone, her father and brother; and, for that purpose, ordered all in the house to form a line outside. Hearing this, Mr. Stevens went up stairs and informed Miss Stone that she, as well as himself, was marked for a victim, and asked if she would not try to escape. The brave girl replied that it would be useless; that they would probably kill some of them, and that she would share the danger, "it might as well be her as any of the others."

During the confusion which ensued in front of the house, Mr. Stevens and Mr. Stone, jr., escaped by a back door and secreted themselves on the bank of the river. Finally, the house was cleared, and the citizens formed in a line outside, when the villains commenced questioning them, asking their names, where they were born, etc. A gentleman answered, "central Ohio," when one of the party remarked, "that is worse than Kansas," and shot him, the wound, however, not being fatal. A lady in the house was then fired at, when Mr. Stone commenced to remonstrate with them, was immediately shot, the ball entering the left side of the head, killing him instantly.

We are indebted to Mr. Wm. Kempf's account for the following facts:

Citizens without arms, who came to the door, in obedience to their call, would be shot at sight. Several were shot down on the sidewalk, and when the buildings burned, their bodies would roast. Others could be seen in the burning buildings.

One of the first persons out, was Colonel Dietzler. The sight that met us when coming out, I can not describe. I have read of outrages committed in the so-called dark ages, and horrible as they appeared to me, they sink into insignificance in comparison with what I was then compelled to witness. Well-known citizens were lying in front of the spot where there stores or residences had been, completely roasted. *They were crisped and nearly black. We thought, at first, that they were all negroes, till we recognized some of them. In handling the dead, bodies pieces of roasted flesh would remain in our hands.*

Soon our strength failed us in this horrible and sickening work. Many could not help crying like children. Women and little children were all over town hunting for their husbands and fathers, and sad indeed was the scene when they did finally find them among the corpses laid out for recognition. I can not describe the horrors; language fails me, and the recollection of scenes I witnessed makes me sick, when I am compelled to repeat them.

Captain Banks surrendered the Eldridge House, by waving a white flag from the window, and was promised that the ladies should be treated with respect, and that the men should be regarded as prisoners. The party was then sent to the Whitney House under escort, being followed all the way by three or four of the gang, crazed with drink, and totally regardless of the decencies of modesty in their remarks to the prisoners. One man was shot while the prisoners were passing toward the Whitney House, but, upon the interposition of Quantrill's authority, they were not further injured.

The Eldridge House was ransacked from cellar to garret, and plundered of everything which could tempt the cupidity of the guerrillas. Trunks were cut open, clothing taken, ladies' wardrobes seized or ruined, and the house fired, in the drug store below, whence the flames rapidly spread, and in a short time the noble structure was only a heap of ruins—the second destruction upon the site.

Plunder was carried off on pack-horses, and each private of the rebel gang must have been greatly elated by his share of the pure money, as all the safes in

the city were cut open, or blown up by filling the key-holes with powder. In some instances the keys were demanded, and a refusal, in every case, was a death-warrant, and compliance hardly better. The amount carried away by the gang will probably exceed \$75,000.

Eighteen soldiers, out of twenty-two, belonging to the 14th regiment, were killed, with a number of the 2d colored.

The ladies exhibited, in many instances, the greatest degree of calmness and courage. Among the noble women of the second sacking of Lawrence, Miss Lydia Stone will always be remembered as a "ministering angel," moving with quiet grace among the throng of sufferers, attending to their wants and speaking words of comfort and cheer.

The search was particularly directed for Governor Carney and General Lane, the rebels having heard that both were in the city. Lane's lucky star and a neighboring corn field saved him, and the governor was in Leavenworth.

Rev. H. D. Fisher, a well-known minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church, gives a thrilling description of his escape from death during the massacre. He says:

Many miraculous escapes from the assassin's hand were made—none, perhaps, more so than in my own case. For the last eighteen months I have been marked by rebels for death, because I have been ordered by various generals to provide "homes for refugees," and find work for them to do, to support themselves and families. Now, three times I have signally escaped their hands. God has saved my life as by fire. When Quantrill and his gang came into our town, almost all were yet in their beds. My wife and second boy were up, and I in bed, because I had been sick of quinsy. The enemy yelled and fired a signal. I sprang out, and my other children, and we clothed ourselves as quickly as possible.

I took the two oldest boys and started to run for the hill, as we were completely defenseless and unguarded. I ran a short distance, and felt I would be killed. I returned to my house, where I had left my wife with Joel, seven years, and Frank, six months old, and thought to hide in our cellar. I told Willie, twelve years old, and Eddie, ten years old, to run for life, and I would hide. I had scarcely found a spot in which to secrete myself, when four murderers entered my house and demanded of my wife, with horrid oaths, where that husband of hers was, who was hid in the cellar? She replied, "The cellar is open; you can go and see for yourselves. My husband started over the hill with the children." They demanded a light to search. My wife gave them a lighted lamp, and they came, light and revolvers in hand, swearing to kill at first sight. They came within eight feet of where I lay, but my wife's self-possession in giving the light had disconcerted them, and they left without seeing me. They fired our house in four places; but my wife, by almost superhuman efforts, and with baby in arms, extinguished the fire. Soon after, three others came and asked for me. But she said: "Do you think he is such a fool as to stay here? They have already hunted for him, but, thank God! they did not find him." They then completed their work of pillage and robbery, and fired the house in five places, threatening to kill her if she attempted to extinguish it again. One stood, revolver in hand, to execute the threat if it was attempted. The fire burned furiously. The roof fell in, then the upper story, and then the lower floor; but a space about six by twelve feet was, by great effort, kept perfectly deluged by water, by my wife, to save me from burning alive. I remained thus concealed as long as I could live in such peril. At length, and while the murderers were still at my front door and all around my lot, watching for their prey, my wife succeeded, thank God, in covering me with an old dress and a piece of old carpet, and thus getting me out into the garden and to the refuge of a little weeping-willow covered with "morning-glory" vines, where I was secured from their fiendish gaze and saved from their hellish thirst for my blood. I still expected to be discovered and shot dead. But a neighbor woman who had come to our help aided my wife in throwing a few things, saved from the fire, over and around the little tree where I lay, so as to cover me more securely. Our house and all our clothes—except a few old and

broken garments, (not a full suit of anything for one of us,) and some carpet—with beds, books, and everything we had to eat or read, were consumed over us, or before our eyes. But what of that? I live! Through God's mercy I live!

A few days later, it is stated:

One hundred and eighty-two buildings were burned, eighty of them were brick; sixty-five of them were on Massachusetts-street. There are eighty-five widows and two hundred and forty orphans made by Quantrill's raid. Three men have subscribed one hundred thousand dollars to rebuild the Free State Hotel, known as the Eldridge Hotel.

Several merchants have commenced rebuilding. All the laboring men in town will be set to work immediately to clear off the ruins. In spite of the terrible calamity, the people are in good spirits. All the towns in the state have sent in large sums of money. Even the men burned out on Quantrill's retreat have sent in loads of vegetables and provisions.

Quantrill.—The infamous monster who perpetrated the inhuman massacre, was, it is said, a native of Maryland. He once lived in Cumberland, in that state, where he attempted to kill his wife. For this, he was placed in jail, where he raged and roared like a wild beast. He, finally, made his escape to Kansas, where, for a time, he was known as a free state man, and, as such, took part in the Kansas war in 1855-6, and also in the border fights in 1861. For some reason, he became estranged from the union cause, espoused that of the rebellion, and became a skillful partisan leader, bold, daring, and as merciless as a hyena. Some time in the year previous, ——— he was surprised at night, with a small band of followers, by a squad of federal troops, near Independence, Missouri. His companions were either killed or captured, but he managed to escape in the darkness, by plunging into the Missouri and swimming to the opposite shore, stopping at times to heap the savagest curses upon his pursuers.

It was subsequently ascertained that Quantrill's force was composed of 300 selected men from the border counties of Missouri. Gen. Ewing in his report stated: With one exception, citizens along the route, who could well have given the alarm, did not even attempt it. One man excused himself for his neglect on the plea that his horses had been working hard the day before. A boy, living ten or twelve miles from Lawrence, begged his father to let him mount his pony, and, going a by-road, alarm the town, and he was not allowed to go. Mr. J. Reed, living in the Hesper neighborhood, near Eudora, started ahead of Quantrill from that place, to carry the warning to Lawrence; his horse felling he was killed.

The guerrillas, reaching the town at sunrise, caught most of the inhabitants asleep, and scattered to the various houses so promptly as to prevent the concentration of any considerable number of the men. After the massacre, Gen. Ewing ordered all the residents of Jackson, Cass, Bates, and part of Vernon counties, Mo., to remove from their residences within fifteen days. The loyal people had been previously driven away. As his reason for this, Gen. Ewing said: "None remain on their farms but rebel or neutral families; and, practically, the condition of their tenure is, that they shall feed, clothe and shelter the guerrillas, furnish them information and deceive or withhold information from us."

In the pursuit which was made, but few of the robbers were killed, most of them escaping with their blood-bought plunder.

Nothing more brutally and wantonly bloody was ever perpetrated in any civilized or uncivilized country. The massacre at Wyoming by the Indians, the massacre of Glencoe by English soldiers, the murder of Mamalukes by Napoleon, the massacre of the Janissaries by Sultan Mohammed, the smothering of the English in the Black-hole by Surajah Dowlah, all acts which have left an ineffaceable stain on the page of history, and upon the reputations of the nations committing them, was less cruel, causeless, and infamous than the massacre of Lawrence. It will go down to future ages as one of those acts which are made memorable solely by their monstrous character.

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